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FALL 1991

The Saint Andrew's College Review

Xmas 1910

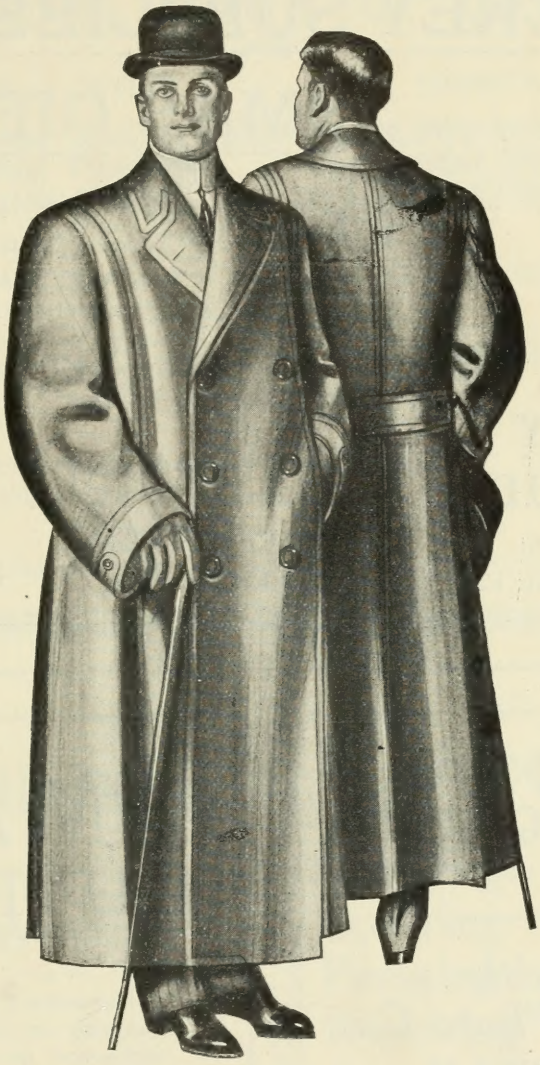
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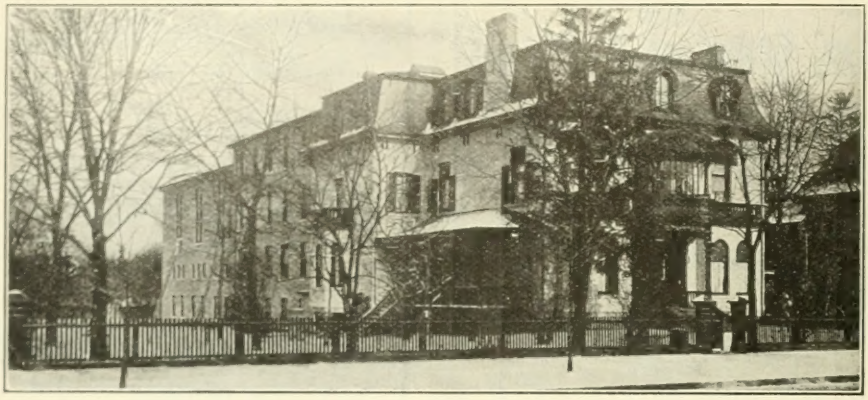
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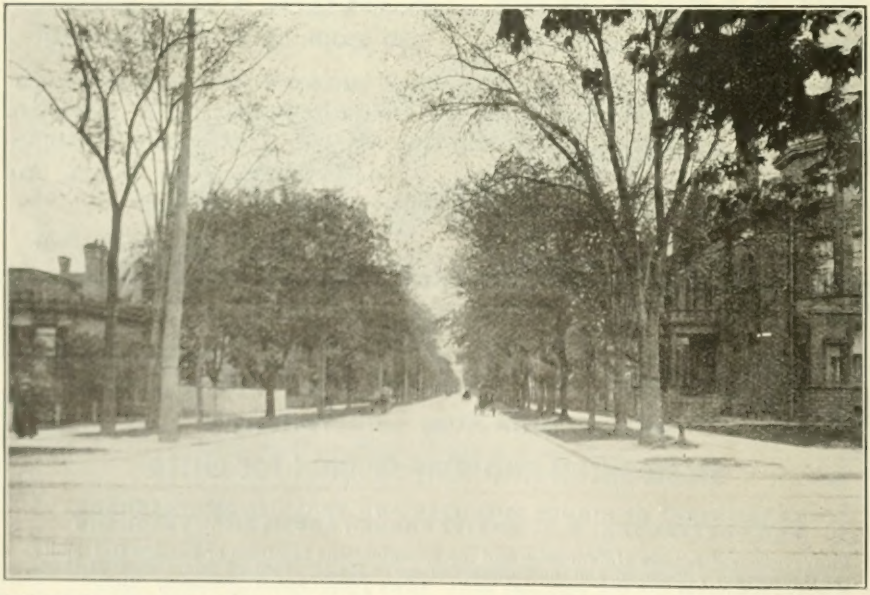
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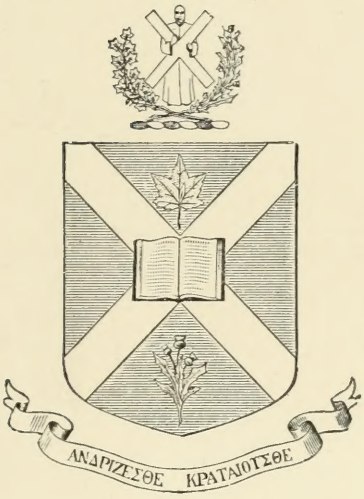


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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1910

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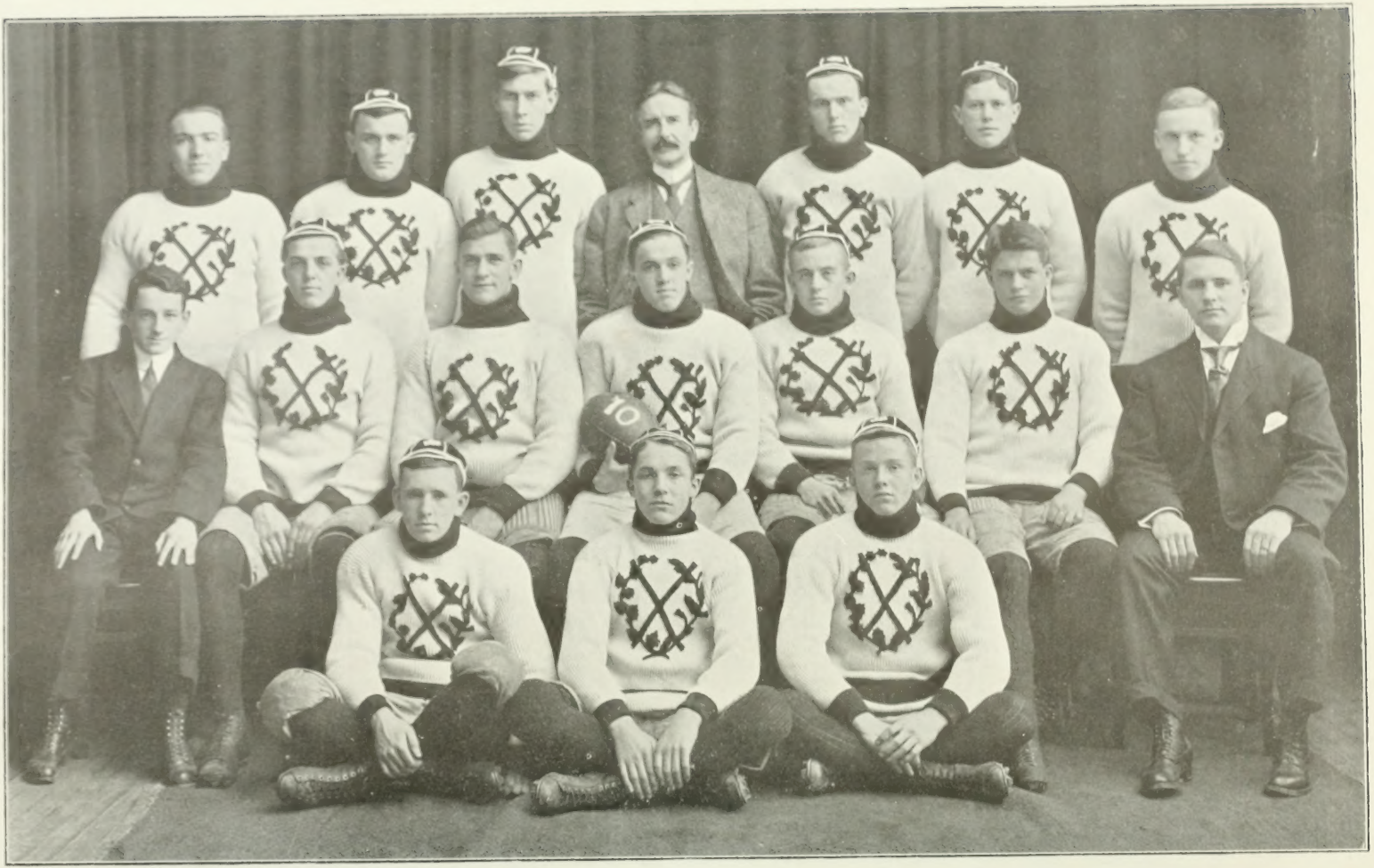
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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST TEAM.

St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1910

CHRISTMAS! The talismanic word that transforms what is dull and commonplace into something radiantly beautiful and full of meaning! The eternal message of Peace and Good-will comes ringing down the ages as sweet and full of hope as on the dawn of the first Christmas morning. Petty feuds are put aside, bitterness and rancor, jealousy and hatred seem for the time at least to be eclipsed by the spirit of love and generosity that is abroad in the land. The small boy's rhyme sounds like sweetest poetry to ears awaiting the sound of train whistles and conductors' calls.

"No more Latin, no more French—
No more sitting on a hard board bench!"

What lines of an immortal Browning or a despised Virgil can equal this famous classic? There is music in every foot of each verse, and to many eager ears it is the music of "Home, Sweet Home." To all those whose steps are speeding in the direction of "sweet home," and to all whose thoughts only are bearing them closer to a charmed circle, where their presence will be sadly missed, the REVIEW extends heartiest greetings and best wishes for a truly happy vacation. It is the gladdest time of the whole year for most of us, but to a great many it is, unfortunately, the saddest. It is now that the empty chair seems most vacant, the hushed voice most still, and to all who feel anew at this time the sorrow of bereavement, the sense of eternal loss, we wish the deeper happiness that comes from a true realization of what the season really brings to all—"Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Men."

Contributed Articles.

The Legend of Bertram Hall

I DON'T know how long I had been asleep, when the telephone rang, jarring the house with its continuous buzzing. I had just put on my dressing gown, and was hunting for my slippers under the bed, when I heard my brother's door open, and a few minutes later his voice at the 'phone.

"Hello, yes, it's Gordon speaking, is that you Chester. No, but I can dress quickly enough. Yes, he's here." Followed a long pause, then: "You don't say so. Why didn't you let us know before? Yes, we'll start as soon as possible. How far? Well, it's only 10.45, we'll be along in about forty minutes."

I heard him coming along the hall, and a few seconds later my door was opened, and he walked in, very excited, as I could easily see.

"By jove, Harold, Chester Bertram is in a bad way; I promised him that we would leave as soon as possible and go down, so get your clothes on at once. I'll tell you all about it on the way, and say, Harold, slip that 32 in your pocket and bring a few cartridges. I am taking mine, and it may be advisable to have something to fall back on, for you never can tell what will happen. Can you be ready in five minutes? Well, hurry then and come down stairs as soon as you can."

I dressed quickly, and slipping on my heavy overcoat descended the stairs, where I found Gordon waiting impatiently. He opened the door and we went out. It was rather cold, and a stiff breeze was blowing as we made our way down the front walk toward the gate.

Gordon hailed a passing taxicab, and I climbed in, hearing him say to the driver, "Bertram Hall as quickly as possible," before he followed me. He then took out his pipe and tobacco, and after a few puffs began his story.

"It seems too bad to haul you out of bed at eleven o'clock, but it is a case of life and death. Here is the story: Chester Bertram, as you know, traces his ancestors a long way back; in the reign

of Henry IV. a neighboring Baron took it into his head that Bertram Castle, as it was then called, would suit him very well as a change of residence. On Christmas eve, at the head of a body of raiders, he somehow gained admission; in the great hall he was met by the then master of Bertram Castle. A terrific battle ensued, and, although the attackers were driven off, the master was slain by the Baron himself. Ever since then, the story has been passed down that each night of the week before Christmas this battle should occur before the death of a Bertram.

"When Chester 'phoned me to-night, he said that this battle has been going on now for the last five nights; as to-night is the twenty-third, to-morrow will be the last. This means that within a week from to-morrow, according to the legend, Chester Bertram, being the only member of the family alive, will die, either by his own hand or by accident. I judged from his voice to-night that the poor fellow is almost out of his mind. Of course I do not put any faith in this legend, but the only thing we can do is to keep our eyes open and try to cheer poor Chester up a bit. He has often spoken to me of the thing, and last year an old servant told me that for a week before the death of Chester's grandfather the midnight battle went on. Sometimes it skips a generation. Chester's father lived to be ninety-two, and died peacefully on his bed. But it seems to have it in for Chester. Well, here we are, out you get."

I got down and waited while Gordon paid the driver. Then together we made our way along the winding walk and up the stone steps. I rang the bell, and in a few moments the massive door was opened, and a servant ushered us along the hall and into a large room, where Chester Bertram met us with outstretched hands. He was a tall, slender man with a handsome, clean-shaven face, which, however, had a rather pale and pasty appearance.

"My, but I am glad you two came down," said he, after we had shaken hands. "You cannot imagine what an awful curse this thing is until you have heard the noise and din of the midnight battle. I sent for you fellows, because—well, you know how it is. I knew it would cheer me up to see you again, and besides I have a few things I wish to tell you of. Let us sit here for awhile anyway, and we can talk things over. My cousins have gone to bed, and I guess we will not be disturbed."

For awhile we talked of old times at Oxford, and then switched

to Chester's family, and from there naturally to the curse which was driving him to despair. He spoke often of the great kindness of his two cousins, who were living with him.

"But who are these cousins, if I may ask?" said Gordon; "I thought that you were the sole member of the family alive."

"They are third cousins, and came to live with me last July. They have certainly been awfully good to me."

"Well, what are your plans for to-morrow?" asked Gordon. "Have you arranged anything for the morning, Chester?"

"My cousins are going to London for the day, and as I have given the servants a holiday, we will be alone in the house. I thought we would go for a ride in the morning, but have not arranged anything for the afternoon."

As he finished speaking, the big clock in the hall struck the first note of midnight. His face was ghastly pale as he rose from his chair and started for the door. We followed him along the corridor into the great hall, and stood under the clock. As the sound of the last stroke of twelve died out, a confused murmuring, like the shouting of men, could be distinctly heard in the centre of the hall, mingled with the clash of steel. For several minutes the sound continued, then gradually died down and stopped altogether. Chester tottered, and would have fallen had I not supported him with my arm.

"Did you hear it?" he questioned in a strained voice. "Now you know what it is like; for six nights now I have heard that battle, sounding out my death knell. To-morrow will be the last."

Slowly we made our way back to the library and sat down. For a few moments we remained in silence, then Gordon spoke, rather unfeelingly, as I thought.

"Do you mind if I go up to bed now, Chester? I have a few things to do in the morning, and I am rather tired."

Chester arose silently, and leading the way up a great winding stairway, showed us into a large front room. Here, having bidden us good-night, he left us, and we could hear him walking down the corridor to his own room, then the noise of his door being closed, and all was still.

"Gordon," said I, "what do you think of it? The sound was certainly plain enough, and you could easily distinguish the clash of steel."

"There's some dirty, underhand work about this," he replied, as he leaned down to undo his boots, "and I mean to get to the bottom of the matter. I am going to stay here in the morning and try to find out something about it, while you and Chester take your morning ride. Well, good-night, Harold," and he turned out the light.

The next morning we met the two cousins at breakfast. They were a pair of short, dark complexioned men, who looked to be about the same age, and who greatly resembled one another. They were very pleasant, and I had quite a talk with the younger of the two in regard to the curse of Bertram Hall. He seemed deeply wrought up over his cousin's health, and confided to me in a whisper that he was afraid Chester might attempt suicide before the week was out.

Breakfast over, the two cousins set out at once for London, and a little bit later Chester and I went out to the stables, and having saddled our horses started off for a ride across country, leaving Gordon, who had excused himself on the plea that he had a couple of letters to write, alone in the house.

Returning about noon, we found him sitting before the fire in the library, in a snug arm chair, deep in "The Three Musketeers."

"That is a great book," he said, as he closed it with a sigh; "well, how did you enjoy the ride? It has brought back the color into your cheeks, Chester; you are worrying too much old man; try to forget yourself for a little while, and I know you will feel better."

The afternoon passed slowly enough. We played billiards until five o'clock, and then Chester took us for a walk around the grounds. After tea Gordon and I played chess, but his mind was evidently not on the game, for I defeated him twice, something I had never accomplished before. At a quarter to twelve he ran upstairs, and we could hear him walking about in our room, which was directly above us. He soon returned, and I noticed that his coat pocket bulged suspiciously. A few minutes after, the hall clock began to strike. Gordon sprang to his feet and led the way down the corridor. We entered the hall and stood, this time, directly beneath the electric light switch. As we waited there for the clock to stop striking, my revolver was thrust into my hand, and Gordon whispered: "Follow me to the centre of the hall as soon as you get my signal."

Just as before, the eery noises began, intermingled with the clash of steel, directly after the last stroke of midnight. For a minute it went on, then—Snap! The great room was flooded with light, and I followed Gordon as he rushed to the centre of the hall.

"There, do you see that open space?" he yelled, pointing to a spot where one of the tiles was sliding back into place, gradually shutting out from sight the open mouth of a large black horn.

He was down on his knees on the floor in an instant, and had shoved the muzzle of his revolver in between the quickly closing tile and the stationary one next to it.

"Come out of that, you fellows," he called, "your game's up." There was no reply, and a few moments later we heard the cousins' door upstairs slam to.

Chester now rushed forward to our sides, paler than ever.

"What is it?" he almost shouted in his excitement. "What are you doing?"

"Wait," said Gordon, "I will show you"; and putting his fingers in the crack he gave a mighty pull, and the tile slid back, disclosing the ominous looking horn.

"There is your mimic battle," he exclaimed. "Now," putting his arm down into the hole as far as he could, "I will turn it on." He did so, and the murmuring voices began again, coming from the mouth of the horn.

"The noise of the clash of steel is made by a flat piece of steel attached to the floor by wire on a pulley. Now, come into the library and I will explain it all, and tell you how I found out."

We followed him into the library and sat down again before the fire. The color was beginning to come back into Chester's cheeks, and he was looking better already.

"From the first," Gordon began, "I suspected your cousins; knowing that they were your only relatives, and that on your death the estate would go to them. After you left for your ride this morning, I at once went to the hall and searched the place from top to bottom, but could find nothing. In despair I was pacing up and down, trying to think what it could be, when I noticed that one of the tiles, in the centre of the hall, moved ever so little as I put my foot on it. At once I was on my knees, working tooth and nail. Yes, it was a sliding tile, and by dint of hard work, I managed to get it back, disclosing the working of the thing. It is a

large gramophone, on which is a record which they have made themselves by shouting into the horn while an empty disc was on. This is set going directly after midnight by one of the brothers, while the other works the steel, which, as I have said before, is on a pulley."

"This is the mimic battle which has been terrifying you, and I don't blame you, for when I heard it last night the cold shivers ran up and down my back. As for your precious cousins, they will, I trust, have made good their escape by now, and I don't think they will trouble you any more."

For a full minute we sat silently, looking into the fire, then Chester arose, and walking over to Gordon gripped him by the hand.

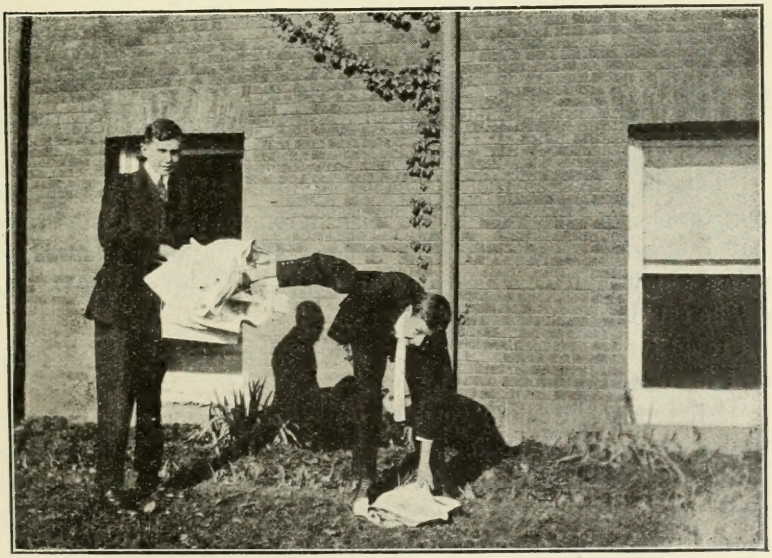
"Gordon," he exclaimed passionately, hanging to my brother's hand as if afraid it might get away, "what can I do in return for all you have done for me?"

"There is only one thing," said Gordon, smiling back at him.

"And that," cried Chester, as he took my hand in his free one.

"That you allow me to wish you a very Merry Christmas," was the reply.

H. CRAWFORD.



"Any Rags, Bones, Bottles!"

An Outcast

HE was gone, and I stood on the corner of Yonge and Front Streets waiting for my car. Philip Smith, steeplejack, outcast, drunkard, a man of hardships, of sin and of lost opportunities had left my sight. Forever? Perhaps, perhaps not; I may see him again.

The steamer rolled slowly with the swell, but ever and ever ploughing steadily towards Toronto. The wind was shrieking wildly round the funnel and whistling through the rigging as I sat in a corner on the hurricane deck, munching my lunch and watching Niagara slowly fade into the fog.

At the sound of a step I turned my head and carelessly regarded a man as he paced the forsaken deck in silence. I cuddled up in my big overcoat and watched him make another round.

His face was thin and haggard and badly stained with dirt. His clothes were loose and shabby, bearing here and there a spot of paint, and here and there a tear or a patch. He wore a leather motoring cap, characterized by similar spots of paint to those upon his vestments.

Suddenly he became aware that I was watching him.

"Are you sick, too?" he asked.

"No," I answered, smiling at the thought of such a thing.

"I'm awfully sick," he said as he sat down beside me.

I continued my lunch in silence, not wishing to become acquainted with such an uninviting character.

"This is a terrible boat," he exclaimed. "Look how the old thing rocks—and look out there, it isn't rough at all. Understand what I mean?" And after his momentary peculiar excitement, during which he had arisen from his seat and pointed towards the lake, he sat down in profound disgust.

Presently he threw away his cigarette, and taking out another he lit it under the shelter of my coat.

"I tell you," he said, "you have an object lesson in me. Understand what I mean? When I was your age I had all the opportunities that you have, maybe more. But I didn't make us of them. Understand what I mean? You see me now; I'm nobody, practically nobody; I might have been somebody."

He jerked out his sentences in quick succession, beginning them with a suddenness which betrayed a certain eagerness to bring them out.

I looked at him and he continued, "I went to St. Joseph's College in Montreal when I was quite young, and then to McGill. I was considered about the best scholar in my year. But I got smart. Understand what I mean? I thought I knew it all and went in for a good time, smoking and drinking, till I went to the bad. Then I left my home in Montreal and went to the States, where I became a steeplejack, wandering from town to town. I have wandered round like this for twenty years; I haven't been in Canada since I was eighteen. I am thirty-eight now, though you wouldn't believe it, would you? But look at those grey hairs."

And he turned his head towards me.

For some moments we sat in silence, he puffing at his cigarette and I glancing over a newspaper which I had with me. A sudden thought struck me and I opened up my lunch again.

"Have some?" I asked, pushing it towards him.

"No, I'm too sick," he replied, "but it's very kind of you to offer it to me."

Another silence, and then to my utter astonishment he asked me if I knew the fifth proposition in Euclid.

"No," I replied, "we don't study Euclid; we take Geometry."

"They're both about the same thing," he remarked. "But let me see." And he felt in his pockets for a pencil.

Eventually he pulled out a piece of white chalk, with which he drew roughly on the deck an isosceles triangle.

"Now, if ABC be a given isosceles triangle having ACB equal to ABC, and if the equal sides AB and AC be produced to H and K respectively, then HBC equals KCB. That's what we have to prove. Understand what I mean?"

While we were both studying the figure attentively he informed me that this proposition was often called the *pons asinorum,* or "the asses' bridge."

"Supposing we take a point on B, H, and one on C, K, at equal distances from B and C respectively. Understand what I mean?"

I nodded, and he continued, "join C to the point on B, H, and B to the point on C, K."

Here he stopped and meditated.

"Then," I continued, "those two new triangles are equal."

"Yes," he answered, "but I can't get any farther, I'm stuck."

And throwing away his cigarette he regarded the figure in a deep thought, during which he upset my lunch onto the deck.

"O, I'm rusty," he said finally, erasing the figure with his foot. "I could do that like a flash."

He went on thus, springing on me now and then some algebraic question, and taking infinite delight in explaining it to me. He never stopped smoking cigarettes during the whole time that I was with him.

The sight of land aroused us. He was on his feet in an instant.

"Is that Toronto?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered.

"Poor old Canada," he sighed, "poor old Canada."

"What are you going to do when you get there?" I asked.

"I'm going to work and get some rags on my back," he said.

"What then?" I asked again.

"I don't know, sir," he said mournfully, "just what I have been doing. I haven't any ambition now; I've nothing to live for; nothing makes me happy. I have nothing to hope for, but still I won't give up the little bit of hope I have; I'll struggle on as I am until I die. My opportunities are gone and now I've lost my nerve. I can't start again. I haven't got the—the stamina." And he choked a sob of wretchedness and despair.

I had been thinking, and now I summoned up my courage to speak.

"Supposing," I faltered, "supposing you stop drinking and become respectable. Then go back to your home in Montreal."

"I had been thinking of that," he said, "but I hadn't the nerve to do it. I believe now I'll try."

And we sat in silence until the boat turned in at the gap, when we rose and prepared to leave.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

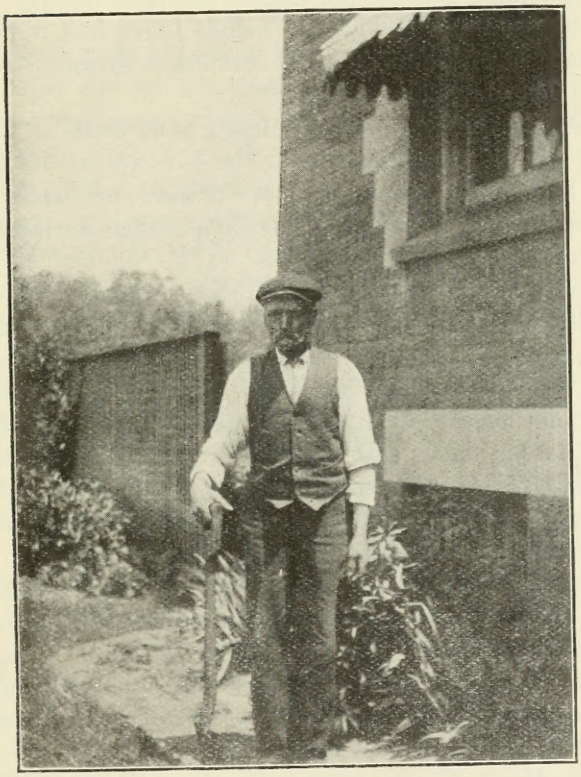
I hesitated a moment and then replied.

"The reason I asked," he explained, "is because I'd like to go and see you some day when I'm respectable. You've been very kind to me."

I gave him my hand in the hope that he would follow my advice, then lost him in the crowd.

I saw him again walking up Yonge Street; now he was gone, and I stood on the corner waiting for my car. Philip Smith, steeplejack, outcast, drunkard, a man of hardships, of sin and of lost opportunities had left my sight. Forever? Perhaps—perhaps not; I may see him again.

W. G. FIRSTBROOK.



"The Gardener of Eden."

A Story of a Dog

IT was in the beginning of the summer months that Bill Mason found a litter of pups lying beside their mother in the barn. They were evidently some weeks old, but the old dog had kept them hidden so well that it was only now that Mason had found them.

The pups grew up strong and big, and by winter only one remained. They were much sought after by the miners, whose chief means of transportation was by dog sleigh.

The remaining dog was the biggest and most queerly marked of the bunch. He was tall, his head shaped like a bull terrier's, with the strong jaws of the breed. His coat was wiry and colored somewhat like that of an Airedale.

One day in the early spring Mason went down to the general store for a supply of provisions. The pup was at his heels. On entering he went up to the large stove to warm his hands, while the pup, in a manner peculiar to the kind, sniffed curiously around seeking for something to eat.

Suddenly Mason heard a growl, and, turning, he saw his dog confronting a large mongrel who had come from behind the counter.

For a few moments they stood eyeing each other and then closed. The pup went down under the shock, but fighting gamely, rose to his feet, and, closing once more, he gained a hold on the other's throat. The big fellow shook himself free, but like a shot the pup threw himself upon him and grasped a firmer hold. His enemy reared, and, plunging madly, threw himself about the room in a frenzy of fear. He was fast tiring and fought in spurts. Then the pup began to shake, and kept it up with a terrible regularity. The big dog's throat was rattling in a manner horrible to hear, and his breath came in gasps. His eyes began to glaze as he stopped struggling. The pup had won his first real fight. The men in the store, who had been watching with deepest interest, now stepped forward and parted the two dogs.

About a week after a young fellow who was buying a team of dogs purchased the pup from Mason, partly on account of his size and peculiar color and also for his fighting reputation.

Chuck, as he was now called, became the leader of his new master's team. The other dogs were all big fellows and hard workers, and when Bert Stanley hitched up his team he had every reason to be proud.

Shortly after this time occurred the usual dog race for a cup presented by a company owning shares in a neighboring mine. The cup was in the hands of a miner caller Turner, whose team of huskies had pulled off the prize for two years in succession, and were now going in to win the cup for good and all.

On the day of the race the usual number of teams lined up, Stanley's among them. At the extreme left stood Turner beside his dogs. The course was about twenty miles in length, the teams having to take a message to two different mines and return.

At half past eleven the sleds started. A number of younger boys swung off at a gallop, but the wiser trailed in behind Turner, who hit a steady trot, Stanley being third from the end.

For the first five or ten miles no change in the line occurred, but soon after the leaders fell out, and one by one most of the teams dropped behind, until there remained, besides Turner, only five teams, among which was Stanley's.

These teams kept well together, and as they left the last mine each man felt that this was to be the great test. Stanley now held second place in the line. His team was running easily, and Chuck was working well and keeping the rest at it. Turner increased his speed, but Stanley followed closely.

On they went, Turner in the lead with Stanley a close second. The rest were dropping farther back, and it soon became apparent that it would be a close race for first place.

As they neared the finish the course widened out, and for about a mile ran on a beaten track. Stanley crept up even with Turner. Now they could see the crowd of people at the finishing point. Cries arose of "Come on, Stanley!" "Get on a spurt, Turner!" The dogs were going their fastest. Stretched out almost flat the two teams were straining every muscle. Slowly Chuck was seen to forge ahead. Only one hundred yards remained, and the cheering grew louder as they drew near the end of the course.

Slowly Stanley forged ahead, his team panting and gasping as they struggled towards the line, while Turner's dogs staggered despairingly a few yards behind. With a short, quick bark of defiance Chuck plunged pluckily forward, followed by the rest of the team. In a moment the post was passed, and, only four yards behind, Turner's team panted to an exhausted finish. Stanley had won the coveted cup.

SPOHN.

How To Be Really Smart

IT is quite a mistaken idea that any fool can be really smart; most fools can indeed, but there are some that cannot. It is to these latter that I, in the fullness of my heart, wish to address myself; and this humble article shall have performed its mission if it does but inspire them with a new hope, fill them with fresh enthusiasm and push them forward to the final realization and accomplishment of this very remarkable and fascinating ideal.

Firstly, then, there must be *dash*. This, in truth, is the all important factor in the making of a really smart person. You must dash this, and dash that, and dash it all. Look every man in the eye as though to say that, as for yourself, you are undoubtedly the grand culmination and climax of all creation, for which the world has been longing and craning ever since the advent of Adam, but, as for him—oh, well, poor fellow, he cannot help it; possibly his parents were to blame. Smile sweetly from time to time, just to remind him that, while he may be a good enough fellow at heart, he is really a perfect ass and not worthy of any serious consideration. Regard him with an austere and critical eye, as much as to say, that the great generosity and open-heartedness of your own nature must be evident to all, but that he is undoubtedly a very tricky and deceitful character. Impress him with your own great moral worth and integrity: that whereas you do not say very much, you would be quite willing to take in washing if anything should happen to your father; and that while you may appear rather flippant at times, you are really a very decent chap at heart. But do not be *too* severe with him. Remember that you are a very exceptional character, and that it is not given to everybody to attain unto that degree of perfection which you yourself have reached; and, therefore, relax the severity of your nature from time to time and flash the benign light of your countenance upon him. Be sure he will be greatly affected by this; as who would not?

But all this availeth nothing if there be not dash. What is dash? Ah, that is the question. It is that which never fails to impress your friends that if you took the trouble—well really, you know, Shakespeare *did* say some clever things, but—; that the Ninth Symphony is not bad at all, and you rather like it, in fact, but—; that your friend Lawson really made a very good showing

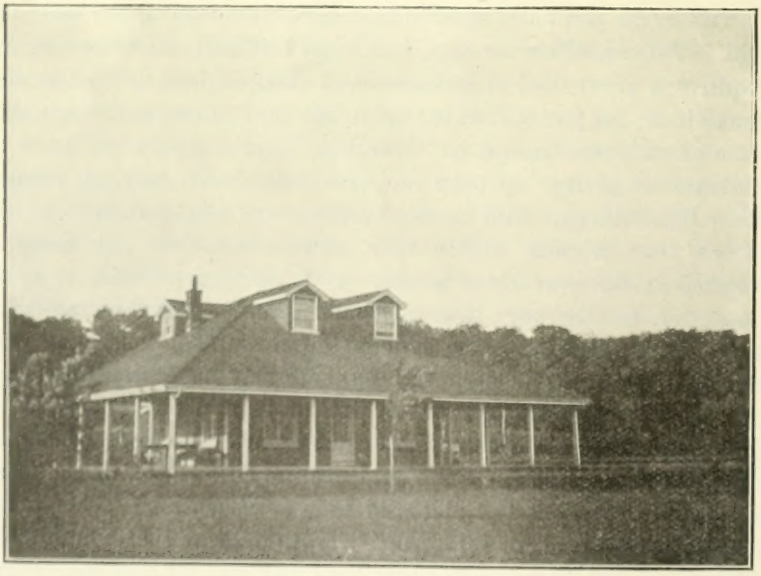
last year, but of course—; the trouble is, you know, that you really can't get down to work, and then again—oh well. In short, I am sure you will see that dash is the very pith of the matter, so to speak, and is quite indispensable.

Talk incessantly; this also is of great importance. And do not give yourself any unnecessary worry as to whether you are talking sense or not: your friends would probably not understand you if you did; and besides, it is not considered the thing. Talk about everything and anything. And do not hesitate to approach a subject, because you know nothing about it—if you did this, life would probably become very uninteresting to you—but plunge into it manfully, for you will find that your friends know almost as much about it as yourself; and this mutual state of blissful ignorance will dispel any clouds of foolish bashfulness that may have gathered. And indeed, it is truly remarkable how much you will learn from these little conversations. But apart from this, it is a shame to remain silent when there are so many nice things to talk about; and, to say truth, the really smart person cannot afford to be mum at any time of the day, unless indeed it be when he is asleep; and even then, he should give a gentle snore now and again, just to remind the world how really smart he is.

Of course you must enter into sports with your whole heart and soul. This, needless to say, is a very difficult thing to do, and requires a great deal of self-sacrifice. But, indeed, it has its compensations; for you will enter upon that mysterious and fascinating state of existence known as "training," wherein you will have the pleasure of giving up cake and lemonade, and denying yourself other little things. You cannot imagine how nice it feels to be able to tell your friends, with a very wicked look, that you have not touched it for over three weeks. But, apart from this, it builds character, so they say; it gives a man confidence in his hands and feet. Just think of being able to go through a long drill with thirteen boils on your right leg—or there may have been fourteen—no, there *were* thirteen, now I think of it, and on your right leg too! And what more noble ideal; what more elevating; what more calculated to kindle the ardor and fire the enthusiasm of the Canadian youth than this! Noble, did I say? Elevating? This, gentle reader, is no name for it! Words fail to express the thoughts that arise in me when I contemplate the truly remarkable and unique picture of Canada!

In reading, never allow your taste to be corrupted by any of those puny old volumes which a few misguided people still call the classics. What good can you possibly derive from stuffing your head with these? None at all, as you very well know. Rather then, refresh your mighty intellect with such books as, "His Wife's Husband," "Her Father's Only Child," "Did She or Did She Not?"; which, while entertaining and wholly delightful, are, at the same time, instructive and really useful; for therein are treated, with great detail and exactness, many delicate situations, which it would never do for you to be ignorant of. Some day, indeed, you may be so fortunate, perhaps, as to find yourself in a like situation; and then how out of place you would feel without the local color which you will have gained from these excellent works!

And finally, dear reader, if you honestly and sincerely desire to become really smart, little more remains to be said. What has been said will serve to set you on the right track, and after that you must depend on your *own* asininity. But please to bear in mind (and straightway I shall bring this exceedingly interesting and profitable article to a close), that the kernel, the soul, the very heart of the whole matter, in short, is *dash*. Without this nothing can be accomplished, and with it—many remarkable things. VOGT.

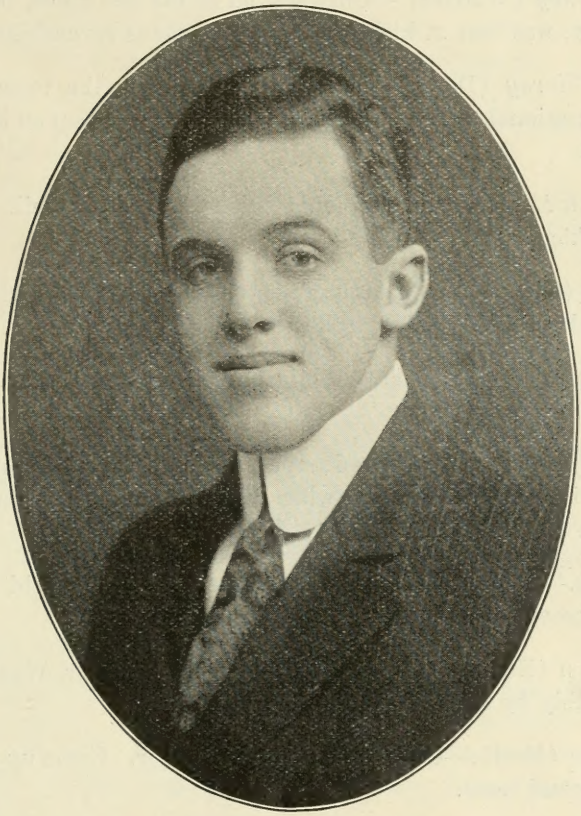


The Tuck Shop.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE SECOND TEAM.

Athletics



ARTHUR KILGOUR, CAPTAIN

Personals

KILGOUR (Tubby, Capt.)—A sure pass. Used his head well. A good tackler and runner. Showed up to best advantage in the Ridley game.

Ross.—Starred at kicking, also showed great style dealing out 'straight arms.' A good runner. Played on last year's team.

Crawford (Hume).—A good catch and runner; dodging well. His tackling saved many perilous situations. Played on the second team of last year.

Bicknell (Jimmy).—A veteran. Made sure gains on his runs. A good tackler.

Courtney (Wallace).—Only played in the last game, but earned his colors; was best at kicking, though he made several good runs.

McGillivray (Don).—The speediest man on the team, making many sensational tackles, especially when following up on kicks. An old color.

Wilson I.—Held his man and played his position well. A fairly good tackle.

Nicol (Tiney).—A hard man to stop on bucks, using his straight arm to advantage. An old color.

Templeton.—A new boy. Only played against Ridley. A hard worker and good tackler.

Montgomery (Monty).—Jumped from last year's third team. A splendid tackler; very fast when following upon kicks, also doing good line tackling.

Smith.—A veteran. A hard worker. Always held his man. Good at recovering the ball.

Risteen (Rusty).—Played with the team last year. Was hindered considerably by a weak shoulder.

Foster (Matt).—Good line man and bucker. Came up from last year's second team.

Hewitt.—A fast runner and good tackler.

The team appreciates greatly the splendid efforts of F. Davison and Webster, who as Manager and Assistant Manager, discharged their duties so faithfully.

D. W. M.

S. A. C. vs. Ridley

ON the 5th of November, the first teams of both the Junior and Senior house, boarded the 9 o'clock train for St. Catharines, there to play the annual matches with Ridley College.

The trip passed pleasantly, and we arrived some two and a half hours later.

The Junior house match was played first. From the start the game went in favor of St. Andrew's, which, though a lighter, proved to be a faster team. Munn kicked two dead lines in succession, which were closely followed by two rouges. In the second quarter some fast plays were made, both Munn and Scott making touches, one of which was converted. In the last three minutes of the first half S. A. C. scored another point, making a rouge. When the first half ended St. Andrew's were again on the Ridley line.

In the third quarter two more rouges were made. Then Might carried the ball over the line for a touch, which was converted. During the remainder of the match the play seemed evener, though in the last minute Gordon made another touch down for St. Andrew's, which was not converted. At full time the score stood 29—0. All the team did well, and I would not like to say who played the best game.

At 2.45 the Senior teams had received their final instructions "How to play." When they lined up, both seemed evenly matched, and the prospects were that there would be a good game.

Ridley had the kick-off, the ball passing into possession of St. Andrew's.

Foster had the first buck, which proved successful. The ball changed hands, however, as St. Andrew's had not gained their yards.

Ridley did a lot of bucking and forced the visiting team back, dangerously near their line, and although McGillivray made a good tackle on the next down they secured a rouge, which greatly pleased the Ridley rooters.

Shortly after they were again on St. Andrew's line, and it looked as if another rouge was certain had not Crawford, catching the ball, run it well out into the field.

Ross scored the next point on a kick, the ball going into touch behind the Ridley line.

The honors of the second point in favor of St. Andrew's fall to Ross, McGillivray and Montgomery, the former making a sensational kick and the latter for their double tackle behind the Ridley line.

Crawford now distinguished himself by making a brilliant run of half the field after catching the Ridley quarter way kick.

The next score was made by Kilgour, who, following up on a kick, caught the ball behind the line, thus making a touch down. Unluckily this try was not converted. At the end of the quarter the score stood 7—1 in favor of St. Andrew's.

In the second quarter Ridley had the advantage. They made two rouges in the first five minutes, and a little later Barnum got away for a touchdown, which he failed to convert. This, however, put Ridley one point to the good, a lead which they maintained till half time.

The second half was all in favor of St. Andrew's. Nicol had the first buck, and shortly after on another buck he trotted over the line for a touch, which again was left unconverted.

Bicknell, following down on another of Ross' kicks, collared the ball behind the orange and black line and added another five points to St. Andrew's score.

In the last quarter, although St. Andrew's had things their own way, the only score was made by McGillivray, who tackled the B. R. C. half back before he could get away, making a rouge. When the game was called St. Andrew's had 18 points to Ridley's 8. The line-ups were as follows:

St. Andrew's: Full, Ross; Halves, Courtney, Crawford and Bicknell; Quarter, Kilgour; Scrimmage, Templeton, Montgomery, Smith; Inside, W. Foster, Nicol; Middle, Wilson, Hewitt; Outside, McGillivray, Risteen. (By special request) the S. A. C. spares were: Large, Munroe and Sommerville I.

Ridley: Full, Jarvis; Halves, Gordon, Barnum and Roberts; Quarter, Jarvis; Scrimmage, Wood, Carley, Leach; Inside, Read, Cassels; Middle, Woolworth, Hamilton; Outside, Shoenberger, Fidy.

D. W. MacKeen.

U. C. C. vs. S. A. C.

THE annual rugby match between St. Andrew's and Upper Canada College was played on St. Andrew's grounds on October 15th.

Although the weather conditions at first seemed unfavorable, when the whistle blew at 2.30 the sun was shining brightly, and everything boded well for a good day's sport.

When the teams lined up, the side lines were crowded with enthusiastic supporters, among whom the fairer sex were not found wanting.

The toss being won by Upper Canada, they decided to play with the sun, as the light wind prevailing did not make any material difference.

St. Andrew's had the kick-off, and Nicol, taking the ball, placed it a good ten yards nearer the U. C. C. goal line.

Later, on account of S. A. C. failing to make their yards, the ball changed hands. Palmer kicked, but as Ross returned it and McGillivray, following down, made a sensational tackle, the blue and white were not so well off as before.

U. C. C. now gained ten yards through an offside. Palmer kicked, but the ball was caught by Crawford who made a good run. After five minutes of fast play, S. A. C. again had the ball, which was kicked by Ross, and McGillivray, following down fast, tackled the Upper Canada man behind the line, making the first score of one point.

There was no more scoring during this quarter which ended with S. A. C. making an offside, giving ten yards to Upper Canada, which brought them well past the centre line.

Unluckily for Upper Canada they failed to make their yards. It being a St. Andrew's down, two thrilling rushes were made by Large and Bicknell. Ross now kicked the ball behind the U. C. C. line. It was returned however, leaving it again in possession of the crimson and white. Foster was now given the ball, and got away for a good rush, the St. Andrew's supporters nearly going wild as he placed it well over the line, thus making a touch, and running the score up to six. Unluckily this touch was not converted, the ball going a little to the right of the posts.

The ball soon passed to St. Andrew's, but owing to offside inter-

ference it again changed over. Palmer kicked, but Ross very deftly caught it, making S. A. C. first down. Nicol now made a good run, but at last, with two Upper Canada men on each leg, he was pulled down.

"Gee!" said a S. A. C. rooter, "Nick gives five straight arms at once, one with each finger."

Now followed a series of kicks, the scrimmages keeping usually pretty well round the centre of the field, until the ball was muffed by Palmer, Bicknell picking it up. Next kick went behind the U. C. C. line, and McGillivray and Montgomery following up closely tackled Garney before he could get out, again raising the score by one. So that when the half time whistle blew a moment later the score stood 7 to 0.

In ten minutes the teams were again on the field, and both seemed determined to play even harder than before, so much so, that after two or three minutes' play, when a S. A. C. man made an unlucky muff, the ball was found to be dangerously near the Saints' line.

Next down the U. C. C. rooters shouted themselves hoarse, and some of the team started to run back. They were doomed to disappointment, however, as a touch had not been made, and soon the ball was again near centre field.

For the remainder of this quarter, although there were a good many sensational rushes made and some good kicking on both sides, there was no score.

Early in the last quarter Risteen hurt his arm badly, and together with Clarkson, of Upper Canada, who had hurt his chest, was forced to leave the field, the losses being greatly felt by both teams.

Ross made a good kick, which was again followed up well by Montgomery and McGillivray, the former making a very good tackle.

The ball for the next few minutes was subject to rapid changes of position.

A good run was made by Bicknell.

Then Nicol, leading a wing buck, made another touch, making the score 12—0. There was at first some doubt whether this touch was converted or not. But as the referee says "No" we abide by his decision.

From now on Upper Canada seemed to have a slight advantage. Palmer's kicking being a feature.

Before long, thanks chiefly to a brilliant rush made by Gonzalus, the blue and white boys made a touch in goal counting one point.

The ball was soon in Upper Canada's possession again. Palmer kicked, and Large, catching it behind the S. A. C. line, was forced to make a rouge, so that Upper Canada now had two points to their credit, with some five minutes more to play. But again, after having kept the ball round the middle of the field, Palmer secured another point by a kick, which made a dead line. Shortly after this the whistle blew, and the game was called, leaving the score 12—3 in favor of St. Andrew's. The line-ups were as follows:

St. Andrew's: Full, Crawford; Halves, Bicknell, Ross, Large; Quarter, Kilgour (Capt.); Scrimmage, Hewitt, Montgomery, Smith; Inside, Foster, Nicol; Middle, Risteen, Wilson; Outside, McGillivray, Allen; Spares, Tupper, Ault, Munroe I.

It would be hard to say who played the best game, as the whole team did well. But among the features were Ross' kicking and rushes, and the brilliant tackles made by McGillivray and Montgomery.

Upper Canada: Full, Garney; Halves, R. H. Heintzman, L. H. Gonzalus, C. H. Palmer (Capt.); Quarter, Tuck; R. Inside, Welsh, L. Dennehey; R. Middle, Brown, L. Crowther; R. Outside, Clark, L. Clarkson. In this team Palmer starred, while Clark and Clarkson, the right and left outside wings, did well.

When the players had been carried in (or at least those who were not too heavy), coffee and tea, with biscuits, were served by Mr. Bishop. The only thing to mar the pleasure of this little "pink tea party" was that the host was not present in person.

Shortly after, the Tally-ho, containing the boys in blue and white, drove away amid the cheers of both players and on-lookers.

D. W. MacKeen.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

THE rugby match with Trinity College was played at Port Hope on October 22nd. The weather conditions were very unfavorable, a strong wind blowing down the field, while the field itself, owing to recent rains, was a veritable quagmire.

T. C. S. won the toss, and elected to play with the wind. Nicol lead the first buck and gained the necessary yards. T. C. S. stole the ball on the second down. Their kick was caught by Crawford, who made a good run to near the 25-yard line. On the third down Ross made a sensational kick, the ball coming to rest behind Trinity's dead line.

This score against the wind put T. C. S. on their mettle, and shortly after, when a St. Andrew's back muffed a pass, McCauly dribbled the ball over the line, in this way securing a try, which he converted. There was no more scoring till the second quarter, which went in favor of St. Andrew's, Ross kicking two dead lines; so that at half time T. C. S. had six points to St. Andrew's three. Thus far the play was even, and it was doubtful who would be victorious.

Early in the third quarter Nicol strained his ankle, and, though he gamely played till full time, he was not able to do any bucking, which was a great loss to St. Andrew's T. C. S. now made two dead lines, which raised the score to 8—3 at the end of the third quarter.

In the last fifteen minutes St. Andrew's had the wind, and everyone expected to see them run up a big score. Risteen, however, hurt his shoulder, which weakened the wing line considerably. A dead line was kicked by Ross, but the T. C. S. bucks proved too much for the St. Andrew's line, and another touchdown was recorded for T. C. S., which McCauly converted. This made the Trinity score fourteen, which they maintained till full time.

The line-up was: Full, Crawford; Halves, Ross, Bicknell, Large; Quarter, Kilgour; Scrimmage, Smith, Montgomery, Hewitt; I. Wings, Nicol, Foster; M. Wings, Wilson, Risteen; Outside Wings, Tupper, McGillivray.

The Second Team

SO far as winning games goes, the second team did not enjoy a very successful season.

The first match was played with Pickering College. This match was not a very good exhibition of rugby, partly because it was played so early in the season that there was no team work to speak of, and partly because there was a high wind blowing, which considerably upset all attempts at kicking. The score at full time was eight all.

Two weeks later we played T. C. S. Like their first team the T. C. S. seconds combined weight with speed, and although the game was fast from start to finish, when the whistle blew at full time the score was 20—11.

Highfield first team was played next, and after a hard game St. Andrew's finished victorious with the score 10—9. During the game both Monroe and Junor were rendered *hors de combat,* which considerably weakened the back division.

The Upper Canada match was played on the latter's grounds, and from St. Andrew's point of view this match proved disastrous, our team being outclassed both in team work and individual play. The score was 20—1.

The last match was the return with Highfield. At half time things looked bright, as St. Andrew's was ahead 2—1. In the second half, however, Highfield secured a touch, through a kick, which, hitting our scrimmage, made their men onside; a Highfield wing man promptly collared the ball, and being behind the line secured a touchdown. Later Highfield made a rouge, which gave them in all 7 points. The field was muddy and heavy, therefore very little running could be done by either side.

To pick the star players for the season would be a difficult matter. Munroe as quarter proved a pillar of strength, while Junor and Ambrose invariably played a good game.

The line-up is as follows: Full, Mitchell; Halves, Somerville, Large, Junor; Quarter, Munroe I. (Capt.); Scrimmage, Firstbrook, MacKeen; Wings, Ault Ross, Ambrose Somerville, Allen, Campbell.

The team wishes to thank the manager for his hard painstaking work during the season.

D. W. MacKeen.

Third Team

THE thirds have had altogether a successful season, having lost but one out of four games played, and that by three points. The good work done by the team is largely due to Paterson II., whose able captaincy and management accomplished much.

The initial game of the year was with the Invaders, which resulted in a victory for the Saints by 12—1. The Thirds lacked team work and an efficient kicker. In this game Cassells and Wright starred for S. A. C.

The next game was with the old time rivals—Upper Canada. This game resulted 9—6 in favor of the blue and white. This was the only game in which the Thirds suffered defeat, although they put up a stubborn fight and contested every yard. Again the Thirds lacked a "booter." Stokes made some sensational half-back runs.

St. Clement's were the next opponents, and they were beaten by 5—0. Lockhart's kicking was the feature of this game.

The season was closed with St. Catharines High School. The opponents had a much heavier team, but the speed and trick play more than balanced this. The game ended in a complete victory for the Saints 16—5, largely due to Lockhart, whose kicking was perfect, and to the long passes of the quarter, Paterson II.

The team was: Full, Lockhart; Halves, Marshall II., Nation, Stokes; Quarter, Paterson II. (Capt.); Scrimmage, Paterson III., Black, Young; Wings, Fraser, Sharp, Mitchell I., Wright I., Cassels I., Malone; Spare, Spohn.

G. H. SPOHN.

Lower School

THIS year the Lower School Rugby Team was very successful. On Monday, September 27th, we played the Models. Masson and Bateman I. tackled excellently all through the game, and at half time we were ahead 5—0. Next half Thompson punted well, winning the game for us. At full time we were ahead by 12—5.

On Wednesday, October 12th, we played St. Clement's College. Masson and Herald were the star tacklers. Ostrom made excellent rushes, making three touchdowns. Allen, the left inside wing, led his bucks right through our opponents. Munn I. punted very well. All the team worked hard, and at full time we led 22—6.

On October 20th we played Upper Canada College on our own grounds. Munn I's. kicking was very good. At half time we were ahead 6—0, while at full time we led 9—5. Whitaker III., Masson, Whitaker II. and Scott II. tackled the best through the game. Hunter and Allen led their bucks very well, and Might's tackling was a help.

On November the first we played Ridley College at St. Catharines. Our single rushes went past their line every time. Scott II. and Munn starred, while Herald and Taylor II. did some good tackling.

On November 15th we met Upper Canada in a return game on their grounds, and here we met a surprise. Upper Canada had a very good team. The ball was in their part of the field the whole of the game, but they put up a very stubborn resistance. At half time they were ahead 6—4, and the score remained the same at the end.

The line-up is as follows: Centre Scrimmage, Might; Left Scrimmage, Thompson; Right Scrimmage, McLaren; Left Inside, Hunter; Right Inside, Allen; Left Middle, Taylor II.; Right Middle, Herald; Left Outside, Whitaker III.; Right Outside Masson (Manager); Quarter, Whitaker II. (Captain); Left Half, Gordon II.; Right Half, Ostrom; Centre Half, Scott II.; Full Back, Munn I.

The Senior Cross Country Run

THE annual cross country run was held on November 25th. The day was not all that might be desired, a heavy rain rendering the ground slippery and making running hard.

Sutherland was the picked winner, and he lived up to everyone's expectations, covering the six miles in 32 minutes, 1 second, which, though not as fast a time as Skead set last year, was very good under the circumstances.



Bicknell came second in 32 mins., 45 sec., winning the silver medal, while Montgomery captured the bronze medal for third place in 32 mins., 50 secs. Although Sutherland was first from start to finish, yet many other places were closely contested.

The first eleven to finish after Montgomery were: Scott I., time, 34:2; Dimmock II., 35:20; Johnston I., 35:28; Fraser, 35:29; McClinton, 37:17; Skinner, 37:19; Scott, 37:29; Rolph II., 37:30; Mosley, 37:40; Hoefler, 38:5; Davison IV., 38:19.

D. W. MacKeen.

The Junior House Cross Country

AT seven minutes past four on the 29th of November, the Junior House cross country run started at the north gate of the college. The weather was anything but favorable, and, considering that and the state of the ground, the time was excellent.

After 17½ minutes of ploughing through slush and snow, Allen II. touched the tape at the finish. He is to be congratulated on the time he made, and well deserves the silver medal awarded as first prize. Half a minute later, Skinner I. came in and pluckily won the bronze medal for second place. Scott finished close at his heels, winning the III A cake. Malcolm III. was next in the finish, and won the First Form cake given by Mr. Harris, while the Second Form dainty was well deserved by Ernest Rolph. Thompson II. won the cake given by Mr. Wilson for the winner at his table, while Whitaker III. won the table cake given by Mr. Harris. McIvor succeeded in capturing the cake very kindly donated by Mr. Knighton. Herald was awarded the III. B. cake, and last, but not least, Harris won the Prep. Form cake given by Mr. Wilson.

All the contestants are to be warmly congratulated on the excellent showing made over a rough and difficult course on slippery ground, and the fact that twenty-three out of twenty-four finished is worthy of special mention and praise.

R. H. G.

Some Football Reminiscences

THE real beginning of the rugby season occurred when, one Thursday afternoon in September, Dr. Macdonald called for volunteers from the first team to go to Guelph to play O. A. C. the next Saturday. Just then someone started a rumor of a chicken dinner at Macdonald Hall, so take it for granted that everyone volunteered.

On the way up on the train, we must have given the news agent the impression that we were tight, for, even though he distributed a box of chocolates gratis, we all kept strict training. (N.B.—Herbie made us throw the chocolates out the window.) At Georgetown we

got out and freshened our memories on the signals by a little practice on the platform, after which the backs indulged in some passing, and one of them (an old color too) insisted on putting the pigskin through a window, with subsequent unpleasant results to an elderly gentleman at the other side. Press photographer Foster was on hand at once.

Since we arrived at the college some time before the hour fixed for dinner, after we had inspected the swimming tank and been put out of the gym. because we had boots on, we visited the museum to see a world-famous collection of wax fruit.

As the team passed between a double line of students to the dining hall we heard someone confide to his neighbor: "Gosh, Hiram, they don't look very husky." For the dessert course of the meal we were served with deep apple pie. Everyone turned to the captain, who replied, "Easy on the pastry, boys, and spit out the seeds."

The game was a most enjoyable one from our standpoint, especially as there was a full turnout from Macdonald Hall on one side of the field. It was noticed that all the spectacular play occurred on that side.

The next time we were the centres of attraction it was before the elite of the city against U. C. C. Owing to the rather too hearty smile on the face of Old Sol, the water pail was much sought after by the players. A feminine voice was heard to exclaim: "Oh, the dirty things, one wiped his face in the water and another's taking a drink." Just after one of the boys in blue had been assisted off the field, and while another was being brought to, one of the U. C. C. rooters struck a bright thought and yelled, "Keep it up, fellows, they're all in."

On the trip to T. C. S. we began the day by nearly losing Mr. Harris, who was rescued from a wrong train as he was just starting for North Bay. At the Port Hope station we were met by two old college boys, Symons and Fisken, who hailed the manager with, "Hello, Freddie, what are you, water boy?" We spent the time before lunch by trying to smash the lights in the gym. with a football. The game at T. C. S. was by far the most damaging of all the games, as is amply attested by sprained ankles and wrists and a black eye apiece among the scrim.

While the team were donning their uniforms preparatory to

meeting the orange and black, Dr. Macdonald voiced a query as to our being physically and mentally fit. The mentally was unanimously agreed upon, but it was a shame the way the managers were passing out bandages.

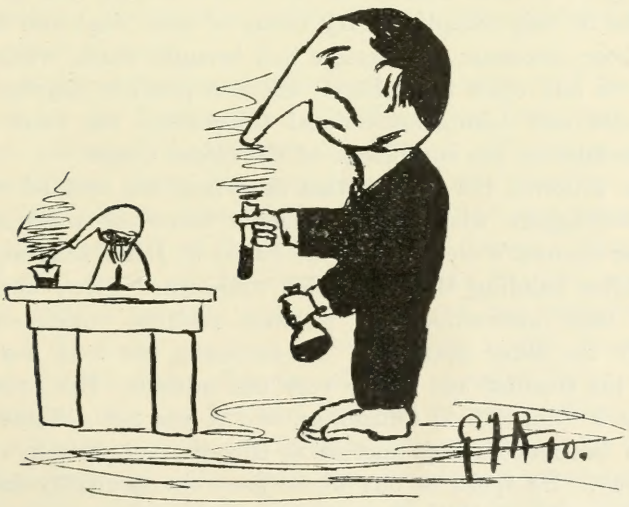
The game at Ridley was played in the best possible spirit by both teams. Whenever a Ridley man happened to run foul of an opponent, he said, "I'm sorry," and the college team paid a great tribute to their sportsmanship by doing the same thing.

During the game we lacked nothing in the way of rooters, as we had imported with us the Junior House, who succeeded in making each fellow feel that he was the individual star of the game.

After the game we were served with cocoa and sandwiches in the college, but the real "grub fight" occurred when the train waited for twenty-five minutes at Hamilton.

The tedium of the journey from Tigerville to Toronto was alleviated by numerous vocal renderings to the inspiring strains of organ music (organs being of the mouth variety), until finally at 8.15 we arrived, and Toronto was made aware of the fact that, even though we had formerly tasted defeat, S. A. C. were strong finishers, and also of the fact that the pigskin would next be seen at S. A. C. in September, 1911.

HEWITT.



THE FATE OF THE SCIENCE MASTER.

Miscellany

The Annual Distribution of Prizes

A SOMEWHAT radical desparture was this year made from the usual order of proceedings attendant upon the presentation of prizes for the year's work. Owing to the fact that his Excellency, Earl Grey, could be with us only for a few hours in the morning, the hour was set for eleven o'clock. Notwithstanding the difficulties besetting such a time, a great many friends of the college filled the Assembly Hall, and the whole ceremony passed off quite as successfully as when held during the afternoon.

As is customary, the programme was opened with a short service, and the singing of the college hymn. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, as President of the College, then gave a very cordial address of welcome, in which he referred touchingly to the death of our beloved King, Edward the Seventh, and welcomed Earl Grey as the representative of his successor to the throne. The headmaster's address afterwards followed, in which Dr. Macdonald gave a brief resumé of the year's doings and progress. He spoke in very complimentary terms of both Vogt and McTaggart, whose scholastic attainments had brought much credit upon themselves and upon the college. He also publicly thanked Lord Strathcona and Lieutenant-Colonel Gooderham for their generous assistance in the equipment of the Cadet Corps.

Then followed the presentation of prizes, the first on the list being McTaggart who had the double honor of receiving the Governor-General's medal from the hands of His Excellency himself. After handing McTaggart his well-earned prize, Earl Grey gave a most interesting and eloquent address, which charmed not only the older portion of his audience, but held the attention of the smallest boy to the very last minute. His Excellency spoke as a Canadian to Canadians, and it was not difficult to see wherein lies much of his success as Governor of Britain's greatest colony. He spoke as one whose generous sympathy has been the "Open Sesame" to Canadian hearts, not as a mere representative of the Crown with his larger interests far beyond the

seas. It is very discernible that his heart is right here in the land over which he presides as chief Administrator. He spoke of the great consolidating influence of a college whose students comprise boys from coast to coast, and from many distant ports, both British and foreign. He dwelt chiefly on the quality of strength, which is to be derived from such an institution as Saint Andrew's. Love and Peace, he affirmed, are essential to the making of a great nation, when the nation is crowned with strength, and he exhorted all St. Andrew's College boys to preserve the British tradition of fair play in every branch of sport. The future of the country depends upon its youths and on the quality of their manhood, and His Excellency emphasized most strongly the constant necessity for truth, courage, and honesty. Courtesy, he said, is the mark of the great man, discourtesy of the little man. It seemed a happy coincidence that the day set for the prize-giving should be Trafalgar Day—a day so full of memories of the great Nelson, whom he held up as one whose bravery, loyalty and honesty made him worthy of all honor.

His Excellency's address was followed with the presentation of the Wyld Prize, awarded to Vogt, and presented by Dr. Falconer, who made a brief but very taking speech. Vogt was then again called forward and presented with the President's gold medal, handed him by Mrs. Gibson, who in turn received a beautiful bouquet of roses.

The proficiency prizes were presented in order, and the honor lists read by the Headmaster. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor then presented McGillivray and Davison with prizes of some very handsome books for proficiency in rifle shooting at the Ranges, his address being full of humor and cleverness, after which Mrs. Grasett, on behalf of the St. George's Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, presented Davison with a splendid rifle as a reward for proficiency in shooting. Goodman was also presented with a rifle, donated by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and handed to him by Mrs. Robert Wilson. Prizes given by the Literary Society and by the REVIEW were then awarded, after which Dr. Macdonald announced that a yearly half holiday, to be known for all time as the "Earl Grey half holiday," was to be observed as a tribute of appreciation to

Earl Grey for his kindly interest in the college during his term as Governor-General. This pleasing intelligence was followed by the singing of the national anthem, after which the distinguished visitors were entertained by the Headmaster and Mrs. Macdonald in their residence, and the many friends of the boys were served with light refreshment in the dining hall.



"O You Dandelions!"

Cadet Corps

THIS year promises to be one of the best in the history of the Cadet Corps.

We are very lucky in having again Sergeant Glover as Instructor, as he has done such splendid work for the corps during the last two years.

We have already had the pleasure of being Guard of Honor to His Excellency Earl Grey. We have also made a public appearance in the Garrison Parade, where the Cadets performed most creditably.

The officers for the year are: Captain, J. W. Bicknell; Lieutenants, 1st, Nicol, 2nd, MacGillivray; Color-Sergeant, Davison I; Sergeants, Risteen I., Dunning, Sutherland I. and Ross I.; Corporals, Junor, Montgomery, Scott I., Foster; Lance-Corporals, Young, Lock and Courtney. J. W. B.



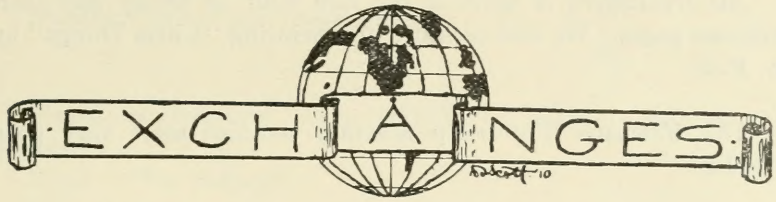
"Herby Allen, We've Been Thinking."

Obituary

SINCE the closing of college for the summer vacation in June last, our list of Old Boys has been diminished by two, owing to the tragic death of Paul Findlay, and to the more recent demise of Russell Hamilton, who left school in June, 1901, and who in late years was following his chosen life on the stage.

Paul Ewart Findlay left St. Andrew's in June, 1907, going almost immediately to a lumber camp at Arrowhead, B.C., for the benefit of his health. In October of the following year he took a position on the staff of the *Ottawa Free Press* as reporter, where he was most successful. It was his intention to enter Queen's University this autumn for an Arts course, preparatory to studying for the ministry. He secured a position on a Government survey for the summer months, and it was while on this expedition that he met an untimely end by drowning. The tragedy took place on Little Playgreen Lake on the Nelson, when owing to a collision of two canoes in a rough sea Findlay and an Indian of Norway House, Keewatin, both lost their lives. Although a good swimmer, the former was probably weighted down by his heavy clothing and was unable to make the upturned canoe to which others were clinging and who were afterwards rescued.

Paul was the son of the Reverend Allan Findlay, of Barrie, and was but twenty years of age at the time of his death. Few old boys have taken a greater interest in the doings of the college than he, and, notwithstanding the demands of a busy life, he very often found time to send items of interest to the REVIEW. He had the knack of keeping in touch with many of the Old Boys and frequently sent welcome news of those who had drifted from our ken. His keen sense of humor and his love of a joke made him an excellent companion. He will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends who mourn the sad end to a life of unusual promise and usefulness, and to his bereaved family the REVIEW extends the deepest sympathy, especially at this season of gladness, when the empty places in the home-circle are so sadly apparent.



THE *College World,* a new publication which reviews the life and activities in all the North American Universities and Colleges, is a very welcome exchange.

The Varsity, with its excellent accounts of the big football games and good illustrations, is always very welcome.

The Black and Red, from University School, Victoria, is a rather neat paper. But why not have a story or two?

The Arbor is up to its usual high standard.

The Argo, from Rutger's Preparatory School, New Brunswick, New Jersey, is rather attractive, but would be improved by a few good cuts.

The Ashburian, of Ashbury College, Ottawa, is a very neat and attractive little magazine. It publishes some excellent and artistic head-pieces, and would be still further improved by a few illustrations.

Vox Collegii is an interesting magazine, well-illustrated and full of interesting news.

The Mirror, from the Central High School of Philadelphia, is most attractively illustrated, and is from start to finish a first-class school paper.

The Collegiate Outlook, from Moose Jaw, has several good stories and essays. It is a welcome addition to our exchange column.

Alt Heidelberg is again to the fore with its breezy and ever-welcome pages. We take pleasure in reprinting "Little Things" by A. F. F.

The McMaster University Monthly contains some very good articles.

The following are the exchanges so far received. We hope to be able to report more in our next number: *The Arbor,* Toronto University; *Varsity,* Toronto University; *The Calendar,* Buffalo Central High School; *Queen's University Journal,* Queen's University, Kingston; *The Black and Red,* University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Vox Collegii,* Ontario Ladies College, Whitby; *Alt Heidelberg,* Heidelberg, Germany; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *The Argo,* Rutger's Preparatory School, New Brunswick, New Jersey; *Lux Columbiana,* Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Quill,* Alcium Preparatory School, New York; *The Collegiate Outlook,* Moose Jaw, Sask.

Cribbed from the Exchanges

MARY had a hobble skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.

"This is my trial trip," commented the drunk as they chucked him into the police patrol.

First Boy: "I'm getting tough, I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday and it scared me to death."

Second Boy: "That's not unusual. It always takes my breath away."

In the spring a young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.
But in the fall with cleated footgear
He boots the pigskin high above.

Dentist (to patient): "Will you have gas or chloroform?"
Patient: "Oh, I don't care, ether!"

Heard in Geometry Class.—Teacher: "What is half of the diameter?"
Pupil: "The radiator."
Second Pupil: "Now you're getting hot."

His hand near'd hers, he whispered low,
She heaved a little sigh,
And gently put her hand in his,
"Fares please!" She'd heard him cry.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to hit her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired: "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?"
"Yes."
"Den hold the cow yourself," said Cuffee.—*Ex.*

A man, who was sentenced to be hung, was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"
"No," he replied.
"That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."—*Ex.*

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on de railroad."
"Why, Joe."
"Kase ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' an' run rite in!"—*Ex.*

A recent advertisement contains the following startling information:
"If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's store, he will hear something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it."—*Ex.*

Different Points of View.

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice): "Only fancy, mamma, Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond Street, and there was a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who had been thrown to a lot of tigers and lions who were devouring them!" Ethel (with more sympathy): "Yes, and mamma dear, there was one poor tiger that hadn't got a Christian."—*Ex.*

Enthusiasm.

Anxious Messenger: "Say, fireman, there's another fire broken out up the street."

New Recruit: "All right, old chap; keep her going till we finish this one!"—*Ex.*

A fussy old widow named Pease,
Thought her house was infested with fleas,
  So she used gasoline,
  And her form was last seen
Sailing over the tops of the trees.—*Ex.*

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
  To make sure of that,
  He gave it a pat,
They buried his clothes—what a pity!—*Ex.*

A decrepit old gas man named Peter
While hunting around for the meter,
  Touched a leak with his light;
  He arose out of sight,
And as anyone can see by reading this
It also destroyed the meter.—*Ex.*

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirtfront.—*Ex.*

Sausages to His Majesty.

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card.

Number One then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling could not be guaranteed.

Number Two's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the King."

In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words: "God Save the King."—*Ex.*

Little Things.

Just a little late for meal-times, when the bell has finished ringing;
Just a little bit of shirking of the work you have to do;
Just a small ill-tempered grumble at a rule or order given;
Just a passing without protest of a tale that is not true.

Just a game of cards forbidden; just a small amount of betting;
Just a little bad example to the young ones and the weak;
Just a silly bit of sneering at the thing that's right and noble;
Just a smile of weak approval for the bully or the sneak.

And you call these peccadilloes, and you say it does not matter,
They are only little failings, and are very very mild.
But the world around is calling for a man to help and guide it,
And it finds in you the actions of a feeble unformed child.

Can you call it unimportant, can you say such things are trifles,
When the world, the whole world, suffers for a wrong deed that is done;
And the whole world is the better for a deed that's good and manly,
For a small temptation conquered, for the moral battle won?

There are those who on the river and the playing field are victors;
There are those who soar with honor on their intellectual wings;
But the one who wins the hero's laurel crown of highest honor
Is the boy who's conscientious in the little little things.

—*A. F. F., in Alt Heidelberg.*

A negro was arrested in Atlanta on a charge of vagrancy and brought before Judge Broyles.

"Why, Sam, is this you? What have they arrested you for?"

"Nothin', Jedge, 'ceptin' fragrancy."—*Ex.*

Father: "What did you learn to-day, my son?"

Boy: "I learned sumthin' called guzzinto."

Father: "Guzzinto?"

Boy: "Yep."

Father: "Well, what is guzzinto?"

Boy: "Why 2 guzzinto 4, and 4 guzzinto 8.

Recipes.

Bread Pudding.—Take a lot of chunks of bread that have been pretty well manhandled at table for the past week and dump them into a bucket of water overnight. In the morning pour off the water and take out the sloppy mess, placing it in a pan. Throw a few currants at it and stick in oven. Serve in little saucers and slobber it over with the most sickly-looking vanilla sauce you can invent. Put it down on the bill of fare as Meringue Flossee a la Reine. No, thanks! Not having any just now.

To Sweeten Butter.—Sometimes butter gets a strong taste after being in the house a little while. When this happens, melt the butter and let it come to a nice boil. While still bubbling in the pan, convey it into dining-room and pour carefully down neck of boarder who made the roar.

Cold Porridge.—Take the porridge and place it on roof of house. Let it gently chill for half an hour. Served with skimmed milk, this makes a savory dish, for those who like cold porridge.

Fruit before Breakfast.—A lemon is undoubtedly the healthiest fruit on an empty stomach. An ingenious way to prepare it in palatable form is to squeeze the lemon into a tall thin glass, add two spoonfuls of sugar, a heaping glass of Tom Gin and half a bottle of soda. It makes a delicious stomach tonic and is strongly recommended by drunkards.

Two Good College Yells.

With a Ve-Vo
With a ve-vo! With a vi-vo!
With a ve-vo, vi-vo, vum!
Bum! Get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap!
Bum! Get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap!
Cannibal! Cannibal! Sis, boom, bah!
Central! Central! Rah, rah, rah!

Ye-Ha.

Ye-ha, ye-ha! Ye-ha, ha-ha!
Central, Central! Rah, rah, rah!
Central, Central, is our cry.
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!

"No matter how hungry a horse is he can't eat a bit."
"In that case he has to 'curb' his appetite."

Cool and Collected—the ice bill.

Curious Charley: "Do nuts grow on trees, Father?"
Father: "They do, my son."
Curious Charley: "Then what trees do the doughnuts grow on?"
Father: "The pantry, my son."

Scene—Toronto Union Station.
Hotel Porter to young man: "Prince George, sir?"
Young Man: "No, Smith, Bill Smith."

A yacht can stand on a tack in silence, but a man isn't built like a yacht.

The boarder had just finished his fifth cup of coffee when the maid remarked: "Mr. Smith, you must be very fond of coffee?"

"It would seem so," he replied, "when I am willing to drink so much water to get such a little taste."

A sleeper from the Amazon,
Put nighties of his gra'mazon;
The reason, that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.

A certain young fellow named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phoebe.
"But," said he, "I must see
What the clerical fee
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebe."

There once was a young man named Tate,
Who dined with his girl, at eight-eight.
But I scorn to relate
What that young man named Tate
And his tete-a-tete ate at eight-eight.

She purchased a beautiful trousseau,
'Twas hasty and foolish to dousseau,
For the man she would wed
Has gone clean off his head—
That's why the poor maiden boohousseau.

There was an old maiden from Fife,
Who had never been kissed in her life;
Along came a cat,
And she said, "I'll kiss that!"
But the cat answered, "Not on your life."

A husky young man who could punt,
Saw a hat and a chance for a stunt,
But inside was a brick,
And his beautiful kick
Made his foot an inch shorter in front.

Customer: "You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy!"

Newsboy: "I am out of practice, sir. Most of the gents says, keep the change."

"You seem a little hoarse to-day."
"Neigh, neigh."

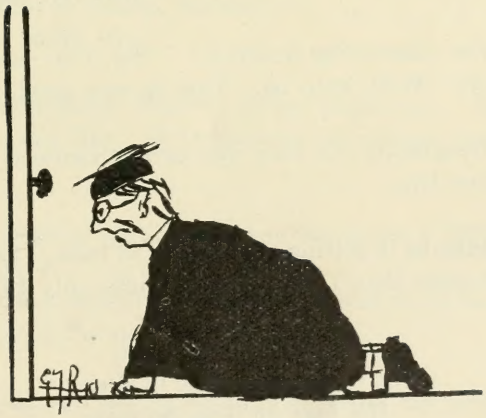
Bright Eyes: "I am going back to college to-morrow."
She: "Some chance now of my getting to bed before twelve o'clock."

Traveller (to village barber): "How much more have you got to cut?"
Barber: "Only the front, sir."
Traveller: "Well, hurry up before it grows on the back again."

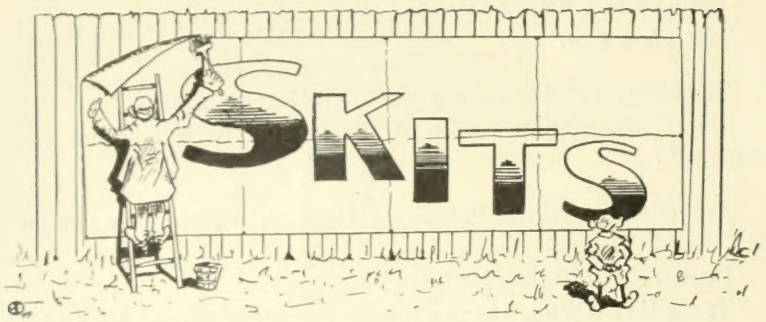
Hobble, hobble little skirt,
How I wonder what you are,
Or whatever you would do
If you had to catch a car.

Carpenter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"
Assistant: "I did. It was quarter past ten."

"They met within the darkened hall,
He said, 'I've brought some roses.'
Her answer seemed irrelevant,
It was, 'How cold your nose is.'"



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FREDDIE Davison to Scott, after lights: "Say, Veggie, are you going to roll up in a neck-tie and sleep on the molding to-night?"

Mr. K. (in Science class): "X molecules here, and X molecules there give 2X molecules."

Davison: "Xactly."

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

Eby Sutherland to McFarland: "When I am a prefect, I shall ignore you."

—Review, Easter, 1908.

Lightbourne (answering question): "Sir, Um—um—ah—"

Mr. Taylor: "Well, keep on. That is very good, so far."

Physical Geography—A man who carries Landice is an ice-man and is therefore drip.

Veggie thinks he is getting real fat. "At least," he says, "there is some one thinner than I am. Porter weighs only 107 pounds."

A Suggested Epitaph.

Mr. Knighton's gone to sleep.
His face we'll see no more.
What he drank for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

Mr. Tudball: "Paterson, are you chewing gum or candy?"
Paterson I.: "Both, sir."
Mr. T.: "Well take two hours for each."

King of the Boneyard—Veggie Scott.

Mr. T. (in Ancient History): "One of the chief points with the Greeks was that they did not go in for frills as the Romans did." (Loud laughter.) "By frills, I mean those useless bits of ornament."

Mr. Taylor (in L. VI.): "When I excuse you at the end of a period you must be back before the period is over."

Ross II. (referee in thirds' game): "Last down, St. Andrew's! Hurry up! You have to buck."

Tubby: "Have you got a thumb-tack?"
Veggy: "No, use your finger-nail."

J. K. Wilson (to Toady): "Wouldn't it be awful if I caught typhoid fever and was never seen by mortal eye again?"

Mr. K.: "What is quartz, Bicknell?"
Bick.: "Two pints, sir."

From an enthusiastic History Notes supporter: "Gee, Foster can read those jokes fine. He sometimes says three words without a mistake."

Miss M. (to Denton, who is crying on the stairs): "Why, Denton, what is the matter?"
Denton (between sobs): "My father—wants me to be a lawyer—and—I—I—want to be an undertaker."

Foster: "Now, you fellows, clap when I read the history notes."

Messenger Boy (looking at the Detention sheet): "Gee, are those the marks that you fellers make here?"

Our Freddie.

Now Freddie is a little man,
With temper fast and quick;
He dearly loves to punch big Fat,
And talk to tiny Nick.

He hates to hear departed Pete
Say, "Shoot the nickel, Bo."
But when somebody tickles him
He's sure to laugh and crow.

He's got a cackle for a laugh,
Some people think it funny;
But when it comes to fussing—well,
He has a smile most sunny.

Dear little man, with all your faults,
We sure do love you still,
And when it comes to managers,
You hit a pace to kill.

Mr. Fleming (seeing "V.B., the Nobility of S. A. C.," written on classroom board): "Nobility, eh!" "The people who won't work."

Spohn has decided to write no more compositions on dogs, as he feels itchy.

"Mitchell the Monk."

The only living chimpanzee in North America, in captivity in Room 17, to be seen at all times. Perfectly tame and harmless. Both his front fangs have been extracted and also the poison has been taken from his molars. All nails are cut daily, and there is no fear of scratching. The keepers of his cage are slowly but surely taming him. He has learned to wear clothes and talk. Almost human and able to walk on his hind legs. Mitchell I. is his name.

Mitchell I. (looking at Mrs. McDonald's dog): "Here Mike! Here Mike!"

GIFTS
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"Discount to Students"

EDWIN T. BERKINSHAW, 348 Yonge

Freddie Davison (with his first team sweater on, going into every room): "Has anybody seen Webster?"

Stokes decided to get his hair cut to see if that would make any difference to the length of his bed.

AND SO IT WAS.

Conductor: "How old are you?"
Boy: "You have no right to ask such an impertinent question."
Conductor: "Excuse me, but it is a fare question."

Master: "How do you spell needle?"
Boy: "Neidle."
Master: "What's the i for?"
Boy: "To put the cotton through, of course."

Can you prove that a bee-hive is a bad potato? If not, see how it is done:

A bee-hive is a bee-holder,
A beholder is a spectator,
A specked tater is a bad potato.

Most people do not expect the Mexican revolution to succeed unless the President Diaz.

Mr. F.: "Boys, you are to do all the questions that you can't do."

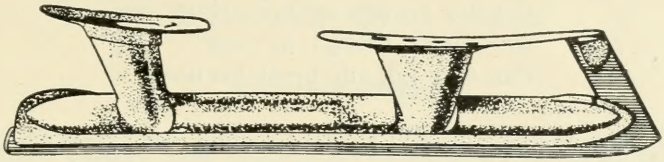
Tucker: "I say, Mickleborough, if you are sitting on a donkey's back, what fruit do you resemble?"
Mick.: "I don't know."
Tucker: "Why, a pear, of course."

1st Boy: "It was a dreadful day yesterday. It blowed and it—"
Master: "It 'blowed' is not proper. Say, 'it blew.'"
1st Boy: "It blew and it snew awfully."

Brown I.: "Why is hitting Aspen like running away?"
Tucker: "Because you are beating it."

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An aviator, though, by heck!
Can only fall and break his neck.

Moissant, the aviator, will attempt a flight from Havana to Key West, but whether he will succeed or not is a Key Westion.

Mr. Duff: "Give me an example of a concrete noun?"
Ault (inspired): "Sidewalk."

Cotton: "Can you lend me a match?"
Hasty: "What's your security?"

Nicol is looking for a sparring partner. Any boy wanting the job call at room 20 between 4 and 5.

Dimple Ferguson: "The ballet dancer hopes to give the 'Lit.' a treat very soon."

John K. Wilson: "Whenever you see a ball rolling up a hill it's Meredith."

Large is expert at jumping trains, but he got left at Coldwell.

J. C. Gordon (after bath): "Gee, I feel about eight pounds lighter."

Stokes applied for a bath ticket to Mr. Taylor, but he had none in stock.

We notice room 32 have been exhibiting their Peter Pan Club Pins. Don't miss them.

Bud: "I rode clean over a bottle when I was biking yesterday and fairly smashed it."
Aspen: "Punctured badly, eh?"
Bud: "Punctured! It was a bluebottle. Didn't I say that."

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Fat Foster (having eaten three cross-country cakes): "Gee, that's good!"

Gordon: "Do you know why there are two 'n's' and only one 't' in Britannia?"
Stephen: "No, why?"
Gordon: "Because it's the rule."
Stephen: "What rule?"
Gordon: " 'Rule Britannia,' of course."

Boy: "I can't understand this wireless telegraphy."
Scout: "Why it's quite plain. They just send the messages through the air instead of over poles."
Boy: "I know that, but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"

1st Boy: "I've got a great story here."
2nd Boy: "Is it long?"
1st Boy: "No, you can read it in two periods."

Tucker: "A hippopotamus."

Mr. Laidlaw (entering room 25 after a talcum powder fight): "This room smells like an undertaking parlor."

It has been rumored that a ghost has, for the last two or three weeks, been peering through the transoms of several rooms of the upper flat. But on investigations of the detective bureau of room 17, it was discovered to be Mr. M. on his nocturnal parades around the aforesaid upper flat.—Chief Detective Bonyard, Room 17.

Mr. Knighton: "This is of use to geologists."
Ross II.: "But we are scientists."

Mr. Findlay (to Spohn): "You certainly know how to handle dog fights."

Mr. Magee: "Look here, let there be silence."

Ross II. (in office): "How much are your five-cent pencils?"

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Young II. (translating): "Like the toes of a human hand."

Mr. Fleming: "Come, come Spohn, speak up like a little man."

Ault (entering room 24): "I hear you got some new music today?"
Scott I.: "Yes, and we got it to suit ourselves."

Bicknell thinks Parkdale is the nicest part of the city. We would rather not mention his reason for thinking so.

First Boy: "What do you call it when the sea goes up and down?"
Second Boy: "Seasickness."

Cotton (to Wilson I.): "Say, Harry, what kind of paint do you use? I would like to raise a complexion like yours for myself."

Ault (to Junor): "Play 'The Rosary,' it brings out all the finer points of my great tenor voice better than any other piece you have."

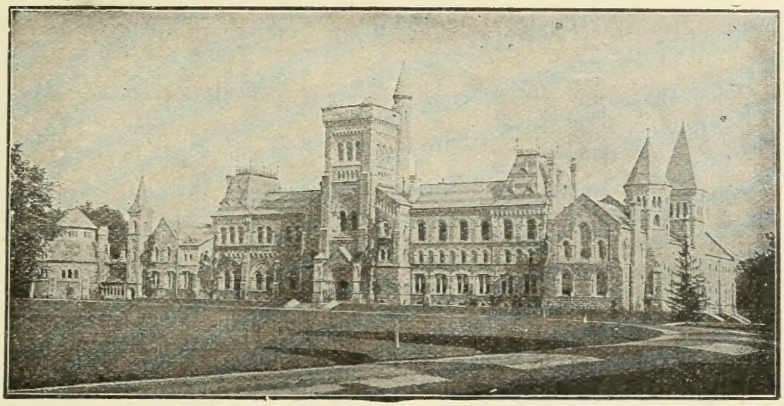
Fat Moore(seeing grape fruit on Master's table): "Gee, I never liked that stuff. It takes so much milk to soften it."

Jardine: "Say, Chinamen ought to be swell billiard shooters."
Mitchell: "Why?"
Jardine: "Because they all carry their private cues."

Williams (making a flying leap at his bed): "Now I lay me down on my little bier."
Jardine: "Why beer?"
Williams: "Because the sheets are so full of Schlitz."

Campbell (handling a pair of shoe trees): "Which last longer, right last or left last?"
Jardine: "The one that's left last, I guess."

It has been geometrically figured that Gideon's eyebrows are not straight.



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Un! Un! Eby: "Cut out being bad fellows, I'll get my prefectship taken away."

Speck Baillie: "Now, look here, I ain't no parlor cut-up."

Voice from the Ridley sidelines as Monty lights on Barnum: "Aw, dirty scragg."

Voice from the referee (as Fat Foster does the same thing): "Get off for 5 minutes."

Who ordered a 36 sweater for the manager?

Auld (debating): "I would like to inform me learned friend that six-fourths the population of Canada are farmers."
Voice from Pembroke: "Hear! hear!"

Pete Large: "Cheese it, Bo, I've got a grouch."

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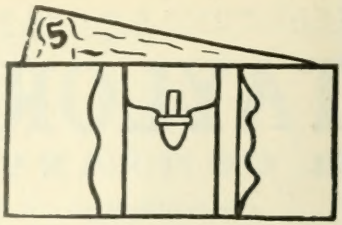
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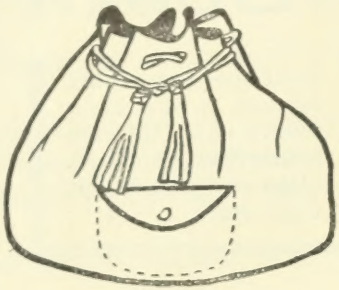
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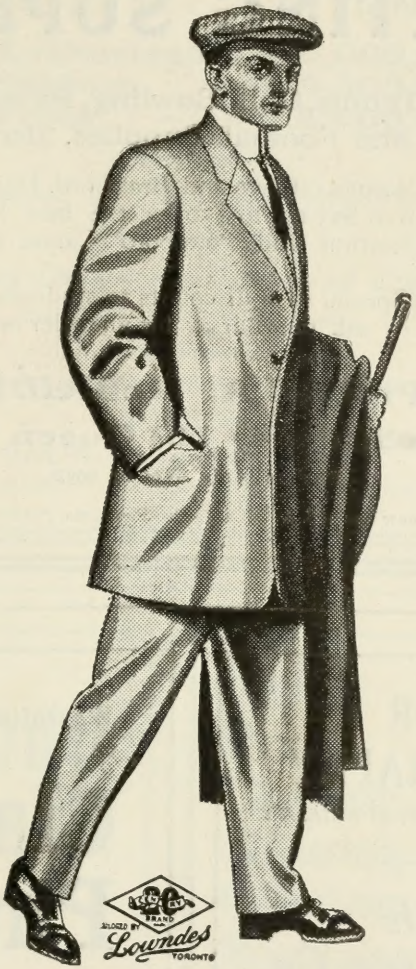


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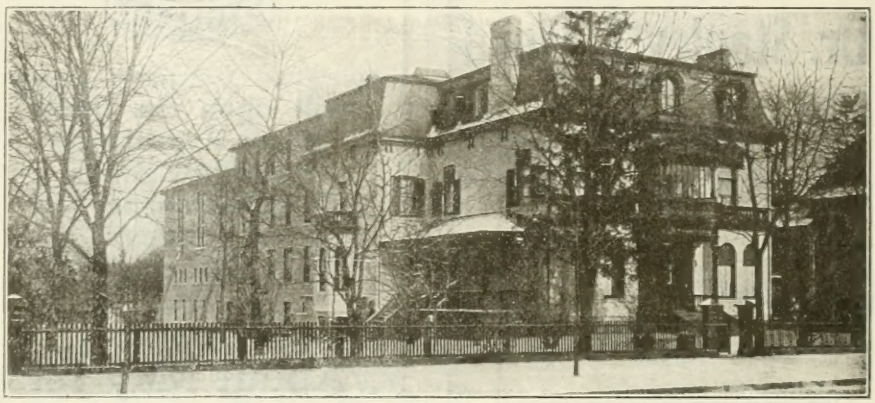
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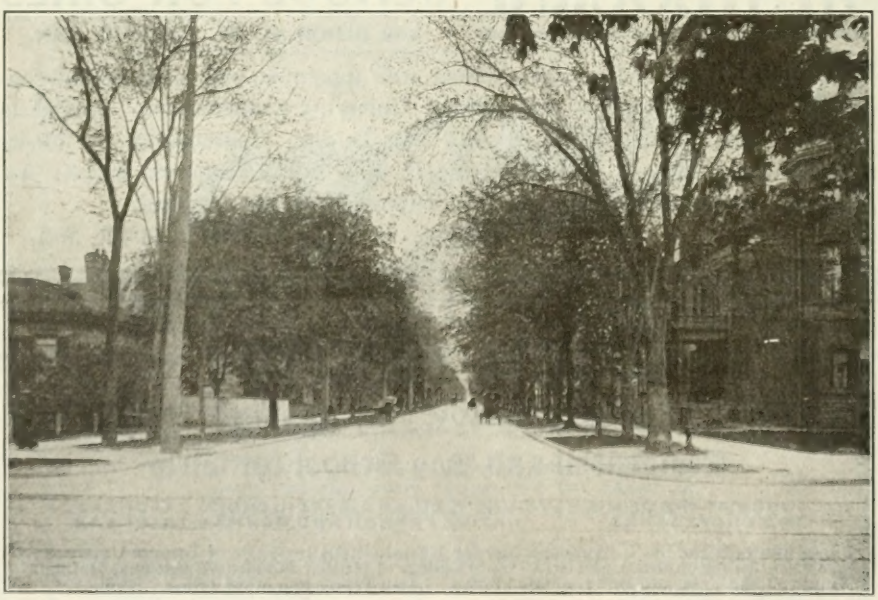
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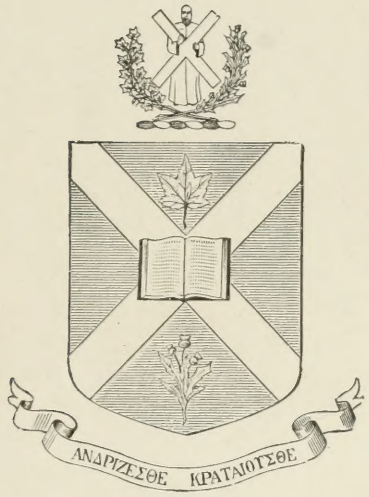


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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1911

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St. Andrew's College Review

EASTER, 1911

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE.

LAST week I was watching the international football match between Scotland and Ireland at Inverleith. About 25,000 people were looking on and 30 playing the game. It was good fun to look on, but I couldn't help feeling that I was "on the shelf." No more chances for me to do anything to help to win, except to shout. How many boys only find out the real downright joy of playing a good game when their chance to do well has gone by! I sailed to the North Sea in 1897, looking for a field to play my little game of life out in, because I thought I could be of more use to fill a gap there than anywhere I knew; and in 1892, when I saw a still better chance for some "bucking the line" in Labrador, I sailed my little schooner out there. There are many better countries. The North-West is a softer proposition than the N. E. of Canada. But the joy of anything isn't in the silver pot one wins, but in the fact that you make good against odds. That is so in every contest in life. I wouldn't *allow* a prize won by a "walk-over" to stand on my shelf.

Well, it has been good fun charting the coast; good fun helping to put up the hospitals and orphanage and stores. Lots of fellows from the universities have been down year after year helping me, and found it good fun. Three times Yale, Harvard and Princeton students have sailed small motor yawls all the way to Labrador for service on the coast. Not because it was easy; it wasn't, if judged by the numbers of telegrams their mothers sent while they were on the journey, but because they enjoyed *doing* something for others.

There are two students down breaking in deer for me this winter, to try and make the introduction of reindeer into Canada a success. It will mean a big leg up to the poor people in Labra-

dor if it succeeds. There is another fellow, just left the university, whom we call our "saint in overalls," because he lives in them all the week, doing engineer jobs, and on Sundays does the preaching.

We are trying now to build a home for our sailors in St. John's, where they all have to go for supplies and repairs, and to market their fish. One fellow, an All-American football man, is seeing to the local management. He was offered twice the salary I could afford last year to leave me. But he said, "I wouldn't lose the opportunity this will give me to help these fishermen for ten salaries."

There are not many "frills" in life in Labrador, but you will find, if any of the St. Andrew's boys come to pay us a visit, as I hope they may, that there is lots of fun and heaps to do, and plenty of chances to find out one doesn't know everything, in the life of a Labrador missionary. WILFRED GRENFELL.

A HOODOO YACHT.

THREE years ago next June I had the most unlucky cruise in a yacht that it has ever been my part to go through—I will not say "enjoy," as enjoyment was altogether out of the question, with mystery and death lurking around; but more of that in the story.

I was just back from college, and to celebrate that fact had decided to take a two weeks' cruise in our boat, the "Davy Jones." So I hurriedly made up a party, consisting of several college chums and other friends. We hastily provisioned the yacht, and, taking on water and lots of gasoline, set out on a Friday at noon, which Friday, by the way, happened to be the thirteenth of the month. The paid hand, with the usual superstition of sailors, averred that "He warn't feeling very safe; this here starting out on a Friday was risky," and so on; but we ridiculed him. Superstition was not present among us. Since then I have changed my mind. I now believe in superstitions, and think you will agree with me that I have an excellent reason for so doing.

To return to the cruise. The first day out we planned to make Nanaimo, which is a nice afternoon's run for a fairly fast boat. Everything went well until about four o'clock. At that time we

were right in the centre of the Gulf, when a small cam shaft on the engine snapped and left us helpless. A fairly heavy sea was running at the time, and the wind was blowing up pretty stiff from the southwest. Nothing could be done to the damaged shaft, so we hoisted our small sail, which, as is the case on most gasoline cruisers, was more for ornament than anything else, and was not much use.

We drifted for most of the night, until about four in the morning, when the wind shifted to the southeast, and we were able to run before it into Nanaimo harbor, getting there about six.

We slept until about noon, and about two o'clock, after having the damaged shaft repaired, we set out again, this time for Buccaneer Bay, which is across the Gulf of Georgia and nearer our starting point. The trip across was uneventful. We got there at eight in the evening, and after eating started to enjoy ourselves, which consisted in finding a soft spot, and lying down to listen to the gramaphone.

We were suddenly interrupted by screams from the shore, from which we were about two hundred yards out. The screams sounded like those of one being strangled, and were at first loud and long continued, but gradually became weaker and shorter. Three of us sprang into the dinghy, which was riding at the stern, and rowed ashore, to find two or three campers standing about a corpse on the sand.

The body was that of a stranger to the campers and ourselves. It was that of a medium-sized man, in rough clothes, and with unshaven face and long hair. By the marks on his neck we could see that he had been strangled to death. As we could do nothing we rowed back to the yacht, several of the campers taking charge of the body.

Needless to say, we slept very little that night. Death and mystery are not conducive to sleep, no matter how sleepy one may be. Quite early the next morning, after going ashore and finding out that no further tragedy had occurred, we hoisted our anchor and proceeded up coast, making for VanAnda, a small mining village on Texada Island.

The trip was quite enjoyable and helped us to forget the gruesome tragedy of the night before. We passed on the way a large school of whales sporting in the bright sun. They would dive and

come up head first, spouting water to great heights. Several of them were so close that we could see the barnacles on their backs.

We reached our destination in the afternoon and cast anchor behind a small island in the outer cove and went ashore in the dinghy. After roaming about on shore for a while, we rowed back to the yacht and enjoyed a good meal, for our ramble on shore had whetted our appetites.

After dinner the Chinese cook asked to go ashore to see a friend of his, who, he said, was cooking for a mine boarding house. We gave him permission, and the paid hand rowed him ashore, telling him to be at the wharf at eleven o'clock sharp.

At eleven the man went ashore to get him, but no Chinaman appeared, so he rowed back to the yacht, cursing, as only a sailor can, the whole "blankety-blank race of pig-tailed Chinks."

Little did we imagine what had happened to our cook. Next morning we went ashore to look him up. The first thing that met our eyes on the wharf was Chung Loo's hat in a pool of blood. We searched around, but could not find the Chinaman, or any trace of him. So we notified the town's one policeman, and looked for another cook.

Our only applicant was a silent individual who, he said, had previously worked at a logging camp, and could "cook anything that was ever cooked." We weren't over-delighted with his looks, but as he was our only chance we took him. It was either that or do the work ourselves.

We left VanAnda the next morning at the break of day for Lund. On the way up we discussed our experience at Buccaneer Bay, and our cook's supposed death at Van Anda. The paid hand reminded us that we had started out on a Friday, and predicted that more ill-luck would follow us. We again laughed at him. We reached Lund late in the day after stopping at several points of interest on the way, and there, in a pretty cove, sheltered by a small, rocky island, we anchored for the night.

We spent a quiet and enjoyable evening. It was bright moonlight, and the reflection of the moon on the water stretching across the passage to Savary Island, with the sombre shadows cast by the wooded islands, was indeed beautiful. At about nine o'clock we heard a great threshing of the water beyond the little island. On rowing out we discovered that it was caused by a school of

dolphins going north. They were wallowing and jumping about in the water. One of them jumped clear out of the water right in the track of the moon. It was a wonderful and interesting sight to watch.

After rowing back to the yacht we soon went to bed, and, early next morning, set out for Campbell River, the world-famous fishing ground. Our cook, up to this time, was good, as far as cooking went, but terribly silent as a companion. This day he seemed more silent than ever. During the morning he sat on deck for over an hour, speaking to no one, but continually mumbling to himself. It was hard on one's nerves.

After rounding Cape Mudge, which is, perhaps, the most dangerous point on the coast, we started up towards Seymour Narrows, and in a short time we reached Campbell River. After staying there for a couple of hours we decided to go right up to the Narrows. Seymour Narrows has perhaps the worst tide of any place in B. C. waters. It is a place to be feared in rough weather by even the largest of boats, but as the day was calm and clear we decided to take chances on it, and started up.

We reckoned that at the time we would get there the tide would be at the turn, so it would be with us both going and coming back. The trip up was very interesting, mountains on both sides of us, and whirling water, full of eddies and miniature whirlpools, all about us.

As we drew near the Narrows the whirlpools and eddies became larger and as we reached the Narrows they assumed fearsome proportions. We saw a huge sawlog, about five feet in diameter and forty feet long, whirled around, slowly lifted up on one end, and gradually sucked down in one of these vortices. That satisfied us. We had seen enough of the Narrows to suit us; so we turned about, as the tide was just at the turn, and set back for Campbell River.

Just as we turned about to go back, our silent cook stuck his head out of the forward hatch and pulled himself up to the top of the cabin. He sat there a minute or so, and then, with a loud shriek, sprang to his feet and dived into the seething water! We were helpless to save him. In about two seconds he was in a whirlpool, and slowly, yet surely, was sucked down, a wicked leer on his face all the while!

This proved to be the last straw. We were terrified. First, a stranger; next, our Chinese cook, and now, a second cook! We decided to return to Vancouver at once, which we did, and, by running night and day, got there late the following day, all very glad to be back to our own anchorage at the Yacht Club.

Nothing was ever cleared up about Chang Loo's death, and the second cook's body was never found; but the police found out that the strange man had been killed by a logger in an old feud, started years before.

It was a most uncomfortable cruise and one that we will not forget for a while. Since then I never start any trip on a Friday.

DOUGLAS S. SCOTT.

A RATHER STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Dear Sensibility! O la,
I heard a little lamb cry Ba!
Says I, "You have lost mama,
Dear Sensibility! O la!"

ONE day as I was poring over some volumes of forgotten lore, I happened upon this ancient classic. My attention was held, not only by the striking originality of the piece, but by the remarkably high vein of inspiration that runs through it. I was lost in admiration, and read it again and again. Then suddenly a happy thought came to me: I remembered that Alfred was particularly fond of this sort of thing. Why not take it around and show it to him? It was early in the afternoon, and it I set out at once I might have time to call on William.

Alfred was charmed with the poem, but objected that it might possibly be improved; that it lacked somewhat in finish and beauty of expression. I was rather taken aback at this, but was quite willing that he should do better if he thought he could. And so, nothing daunted, he sat him down, and after careful thought and due consideration, he produced this:

Ask me no more; the twilight lingers on;
The moon doth now, with laughing eyes, unclasp
Her velvet robe of pines, and all the air
Breathes like a babe in sleep; when far from out
The gloom there comes a cry, as of a lamb,
Dear Sensibility, must we two part?
Ask me no more.

And now the moon hath sunk in slumber sweet;
The pines mourn low in mournful melody;
From out the East a little breeze doth leap
To greet the sun; but what is this I hear?
What sound doth greet my ear that seems to tell
Of sorrow dwelling in the souls of men?
Ah, days that are no more, it is the lamb!
Her voice in many a wail unto the skies
She now doth raise in loud expectancy.
Dear Sensibility, to thee I turn.
What common bond doth bind this verse and thee?
Ask me no more.

I remarked that indeed his version was an improvement in point of elaboration and finish in detail, but that he had failed to bring out the larger thought with such clearness and perspicuity as in the original. And so, bidding him good-day, I took my way to the Globe, hoping to pick up William after the rehearsal. Fortunately I did; for he was just setting out for an evening's frolic at the Cheshire Cheese as I came along. "How is little Hamnet, and the wife?" I asked. "O, passing well, old fellow," said he; "got a letter from them this morning. But what's that you've got there?" "O, yes, the very thing I wanted to speak to you about," said I, and I showed him the poem. "Excellent!" said he, "excellent—especially the pathetic appeal to Sensibility. But don't you think it somewhat lacks in dramatic fire and energy? Suppose we try this." And straightway he recited the following as we went along, and I eagerly wrote it down:

Enter Romeo, and after him Mercutio, singing.
Mercutio: O, la, la, la, la, dear Sensibility—
Romeo: Ah, Juliet— (Sighing.)

Mer.: There was a lamb—
Rom.: Peace, peace; thou talk'st of nothing.
Mer.: Nay, nay, fair coz; there was a lamb; its fleece
As white as snow; and everywhere that Mary—
Rom.: Come thou between us, Good Benvolio;
I faint. That "Mary" was the sticking place;
I can bear't no longer.
Mer.: Come, be not out wi' me, sweet Romeo;
The lamb was such a lamb; its fleece as white
As were the lily-beds wherethrough it roamed,
The neighbors' lily-beds, who straightway 'gan
To call down all the gods; but eyes, O eyes,
That seem'd to've borrowed the violets' hue;
And such a bleat, when it did warble Ma,
That to my soles my heart did sink—.
Rom.: Ah, poor soul; then wert thou solely stirred
To see thy heart thus sink unto thy soles.
(Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.)

And now we had reached the Cheshire Cheese. "Well, dear old chap," I cried, as I recognized Homer, "this is certainly well met. How are all the folks? Helen still up to her old tricks, I suppose?" "Well, no," he replied, "not exactly. The fact is, she's dead." "Dead!" I almost shrieked. "When's the funeral?" "Why, —er, she's been dead for some time," he replied. That was the finishing touch, and I would have fallen on the floor in a feint if Mr. Browning had not happened along just then and very kindly assisted me to my feet. "Oh, I say, Browning, I've something here you'd like to see," and I showed him the poem. "Why, that's excellent, old man; rather stiff, perhaps, but still very good. What do you think of this, though?" And he took up a bit of paper, dashed off a few lines and asked me to read it aloud to the rest:

That's my last lambkin hanging on the wall,
Been there a week or two. I wish you'd call
Around to-morrow night; we'll have him done
In bread-crumbs. Ah, there's my Falernian,
Moselle and Rüdersheimer over there.
The German wines are best, you think? I swear
By Liebfraumilch. What's that? You don't like Smith?

An excellent chap, old man! I saw him with
Your friend the other night. But, pray take care!
Look out for that swing-shelf—the stairs are there.
So Smith's engaged? Poor chap! That's just the cat;
I forgot to put her out to-night. Now that
They say's by Graff—you know the man?—
Considered quite a rarity. I can
Not tell the date—the sixteenth century
Perhaps. Must go so soon? O, yes, I see.

Many of us thought his version was rather good; but the Doctor could not stand it. Homer, however, was so tickled with the idea that he begged to be allowed to give his version. And so, reaching for his lyre, he began in this wise:

And, stretching out his blind hands, thus spake Polyphemus the mighty:
"O, my dear lamb, why now last of all dost thou rush from the cave's mouth?
Others outstripped in thy pride, thou didst crop the tender young grass-shoots;
Long were thy strides, and first didst thou come to the streams of the rivers;
First thou didst crave to return to thy home when the evening descended.
Now of the flock art thou last, and loudly thy dam thou bewaileth.
Truly, bright-eyed Sensibility not thus doth advise thee.
Come, dispel from thy soul black grief, from thy heart vain sorrow."
Thus having spake in his woe, Polyphemus the mighty was silent.

And now the candles began to sputter, slowly the last coals in the great fireplace breathed forth their life, and all was silent. "Well, coming home, Willie? Good-night, gentlemen." And off we went.

G. M. Vogt.

AN EXPERIENCE.

A MARCH wind howled about the eaves of the house and down the chimneys, making the rain beat fiercely against the window-panes. It was the kind of a night when one felt glad to be inside.

We, the "Knights of the Oblong Table," had just finished our weekly banquet and retired to the living room, where, having pulled up our chairs before a warm fire, and filled our pipes, we settled back comfortably for an evening's enjoyment, which consisted of an uninterrupted smoke and a story from one of the members. For a few moments no one spoke; a film of bluish-grey smoke hung in the air, and I, half-closing my eyes, saw my lodge brothers as from afar off, all leaning back in their chairs, sending out great clouds of smoke. I had almost fallen asleep when I heard the voice of Sir Henry St. Clair, our president and leader, break through the stillness of the after-dinner quiet.

"My dear Knights," said he, "I would fain remind you of the business of the meeting. I have been away most of the week, and only returned this afternoon, chiefly for the purpose of attending the banquet. Carlton, I believe it is your turn for a story. Kindly let us have one if you will."

"Well," replied Carlton, "I have had several very remarkable experiences, and until this morning was very undecided as to which one I should tell. However, I finally made up my mind, and, if you are all ready, here it is:—

It was in July of the summer of '96 that I found myself in the city of Montreal, on the road for the Boyd, Webster & Co. jewelry firm of this city. I had been there for three days since the 10th, and was scheduled to leave the next morning, the 14th. Having finished my work by noon on the 13th, I determined to hire a canoe and spend the afternoon on the water. This I did, and had a very enjoyable time, returning to my hotel about seven o'clock in the evening. I immediately set out for a restaurant, and being rather hungry managed to put away a fairly good meal.

After dinner I went back to the hotel, and, leaving directions at the office for the bell-boy to call me early, I finished my packing and saw to my jewelry, which I always carried in a small hand-

satchel. It being then about 9.30 o'clock, I got into bed, and, after reading for a while, turned out my light and was soon fast asleep.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When I came to my senses, I was walking, fully clothed, on one of the residential avenues of the city. I don't know how I got there, but I must have had a nightmare, for there I was, over a mile from my hotel, and getting farther away every minute. On consulting my watch, I found that it wanted but twenty minutes to one o'clock; then I set out at a fast walk for my hotel, thinking it would be as well to try and get in a few hours' sleep before morning.

I had been walking about five minutes, when I noticed a slim figure, not far away, coming toward me at a rapid pace. We were soon close together, and I was about to pass by when the girl (for it was a young French lady) stopped me, exclaiming in a tremulous voice: "Oh, monsieur, I fear I am followed by two men. Would you have the goodness to accompany me home? It is but four or five blocks away, and it will not take us long."

In those days I was easily charmed by a pretty face, and especially by one in distress, so, although I was in a hurry to get back to my room, I determined to play the knight-errant and see the "distressed lady" home.

"With the greatest of pleasure, mademoiselle," I replied; "if you will tell me your address, we will go on now, and ——"

Hearing a movement behind me, I whirled around quickly, and ducked just in time to escape a heavy blow from a club, aimed at my head by a tall, dark-complexioned man in a grey suit. Leaping forward, I planted a stiff right-hander between his eyes and he went down like a log. I heard the girl behind me call out, "Antoine, Armand"; heard men running up to her, and I set off at a run, as I thought, toward my hotel, but really toward the outskirts of the city.

I had a good start, but, being a slow runner, it was not long before my pursuers were close behind. I had discovered my mistake by now, and was soon outside the city limits, striking across country. By this time my foremost pursuer was but a few yards behind, and I had determined to turn and put up a fight for freedom, when I tripped over a root and fell headlong.

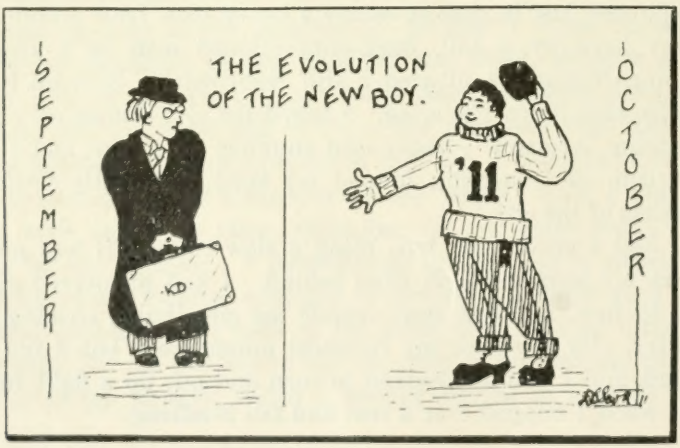
Immediately the first man was upon me, and we entered into a terrific hand-to-hand encounter. I was on top and clutching my assailant's throat, had just succeeded in freeing myself from his tenacious grip, when the second man arrived. They soon had me overpowered and tied up, and by that time the girl and the man in the grey suit, whom I had knocked down, had arrived, and they started to go through my clothes. I was quickly despoiled of my watch and wallet, as well as my big diamond ring, which I always wore as an advertisement. My identification papers were seized with a snarl of triumph and handed to the girl, who hurriedly perused the contents, now and then uttering an exclamation of satisfaction. Finally she finished reading, and, folding up the papers, slipped them in her bag, then: "It is he, the jewelry man," she said in a calm voice; "brothers, do your work, then we will go to his room, where the jewels are."

I was lifted from the ground and carried a little way, then I was raised high in the air. Horrors! We were on the edge of a cliff, with the St. Lawrence flowing placidly fifty feet below. For a moment I saw the shining water, then I was falling over and over, clutching at the empty air.

Splash! I struck the surface, felt the water close over my head, and——

I awoke to find the grinning hotel bellboy standing beside my bed with an empty glass in his hand, the contents of which he had just discharged over my head.

S. H. CRAWFORD.



HARRY O'DELL.

THE arrival of Harry O'Dell at the college promised to be an event of unparalleled interest—due almost entirely to its mysterious surroundings: and what schoolboy does not revel in mystery!

It was on the memorable day, October the third, nineteen hundred and nine, that the "Head" when presiding at the prefects' weekly meeting made the momentous announcement. "Boys," he said, "I have just received the communication that a young chap, Harry O'Dell by name, is coming here to school from Ireland. In the letter to hand his father asks that he be well treated, as he has just passed through a very trying ordeal." Here he stopped. "Of what nature this was I am as entirely in the dark as you, and indeed it is not without certain misgivings that I have decided to accept his application. However, I trust all will be for the best. I have spoken to you beforehand so you will be prepared—treat him accordingly. Perhaps you had better keep this to yourselves," he concluded, "as it might create a disturbance among the younger boys. That is all I have to say, and, unless there is any further business, the meeting may now be adjourned."

It soon became evident that one of those present on the aforementioned occasion had taken the earlier part of the Doctor's address much more seriously to heart than the latter, for inside of two days inklings of the story had slipped out and, you may rest assured, had spread like wildfire. Soon some youth, favored with a more than generous imagination, boldly asserted that "Irish," as he familiarly styled him, had quarreled openly with his parents, who, unwilling to cast him from the family hearth forever, had compromised on boarding school experience in Canada. This they considered would soon teach the recreant the value of regarding paternal advice. Thus the few facts known were distorted and enlarged until they attained the most ridiculous proportions. Small wonder was it that everyone was abnormally excited when his arrival was reported. What the poor boy would have done had he been aware of the commotion he was causing I know not. However, there is little use in surmising.

Suffice it to say that there was a surprise in store even for the

least suspicious. For who could attribute any such extraordinary qualities as had been hinted at to the genial, cheery-faced Irish lad who drifted into their lives from that day forth. Good humor seemed to be his chief asset. For a new boy, he was a model of propriety. No one even thought of playing jokes on him. Gradually, the widely circulated stories lost credence, and although several boys, more inquisitive than the rest, were determined to unravel their theories, something seemed to restrain them. He was a boy to invite confidences rather than to impart them. Possibly an inborn delicacy concerning other people's affairs also had something to do with it. Whatever it was, it soon became evident that any revelations must come of his own accord.

Finally, and to a very limited audience, they came. One night, early in November, bitterly cold it was, and the first snow storm of the year, driven by a furious gale, was sweeping over the land, "Irish" and his chum, Fred Haywood, were seated around the small grate fire in their room. Both were trying to get warm, and appeared occupied with their own thoughts, when O'Dell broke the silence.

"Fred, old man," he said, "I don't know why I should tell you this, but I feel that it is better for you all to know. You have been the least inquiring concerning my affairs, and, as a reward, I am going to tell you first. Fred, I came here to escape committing a crime." He paused, and Haywood could not help observing how hard his face had grown.

"Last summer Martin Reid, then one of my greatest friends, and I fell in love with the same girl. You look surprised, but remember I was twenty and held a splendid position in my father's office. From that hour our friendship slowly but surely lessened. We grew jealous of each other. The night before her family left for a seaside resort we both called. Things came to a crisis. Then, in a hot-headed moment, Martin asked her to choose between us. Naturally, she demurred. I grew excited also, and we pressed the issue, leaving with the satisfaction that the one invited to spend the next week with them could consider himself the favored suitor, which point we finally gained. Oh, the suspense of those few days! Imagine my delight on Thursday to receive the long-wished-for message. I became almost delirious with joy.

"Arriving at my destination, I was astonished to find the place

deserted, seemingly just lately. At this juncture I noticed a note lying on the steps. With a great foreboding of evil, I opened it and read in my rival's handwriting: 'Just too late, old man. I guess we will be married soon. I sent the telegram. Who said "Stung?" '

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. It had all been a cruel hoax. A passion of hate overcame me, and, then and there, I swore never to forgive him. He kept out of my way for quite a while, but one day, when we met by chance, I nearly killed him. Indeed, but for the intervention of his father, I might have. When I look back I thank God for that. To save a public scandal and in deference to my wishes I was sent here." His voice softened "You fellows have been awfully kind to me, and I begin to feel that I have conquered my weaknesses. But, no matter what happens, I will never believe that she had anything to do with it. Sometimes I wish I had told her where I was going, but I guess it is just as well. You can do what you think best about telling the other fellows."

Only then was it that Haywood realized how forced his gaiety must have been. That night he fought it out with himself, and it was only after hours of ceaseless worry that he determined to give his schoolmates possession of the leading facts. How rightly he had judged he was soon to learn.

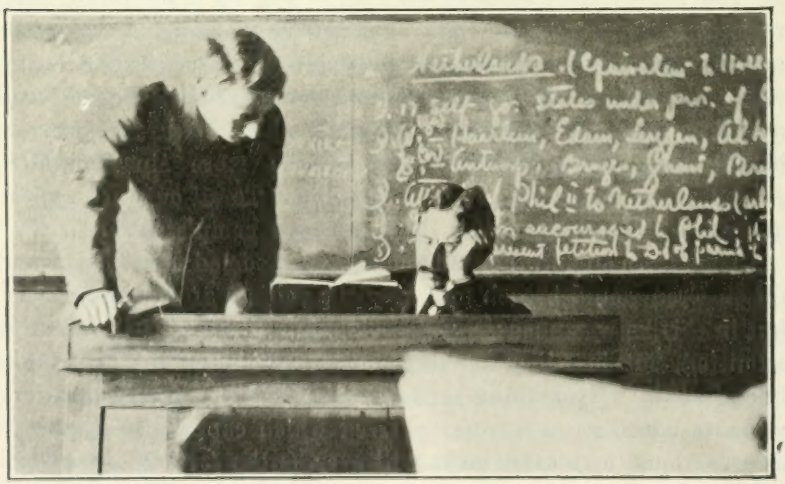
Touched by the pathos of the tale, or stirred to action by admiration of Harry's lonely fight against sin, the heart of the whole school went out to lighten his burden. Everyone had a cheery word for him, and in a thousand and one ways they heaped kindnesses on him. The effect was soon noticeable. Naturally of a very bright disposition, his laugh soon become more sincere and he evidenced genuine pleasure in everything. To all outward appearances he had conquered his dark passions completely.

Time wore on and the summer holidays loomed up close at hand. Often Fred would broach to Harry the subject of returning home; but in this he was unsuccessful. Time might alter his thoughts, he admitted, but just then he could not trust himself to face his old friend again. Everything seemed satisfactorily settled for several years to come, when a letter arrived which capped the climax to as sensational a romance as it will ever be the fortune of a schoolboy to be involved in. The note was addressed to Harry, and, to his great surprise, was from Martin Reid. It read as follows:

"*Dear Harry,—*

"I suppose you will be intensely astonished to hear from me. However, I feel I must confess all to you. I will not ask your pardon for the low trick I played on you. So much I could not expect. All I ask is to think as kindly of me as you can. I tell you frankly she had nothing to do with it. It did not take much brain-power to lay the trap I did for you. I easily induced her to go for a walk that night, and as her father and mother happened to be away, fortune favored me. But she refused me after all. How I wish you had killed me when you had the chance. Since then I have sunk lower and lower. Now I am wanted for three different crimes. I wrote to her also, and cleared your actions. I cannot bear the suspense much longer. To-night I leave for Africa, where I will endeavor to lead a new life. Oh, what a terrible past I have had! Excuse this rambling, but I cannot connect my thoughts. Good-bye."

Two days later "Irish" was gone. Of his subsequent struggles before he regained his former standing it is not my purpose to relate. Suffice it to say that the thought of his schoolmates often cheered him up when things looked blue. He and his wife are to be guests at the next old boys' reunion. The value of a kind word spoken in season can never be truly estimated.



A Difficult Sentence

YE GAME.

AND it came to pass in the fourth year of the reign of the "King" that the tribe of the McGillites did send messengers into the region of Room Eight, challenging the "Pro" team of the school (which is us) to a tournament upon the ice.

2. And it happened that those who had aforetime sustained the honor of the nation against the Plebeians of the fifth forms assembled, and also the others, and, lo, it did commence.

3. And a mighty youth of valor, tall in the records of fame, Bill, surnamed Hanna (which, being interpreted, is of lengthy stature), did retire into the snowbank that he might ascertain whether snow would cause blood to cease to flow from the olefactory organ. And, behold, he straightway returned.

4. And about the fifth hour one Ross, or Dudley, did turn himself about, and upraising the instrument of warfare, did encircle his head and the heads of others with the same three times in salutation of the gods, and fell upon the ice. And the sacrifice proving favorable, he himself did arise and thereupon did score a goal.

5. Who may contend with the will of immortals, or which of men avert the divine judgments of the all-powerful fates?

Chapter II.

1. And straightway upon the resumption of combat in the second period of the war, the "Pros" did also score one, and Hanna one, and Junor another.

2. And he of the warriors, Rusty, alias Risteen (which is by interpretation one who comes from a Bum Country), did roll through the lines of the forwards and defence. But Hewitt the Thug (meaning an excellent goal-keeper) did turn aside the bowl. Therefore, O ye skilled in the art of rhyming, exalt his name to the skies, and extol his praises to the stars of Heaven!

3. And Ross (which means a bluff) did retire unto the roost for maliciously succeeding in placing Junor, a valiant and noble youth, upon his head.

4. And when the aforesaid Ross did return into the strife, he

did presently again go to the abode of scrappers, and with him Hanna, of whom mention has been made above.

5. And then they, our enemies, did score a goal, and shortly after Foster (the woodchopper) visited the boards for the space of one period.

6. And after him Campbell did also likewise. Whereupon the "Pros," deprived of their Geordie, did for the third time allow the puck to enter within the precincts of the goalkeeper, he being greatly in wrath.

7. And immediately the game was ended, owing to the efficient time-keeping of the camp-followers of Five B., and the erstwhile nobility did retire upon their shields. J. A.

RUGBY SCHOOL AND BIG SIDE "HARE AND HOUNDS."

IF you will come with me to one of the very oldest of England's "playing fields" I will do my best to interest and show you a few of the inner workings and one of its branches of sports, viz., the "Big Side Hare and Hounds."

On the banks of the winding Avon, in the County of Warwickshire, stands the little town of Rugby. Early in the sixteenth century there lived a rich, worthy yeoman named Lawrence Sheriff, who, in his last will and testament, left a considerable sum of money for the purpose of founding a Public School for the educating primarily of a certain number of town boys and others within a certain radius. In the year 1567, buildings were commenced, and the now famous Rugby School was the result. As century after century rolled by, the school increased by leaps and bounds; building was added to building, until at the present the famous Warwickshire school stands second to none among the many noted centres of learning in the old country. Tradition has piled up on tradition, and proud is the boy who is able and fortunate enough to be enrolled on its books, and who wanders around its ancient and modern walls, doubtless often hoping that he may be a factor in future days of increasing its already great volume of

"history." Like many other sister schools of Britain, old Rugby has carved out her own manners and customs, and few are the boys, either British, Colonial, or American, who have not read "Tom Brown's School Days," and become familiar with some of them.

A visitor to the school close would be struck with the picturesque variety of costume that prevails among the boys. Three kinds of head-dress are allowed—one being a straw hat bound with ribbon, a cloth cap, and lastly a velvet cap. For the first six months of his career he is not permitted to wear the straw hat, but is compelled to walk abroad in a "chimney pot." After that he can assume the head-dress to which he has a right. His hat ribbon denotes the house in which he lives, likewise his cloth cap. His greatest ambition, however, is the velvet cap, or *The Cap,* as it is styled. This can only be worn by those who have specially distinguished themselves in football, and is solemnly conferred by the captain of the school and a few other magnates. He then belongs to the "House of Lords." The color of the velvet denotes the house to which he belongs. Thus, a dark crimson belongs to the School House; purple denotes a town boy; other houses wear black, blue, orange and other colors. Another distinction may be obtained, viz., a walking-stick. This is the prerogative of the Sixth Form only. The wearing of flannels is also a stepping-stone to Velvet Cap and Stick, the crowning ambition of all aspirants to school fame. While not put on honor with regard to smoking, it is nevertheless frowned down upon and forbidden. If persisted in after several warnings, the offender was expelled, a terrible disgrace, drastic but efficacious, for it not only improved the moral atmosphere tremendously, but raised the school reputation greatly throughout the country. A late Archbishop of Canterbury, during his regime as Head Master, was largely responsible for sweeping reforms in this direction. So impartial and stern was he as to earn from one of the boys the following character: "He is a beast, but he is a just beast." A remark which, had it only been overheard by the future Primate, would, I am certain, have evoked a smile, martinet though he was in many ways. But we are digressing too much.

For many years Rugby has been noted for its "Big Side Hare and Hounds." On certain dates throughout the winter months one would notice great excitement among the fags of each House,

word having come from the "powers that be" that such-and-such a House was to provide scent for next Big Side meet. On the day selected, if one followed the movements, out would pour a stream of boys, big and little, some in "flannels," others in old clothes, nearly all wearing white jerseys, on the left breast of which was embroidered the badge or symbol of the House to which the boy belonged. Thus, you may see anchors, crosses, spread-eagles, while the School House bears the sombre effigy of a skull and cross-bones in black. Away streams the crowd of fifty, sixty, and sometimes over a hundred hounds to the starting place, sometimes the Dakyn's farm house, at others the White House, the famous starting place for the long Barby run, so splendidly chronicled in "Tom Brown's School Days." After a few minutes' delay the hares buckle on their bags of "scent" and are allowed ten minutes' grace, at the expiration of which away springs the tide of humanity in every kind of locomotion, bad and good (mostly bad). The five or ten minutes at fever heat; after that the Deluge for half the youthful following, who wander home in various frames of mind and mire. The other half, jogging along sturdily, with here and there a check, begin at last to surmount the deadly Barby Hill, and proud is he who is able at last to cross its crest and drag his weary limbs around the Churchyard, knowing that the crux of his labors is nearly two-thirds over. A capital run in on the Dunchurch road forms a fitting climax to the nearly nine-mile course. Then into one's dormitories or washrooms for a heavenly wash and rub-down. After that, "call-over," tea, and the thrilling recount of the afternoon's exploits and disasters forms a fitting climax to that great old Rugby Big Side "Hare and Hounds."

J.

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Hoist up the top-sheet and spanker!"

SUPERSTITION.

SOME people have always had the idea that there is a meaning in their dreams or a story in the little things that happen in every-day life, such as by seeing a black snake, the man will expect some catastrophe before sunset. Hence something will naturally befall him because he is seeking trouble.

* * * * * * *

Three years ago I was taking a stage trip from Sayula to Flojonales, a distance of about 170 miles. I was alone in the coach but for the driver, who, after having looked over the harness of his sixteen mules, jumped to the seat beside me and let out the restless animals.

We had been bumping along the old coach trail for about an hour, when a small snake wriggled across the trail. The driver leaned back, and the leading mules reared up. The rest all stopped as one, and the brakes ground on the muddy tires of the old coach.

"Are we going on?" said the driver, turning to me and gently swinging the lash of the long black-snake to and fro in front of the right wheel.

"What's going to stop us?" I asked.

"You saw the snake, sir?"

"Yes," I admitted that I had seen the little reptile struggle over the heavy ruts in the road.

"That is bad, sir," he said with a downcast face. "Anything may happen now. Let's turn back and start out to-morrow with a clean path before us."

"No," said I, "this is all foolishness, I tell you. There's no use losing all this time. Go on."

With a snap of the whip, the mules bounded forward with one accord. All went well for about four hours, as we rolled along over the uneven ground. The sun was directly overhead, casting the shadow directly under the vehicle. Sweat was pouring off the mules' bellies, and they breathed hard.

Suddenly, after a large rock in the road had been jolted over, we plunged sideways. I, being nearest the ground, jumped into a large cactus, expecting at any moment to have the coach fall over

and crush me. But no; it righted itself, and the driver held his place, while I disengaged myself from the thorns and climbed back on to the box.

We resumed our journey in the hot sun, and everything went well until we reached the first relay. Then, of all the bad luck! Just as we were leading the coach into the corral the left fore-wheel struck the gate-post and ripped off. The noise frightened the mules; they plunged forward in unison, and left the back wheel on the ground beside the other, making the post look like a conquering hero.

I slept under a tree all night while the driver and two other men tinkered away on the axles and finally got two new wheels on by the morning.

An hour before sunrise we were leaving the river, with the little relay corral far down in the misty valley. The driver spoke: "We should not have left yesterday, having the snake cross our path."

"Do you really think that to be the cause of all our trouble?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir," he said, and even as he raised the whip to snap one of the lagging mules, the black-snake fell with a loud report. The mule kicked high and hard, striking its follower squarely on the forehead. It staggered for a moment, and plunged forward insensible, dragging its side-mates on top of it, pulling the mule that kicked back on its haunches, and before the brake could be applied the coach had shoved the back mules on the struggling heap. The harness looked like a seine that had entrapped a fish that it could not hold.

The driver jumped down and waded into the mass of kicking mules. Here he let loose a buckle; there he removed a bridle and bit, replacing it with a rope halter, neatly coiling the harness and laying the pieces by the side of the road. The unharnessed mules were tethered to bushes and limbs of trees, while those which had kept their feet were quieted and left standing in their places. Then the driver set to work mending the broken harness. We were both sulky, he believing in his superstition, and I sulked because of the heat; but after two hours' steady work the sixteen mules were ready to run on again.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when mountains

began to show on the horizon. This cheered us up a little and we started a conversation. We figured that if we ran till eight o'clock we would be at the foot-hills, where the second corral of mules would be waiting. So, according to the old song, "Merrily we rolled along," and reached the little stream, with its ford, and the small corral, with the mules gazing stolidly at us over the bars.

That night we both slept soundly, he under the coach and I on a pile of alfalfa.

In the morning light the mountains looked nearer and larger than they did on the misty night before. When I woke up the driver was just bringing the mules up from the stream. We had some breakfast and started up the white road that wormed its way through the majestic mountains. It was a splendid day; the wind was cool and the sunlight soft, and we were both in good spirits. I am afraid that we felt so good that our flasks were made considerably lighter. Hence, the forenoon passed quickly. We had something to eat at noon; although I cannot recall to mind just what it was, I distinctly remember we had it.

About one o'clock we overtook a man driving a pack of burros. He was returning to the same place as I was going to.

Towards the middle of the afternoon dark clouds were rolling in the canyons below us. We were in the mountain district now; the road ran right beside a huge precipice, the wall of which might have been about two hundred feet high.

The storm was rising, thunder was rolling, the wind was howling through the trees and bending them in every direction.

I had my foot on the mailbag, and for some reason or other I lifted my leg, and over it went, between the coach and the wheel. The mules were frightened by the storm and were prancing about in a dangerous manner. The driver dared not leave the reins, so I jumped down just as a long whip of lightning whipped across the sky and the thunder crashed with a terrible roar.

I ran back for the mailbag and only turned round in time to see the back wheels of the coach scrape sideways over the edge of the cliff. The driver jumped toward the side of the road just as the vehicle slid over, but his foot was entangled in the reins, and he was jerked over. The mules struggled hard, with fear in their eyes, but the weight of the coach finally dragged them back. I ran to the edge of the cliff in time to see the struggling mass sink

into the swirling cloud-banks below. Then the black clouds rolled over the scene like a shroud.

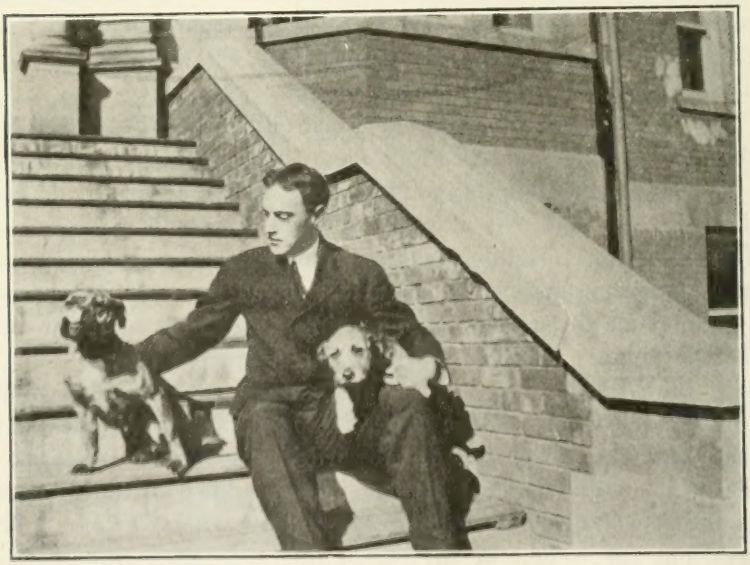
What could I do? Nothing but wait. So I crawled back into the middle of the road and lay there. I was sick. I could not help thinking what I had just escaped.

In an hour or so the storm cleared away. The sun shone brightly again, but I could not bring myself to look into the abyss.

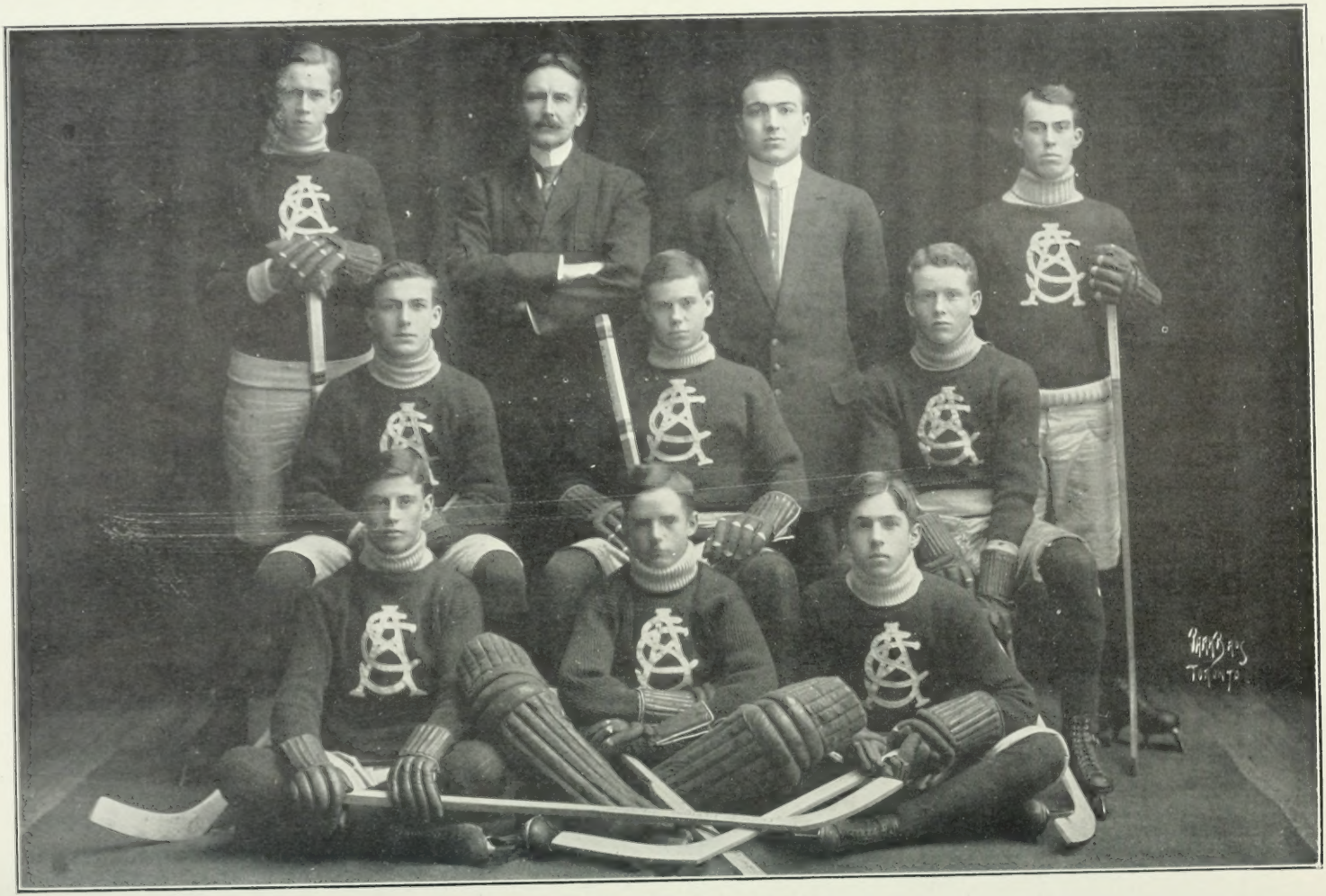
Suddenly I thought I heard the trampling of hoofs. I sat up, wondering if my brain was still with me. I drank the remainder of my brandy. The noise was coming nearer. I arose dizzily to my feet, looked down the trail, and saw the little band of burros and the man we had overtaken not three hours before.

As he drew near I tried to yell, but failed. He saw me, and ran up, leaving his patient animals to stand and get what rest they could. He spoke no word. He looked up and down the road, saw the new ruts on the edge, crawled toward them and peered over for a long time. Then he came back and asked me if I was fit to ride. I nodded and mounted his horse, while he rode one of the pack burros.

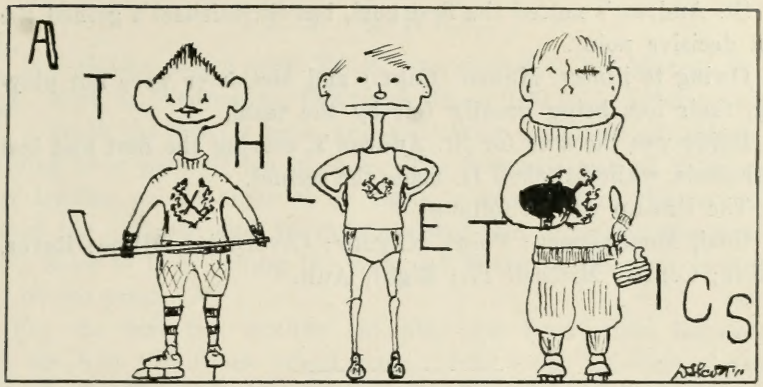
W. D. WILLIAMS.



Beauty and the Beasts.



S.A.C. SECOND HOCKEY TEAM.



HOCKEY.

ALTHOUGH the hockey season of 1911 was not very successful, as far as winning is concerned, yet the team deserves congratulations on the excellent games they played in every instance. Owing to the junior series of the Intercollegiate League not being convened until the latter part of January, St. Andrew's and Trinity were placed in a group by themselves, and the matches played, other than the two with T.C.S., were purely exhibitions. The record of games played during the season is as follows:

S.A.C. vs. St. Michael's	Lost	7—6
S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.	Lost	16—4
S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.	Lost	10—4
S.A.C. vs. St. Michael's	Lost	11—2
S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.	Lost	5—3
S.A.C. vs. Old Boys	Won	4—3

S.A.C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S.

THE initial match of the season was played with St. Michael's Juniors at the Mutual Street Rink.

The game was fast throughout, and although it was a practice match the excitement was intense when, with five minutes more to play, the score stood six all.

St. Andrew's netted the first goal, but St. Michael's gained the last decisive point.

Owing to illness, Munro (Capt.) and McCarter were not playing, their loss being greatly felt by the team.

Bailie was the star for St. Andrew's, scoring the first and last four goals, while Mitchell II. made the second.

The line-up was as follows:

Goal, Montgomery; Point, Kilgour; Coverpoint, Milne; Rover, Bailie; Centre, Mitchell II.; Right, Ault.

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

THE first game with Trinity College was played on the fourth of February at Port Hope.

T.C.S. were much heavier than our team, and had a faster forward division. St. Andrew's were in better condition, however, and in the second half, when playing an uphill game, kept the score even.

The whistle blew at 3.15, J. Waghorne refereeing. There was no scoring in the first of the game, but Trinity's superior weight and combination soon began to tell, and before the end of the first period thirteen well-directed shots from the home team had entered the Red and White net, while St. Andrew's had only scored one.

In the second half, S.A.C. bucked up considerably, and accounted for three goals, which, together with the three scored by T.C.S., made a total of 16—4.

Macaulay and Denison played an exceptionally good game for Trinity, Munro and Kilgour starring for St. Andrew's.

The line-ups were as follows:

T.C.S.: Goal, Duncan; Point, Teddar; Cover, Lindsay; Centre, Caldwell; Rover, Macaulay; Right Wing, Nelles; Left Wing, Denison; Spare, Martin.

S.A.C.: Goal, Montgomery; Point, Kilgour; Coverpoint, Munro (Capt.); Rover, Bailie; Centre, McCarter; Right Wing, Ault; Left Wing, Cotton.

T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.

THE return match with T.C.S. was played at the Mutual St. Rink on Wednesday, February 8th, at 3.30 p.m. Trinity had much the heavier team, and used their weight to advantage, winning by a score of ten to four. The first half was all Trinity, they leading at the interval by eight to one; but in the second period the Crimson and White got going and outscored the winners, three to two, having the Red and Black on the run at the end of the game.

For the first few minutes the play was even; then Denison put the Red and Black ahead after a lone rush. McCarter was put off for tripping, and shortly after Macauley made it two to nothing. The play was mostly in St. Andrew's territory. Lindsay rushed, but was stopped by Kilgour; then in a mix-up in front of goal Nelles shoved the puck in, making the score three to nothing. After a few minutes of even play Teddar rushed and scored on a long shot. Score 4 to 0. Lindsay was put off for slugging, and soon after Munro was penalized for tripping. T.C.S. attacked, and Macaulay missed a clear shot on goal. Munro made a pretty zig-zag rush, and carried the play to the T.C.S. end, their goalkeeper stopping a hard shot from Cotton; but the puck was soon at the other end again, and Caldwell scored on a pass from Denison. S.A.C. began to wake up, and for a few minutes the T.C.S. net was bombarded. Baillie was penalized for slugging, and while he was off Caldwell netted the sixth goal on a long shot. Soon after the face-off Macauley repeated on a pass from Nelles. Munro blocked a two-man rush nicely, and took the puck down. Lindsay intercepted his pass, and rushing up scored the eighth goal. Caldwell was put off for loafing, and St. Andrew's began to force the play. Munro and Kilgour broke up several T.C.S. rushes, and then, just before half-time, Baillie scored the first goal for the Saints on a long shot. Score—T.C.S. 8, S.A.C. 1.

Soon after the face-off Denison was put off for tripping, and directly after Nelles was sent to the box for the same offence. S.A.C. forced the play, but could not score. Kilgour put Lindsay to the ice with a pretty body check, stopping his rush effectually; then Cotton was penalized for tripping. The play became pretty even, and both teams were checking back hard. Cotton returned,

only to be sent back for tripping again. Montgomery stopped several hard shots, and Munro made a spectacular rush, but shot wide. Teddar took the puck down, and evading the S.A.C. defence scored the ninth goal for T.C.S. Lindsay rushed, but was again stopped by Kilgour. Shortly afterward Macauley scored again on a pass from Denison. Montgomery stopped a hard shot, and then, on a scrimmage in front of the S.A.C. goal, the puck rolled into the net, but this goal was not allowed. St. Andrew's began to get together and forced the play. Cotton recovered the puck after it had been knocked out from in front of the T.C.S. net, and lifted it in for S.A.C.'s second tally. Right after the face-off, Kilgour and McCarter combined for a score from the latter's stick. S.A.C. had much the better of the play at this stage, and the game became rough. Munro and Lindsay were put off for exchanging cracks, and soon after Ault and Denison were penalized for the same thing. Kilgour made a pretty rush, and scored on a long shot. The goal was disputed, but the goal-judge stuck to his decision, and it was allowed. Play continued evenly for a few moments; then McCarter was boxed for tripping Lindsay, and a little while after the game ended with T.C.S. in possession near centre. Score—T.C.S. 10, S.A.C. 4.

For the winners, Lindsay, Denison and Macauley played well, while for St. Andrew's, Kilgour and Munro were good on the defence. Baillie was the pick of the forwards. The line-up:

T.C.S.: Goal, Martin; Point, Teddar; Cover, Lindsay; Rover, Macauley; centre, T. Caldwell; Left, Denison; Right, Nelles.

S.A.C.: Goal, Montgomery; Point, Kilgour; Cover, Munro (Capt.); Rover, Baillie; Centre, McCarter; Left, Cotton; Right, Ault.

H. CRAWFORD.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

ON Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, the Mutual Street Rink was crowded with the enthusiastic supporters of Upper Canada and St. Andrew's Colleges.

Although the game was scheduled to start at 3 o'clock, the teams did not get on the ice till ten miutes later.

U.C.C. were first to arrive, followed closely by the St. Andrew's seven, loud applause greeting both teams.

Upper Canada won the toss, and chose the west end of the rink.

After the puck was faced off, several individual rushes were made by both sides, Montgomery distinguishing himself by stopping a hard shot from Palmer. Cotton now carried the puck down the ice, but his shot was deftly turned aside by the U.C.C. goal-tender.

McCarter was first to take a box seat, and while he was cooling his ardor, the U.C.C. rover, Clarke, scored a goal.

Another shot a few minutes later nearly resulted in a goal, but as an offside had previously been made there was no score. Upper Canada were not to be denied, however, for Palmer now sagged the net from near the centre of the ice.

In the following ten minutes the game seemed even, some wild shooting being done. Crawford got away for a sensational rush, but shot too high.

Clarke was next to register a goal for Upper Canada, which made the score read 3—0. This lead was not to be maintained long, however, for the rubber had scarcely been put in play when Ault ran it up the ice and scored the initial goal for St. Andrew's.

Palmer now went to the side two minutes for tripping, during which time Munro and Cotton made a combination rush through the Upper Canada line, which terminated in the latter netting another goal for S.A.C. For the remainder of the half the puck was kept mostly in the vicinity of the U.C.C. goal. But as no more scores were made, the half-time bell rang, with U.C.C. 3—2.

In the second half both teams seemed benefited by the ten minutes' rest, but for the first fifteen minutes St. Andrew's had a decided advantage. Ault and Bailie made two close shots, narrowly escaping the Upper Canada net; one of these was returned by Palmer, and in doing so he succeeded in carrying off the hat of one of our esteemed masters.

Cotton now took the puck from Clarke, and making a lightning rush, broke the U.C.C. defence, landing another goal successfully.

This evened up the score, and it would have been hard to say at that time who would ultimately be victorious.

There was no scoring for a considerable time, the puck passing alternately from St. Andrew's to Upper Canada, and vice-versa. Eventually, however, Clarke pierced the almost impenetrable defence which Montgomery had kept.

Palmer tallied again for U.C.C. in the last three minutes, and,

although several good rushes were made by St. Andrew's in the hope of evening up, they failed to find the net, the score remaining 5—3 until full time.

On the Upper Canada line, Palmer excelled by his brilliant rushes. The rover, Clarke, and Heintzman did good work, but Palmer is especially worthy of merit.

For St. Andrew's, Munro (Capt.) was undoubtedly the best man on the ice.

Montgomery starred in goal, warding off many dangerous shots, while Crawford, who took Kilgour's place at point, the latter suffering from grippe, played a remarkably strong game, considering that he had had no previous work-outs with the team.

Both teams deserve credit for the fast game they played, keeping the excitement intense from start to finish.

The line-up was:

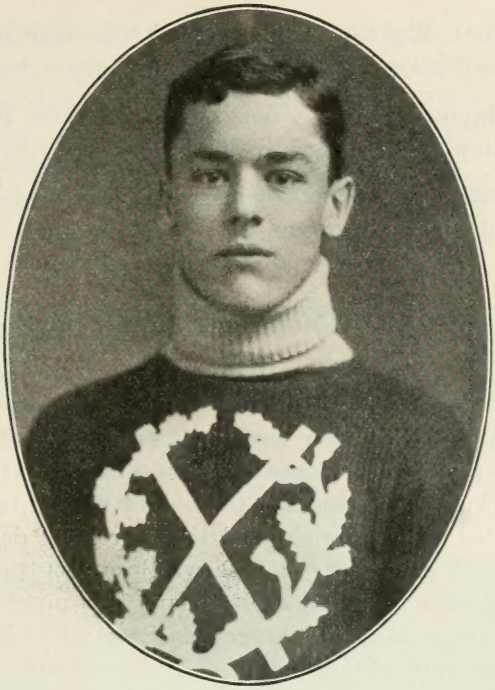
U.C.C.: Goal, Armstrong; Point, Palmer (Capt.); Cover, Clarkson; Rover, Clarke; Centre, Ellis; Right, Tuck; Left, Heintzman.

S.A.C.: Goal, Montgomery; Point, Crawford; Cover, Munro; Rover, Bailie; Centre, McCarter; Right, Ault; Left, Cotton; Spares, Fraser, Sharpe.

D. W. M.



12°—Who Cares?



Toady Munro, (Capt.)

PERSONNEL.

MUNRO (Toady), Coverpoint, Captain.—An old colour; ranks among the best players in the history of the College. Kept his team together well, and knew how to play his position.

Montgomery (Monty), Goal.—First year on the team; never lost his head; a sure stop, showing up particularly well in the U.C.C. game.

Kilgour (Tubby), Point.—Old colour; an excellent defence man; a hard check, using his weight to great advantage.

Bailie (Speck), Rover.—New boy; a good stick-handler and skater; a fine shot, but inclined to shoot too far.

McCarter (Mack.), Centre.—Graduated from last year's second team; a hard worker, playing his position well.

Ault (Lloyd), Right.—Another second team man of last year; works hard, and played a steady game throughout the season.

Cotton (Happy), Left.—A new boy; fast skater and accurate shot; rather slow at checking back, but a hard man to pass.

The team wishes to thank Manager McGillivray for his painstaking work during the season.

SECOND TEAM.

THE second team had a most successful hockey season this winter, playing five games. They won two, tied two, and lost one. This year's seconds is the lightest second team that has ever represented St. Andrew's, and they certainly deserve credit for the good work which they have shown throughout the season.

The first game was played on February 11th up at Newmarket against Pickering College of that town. St. Andrew's didn't win this game on account of their heavy penalties. Score was 7—7.

Their second game was at the Mutual Street Rink against the University School, which was also a tie, —1—1. The forward line all worked well in this game, and showed class.

The return game with Pickering was the next on the programme. Our seconds were handicapped, playing a heavy team in water, you might say, and so lost by the score of 3—0. Davidson and Fraser starred.

The next and most important game was played at Mutual St. Rink on Feb. 27th against Upper Canada Seconds. It was a good fast game, St. Andrew's winning by the score of 5—2. Fraser, Crawford and Mitchell were the stars, while for U.C.C., Boulder at centre was good.

Next and last game of the season was with T.C.S. Seconds. This also was a very good brand of hockey, but our Seconds proved themselves superior to the team from Port Hope, and won by the score of 5—2. The two Mitchells and Hatch played a fine game, and Malone in goal played a wonderful game, not only in this, but throughout the season. It is hard to pick the stars for this or for any of the games, as it was more team work that won.

Crawford did not play at the first of the season, and strengthened the team when he turned out. The following is the line-up:

Goal, Malone; Point, C. Mitchell; Cover, Crawford and Sharpe; Rover, Fraser (Capt.); Centre, D. Mitchell; Right Wing, Davidson; Left Wing, Hatch.

The thanks of the team are due Mat. Foster for his able management of the team.

MUNRO.

LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY FIRST TEAM.

ON Saturday morning of the 4th of February, we played Alexander's team. Although the score was rather one-sided, it was a good game. For our team, Thompson and Malcolm starred, while Jordan and Masson played their positions well.



1st Hockey Team—Lower School.

For the visitors, Munro and Alexander were the stars, Alexander making both their goals.

The game was hard at every point, and till the last quarter the outcome was doubtful. In the last ten minutes, however, Alexander's team lagged, and three goals were shot in, one after the

other, winning a victory for S.A.C. The score as it stood finally was 10—2.

SECOND HOCKEY TEAM.

ALTHOUGH six games were arranged for, only two were actually played, and the second team could hardly have been said to have had a successful season.

The first game was against Upper Canada College, and we began the season very well. The game commenced about 4 o'clock



2nd Hockey Team—Lower School.

on a lovely day in January. It took about twenty minutes before either team could bulge the nets, and Grant did the trick on a shot from the left boards.

Soon after half-time the Blue and White tied the score from a scrimmage in front of the goal. This disheartened the Junior House a little, but Grant again relieved on a lone rush, and put the Saints ahead. That ended the scoring, and the game ended 2—1 for the Crimson. Line-up:

Goal, Munn II.; Point Whitaker II.; Cover-point, Graham; Rover, Whitaker III.; Centre, Might; Right Wing, McIvor; Left Wing, Grant II.

The second game was against the "Rosedales," but could hardly be termed as a game, as the score would indicate. The teams clashed about 3.30 on the 13th of February, and at half-time the Saints led by 6 to 0, and at full-time by 15—0. All played good hockey, and it would be hard to say who scored the goals. The line-up was the same as the U.C.C. game.

Other games were arranged for, but our opponents always seemed to back out. R. H. G.

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

THE cricket prospects for this year, although not so bright as in some former seasons, appear to be very good.

We have two old colours back—Cassels and Crawford—both of last year's team, and from the second team there are four —Sutherland I., Patterson I., Risteen I. and McCarter.

The bowling department should be well looked after. Sutherland I. bowled very consistently for the seconds last year, heading the averages. Patterson I. has also done considerable bowling. There are besides several new men who should turn out well in that department of the game.

The position of wicket-keeper, which is usually so hard to fill, will be keenly contested this year, as several fellows have suggested that they intend to try for that position.

As professional this year we have procured the services of Mr. Granger, from Port Hope. Mr. James has kindly consented to help us to the best of his ability, so that if the team does not turn out well it will not be from a lack of good coaching.

Upwards of forty fellows have handed their names in, so, if the interest does not flag, we look forward to a fairly successful season.

S. H. CRAWFORD.

VARSITY WIT.

Hotel Clerk: I found that "Not to be used except in case of fire" placard those college boys stole out of the corridor.

Manager: Where?

Clerk: They'd nailed it up over the coal-bin.—*Ex.*

Miscellany

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

WITH the end of the winter term the meetings of the Literary Society conclude for another year. Thanks to the energy of the Vice-President and his assistants, we have always had a pleasant time, and we feel sure that the Society has justified the two-fold object of amusement and improvement for which it exists.

The most outstanding meeting was the one where Dr. Yeigh delivered his lecture on the British Empire. Dr. Yeigh has delivered his lecture on Canada in the school before, and it was much appreciated, but the interest of his new lecture is even greater, just as its scope is more comprehensive.

We are all greatly indebted to Miss Gray for her songs and recitations, which she must have seen were greatly appreciated, and to Mr. Neads, whose songs we hear with greater pleasure each time he comes. We hope that Mr. Crawford will make his first appearance a precedent, and will bring others of the old boys back to perform for us. We should enjoy many more such songs as his.

There has been the usual number of maiden efforts on the part of the two-minute orators. Often the effort is more apparent than the result. Some of them seem to be imbued with that maxim which we all resented so much in our youth, that "Little boys should be seen, and not heard." Let us hasten to assure them that their exertions gave more pleasure to the rest of us than, perhaps, at the time to themselves. There can be little doubt that some of them, as great speakers, will one day regard as the foundation of their oratorical greatness the time when they see-sawed from one foot to the other, and watched the clock tell off what were probably the two longest minutes they will ever know.

The more serious speeches delivered in the debates were uniformly good. Those members of the Society who take the time and trouble to get up the subjects for debate deserve our hearty thanks. That, however, will be of less importance to them than the very valuable training which they will derive from the effort of preparation, and still more from the effort required to get up and speak

in public. It occurs to us that it would be a very good thing if a debating club could be formed with the serious object of promoting and improving the art of public speaking in the school. Such a club, if limited to those who have sufficient interest to take the matter seriously, might accomplish far more than the Lit., the personnel of which is too varied to turn it into a pure debating society.

The legal talent of the college got a chance to display itself at the mock trial, which was a great success. The counsel deserve special commendation not only for conducting the case with great ability, which any well-trained lawyer can do, but also for providing it, which is a thing that most lawyers are unable to do, however much they might like to.

CADET CORPS' DANCE.

THE Cadet Corps' dance—was it a success or a failure? Well, that depends largely upon whom you danced with, and still more largely upon who danced with you. Still, if the consensus of opinion be taken, it may unreservedly be called a success. Was there ever a dance that was not a success?

The hall was decorated with excellent taste, and the manner in which some of the classrooms were turned into parlors reminded one of Alladin and his Lamp, especially if he were acquainted with the rooms in their every-day prosaic appearance. Chairs and couches were placed at judicious intervals, and the transformation was complete.

The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald and Captain Bicknell, and soon the dance had begun. O, vanitas vanitatum, said the preacher. Everything went along with the most exasperating smoothness and tranquility until towards the end, when the dances became mixed. Then great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth, but also great was the joy thereof; for some seemed unaccountably elated, and continued dancing as though nothing had happened. But what was the primal cause and origin of this catastrophe? Ah, that is the question. But 'tis whispered that the bugle became entangled in the dress of a certain young

lady. Now, this would not have been bad at all, had not the bugler himself become entangled; and the result was, no bugle, which finally culminated in the above-mentioned catastrophe.

The dance finally came to an end with "God Save the King," and a "Hoot, mon, Hoot" was given as a finishing touch, with more than the usual energy. The REVIEW desires to extend its congratulations to those who were instrumental in making the dance a success, and also to thank Mr. Taylor for the really excellent respite he afforded from the orchestra. G. M. V.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPER.

THE annual Football Supper was held on the night of Monday, the 12th of December, just too late to appear in the Christmas REVIEW. Although it occurred some time ago, it still lives very bright in the memories of those fortunate enough to be present.

At eight o'clock, led by Dr. Macdonald, the masters and old boys, the members of the first and second teams proceeded to the dining hall, which was tastefully decorated with flags, college colors and ferns, and sat down to the tables, which—well, every S. A. C. boy heard that night of the delicacies we had, and envied those who were present.

After the supper we had some excellent speeches and several piano solos, also the good old college song, "March, March on Down the Field."

The following is the toast list: "The King," proposed by Dr. Macdonald; "Canada and the Empire," proposed by Crawford and responded to by Mr. Taylor; "The College," proposed by "Herby" Allan, and responded to by Dr. Macdonald; "The Staff," Montgomery and Mr. Robinson; "The Athletic Association," McGillivray and Mr. Chapman; "The First Team," Ault and Kilgour; "The Second Team," Nicol and Munro; "The Cross-Country," Davison II. and Sutherland; "The Ladies," Ross and Bicknell; "The Ex-Captains," Kilgour and Harry Housser, Julian Sale, Jack Hope and "Herby" Allan.

D. S. SCOTT.

ALPHABET.

A is for Ambrose, who hails from the South.
If you mention a nigger he foams at the mouth.

B stands for Black, but to judge from his head,
His name's a mistake, for he should be called Red.

C is for Courtney, with broad, smiling face.
A deep apple-pie would just fit in its place.

D is for Davison; small though he be,
He can manage his team with giggles of glee.

E is for Eagland, with the pompadour hair,
That looks just like Heaven—there's no parting there.

F is for Fraser, sometimes called Frig.
He saws on his fiddle both hymn tunes and jig.

G is for Gideon, a Biblical name;
The way that he fusses is truly a shame.

H is for Hutchins of smashed-transom fame;
For a week he went limping about, very lame.

I is for Ingram, who walks in his sleep;
But mention the tuck-shop, and see his eyes leap.

J is for Jardine, so slender is he
The strings of his fiddle no thinner could be.

K is for Kilgour, who captained the team.
But Latin and Greek are not always his theme.

L is for Lovering, who comes from Coldwater,
And never works half as hard as he orter.

M is for Monty, who is sadly in love;
But we'll not tell the name of his wee turtle dove.

N is for Nicoll, a sailor he'd be,
With the Empress to travel across to Chinee.

O is for Olinger, who lives o'er the line.
He lost his appendix in 1909.

P is for Patsy, whose hat doesn't fit.
He often reads poetry aloud at the Lit.

Q is so queer that we haven't a name,
But we'll give it a place in the list just the same.

R is for Rusty, who came out of the West,
And vows that Vancouver's the only and best.

S is for Sutherland, of cross-country fame.
He's terribly shy, and won't look at a dame.

T is for Thompson, from Bermuda's fair isle,
Where onions and lilies are always in style.

U stands for Upper; C. C. is the rest.
We meet them at all times with interest and zest.

V is for Veggie, who scorns tomcat meat,
But thinks himself rich with an onion or beat.

W's for Wilson, sometimes called Handsome Harry,
Who often at Huyler's doth linger and tarry.

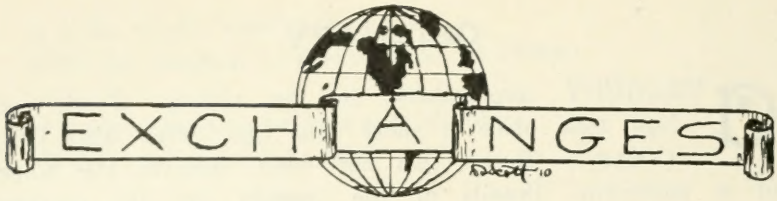
X stands for Unknown in the Algebra book.
If we had our way it would soon get the hook.

Y stands for Young, who, at making a noise,
Can scarcely be beat by fifteen other boys.

Z is for Someone whose name we forget,
So we hang it below with the sign "To Be Let."

OBITUARY.

A TRAGEDY unparalleled in the history of the college took place a short time ago, when Miss Helen ("Gyp") Taylor met her death beneath the wheels of a motor-car. Details of the tragedy are too inexpressibly sad to bear repeating, but the sympathy of many friends goes out to Mr. Taylor in his irreparable loss. The funeral was of a strictly private nature, and there were many beautiful floral tributes, purple predominating. Among those in the mourning carriages were noticed: Madam Juno Taylor, who was supported by Mr. Rusty Rolph; Mr. Mike Macdonald and Madam J. Kent, Mr. Knight Kilgour, and Mr. Jumbo James, whose engagement to Miss Helen had been recently announced, was completely prostrated with grief, his loud moans calling forth much sympathy. He is said to have lost several pounds in the course of the interment. To all those so sadly affected by the death of this estimable lady, the REVIEW extends its deepest condolence.



OUR exchanges certainly come from far and wide. Several weeks ago, we received one day an exchange from Heidelberg, Germany, and the next day one from Tientsin, China.

The Iris, from the Philadelphia High School for Girls, is a very good paper.

Lux Columbiana would be improved by a few cuts and a story or two.

The Western Canada College Review would be improved by a story and fewer short items.

Acta Ridleiana is a good all-around paper.

The Mirror is an excellent magazine. The cuts and headings are very good.

College Echoes and the *Boone Review,* both from far-away China, are very welcome exchanges. The cuts in the *Review* are very interesting.

The Branksome Slogan is a well-got-up paper and contains some interesting matter.

The Quill does not contain much of interest to outsiders, except the jokes, which are good.

The Varsity contains good cartoons and lots of interesting news.

The Calendar is a very good magazine. The joke column, especially, is always good.

The T. C. S. Record certainly lives up to its name.

The Ashburian is a very neat little paper.

The Bishop Bethune College Magazine would be greatly improved by a few good cuts.

The Arbor contains lots of interesting matter, and is neatly got up. It is indeed a first-class production in every way.

The Collegiate Outlook is a rather neat little paper. A few cuts or headings would improve it.

The College World improves with every number.

The McMaster University Monthly has some very good stories and articles.

The Acadia Athenaeum is a very good magazine.

The Argo is an interesting paper.

Alt-Heidelberg is a very welcome exchange.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges, with thanks: *Branksome Slogan,* Branksome College, Toronto; *Lux Columbiana,* Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *Varsity,* Toronto University, Toronto; *Queen's University Journal,* Queen's University, Kingston; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *St. Hilda's Chronicle,* St. Hilda's, Toronto; *Acta Ridleiana,* Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; *The University Monthly,* Toronto University, Toronto; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, New York; *Western Canada College Review,* Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *Alt-Heidelberg,* Heidelberg University, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia; *The Collegian,* St. Thomas Coll. Inst., St. Thomas; *The Calendar,* Central High School, Buffalo; *The Argo,* Rutger's Prep. School, New Brunswick, New Jersey; *Black and Red,* University College, Victoria, B.C.; *The Arbor,* Toronto University,

Toronto; *Acadia Athenaeum,* Acadia University, Wolfeville, N.S.; *The Ashburian,* Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The Collegiate Outlook,* Moosejaw, Sask.; *T.C.S. Record,* Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *Boone Review,* Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Iris,* Philadelphia High School for Girls; *College Echoes,* Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin, China; *The B. B. C. Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *College World,* New York.

D. S. Scott.

CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping): Henry, I am sure I have grounds for a divorce! I am positive that you have deceived me!

Mr. Newlywed: What in the world do you mean? What have I done to arouse such a foolish suspicion?

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping harder): I saw a memorandum in your pocket this morning to—to buy some new ribbons for your typewriter!—*Ex.*

Where's Marie?
Upstairs, 'm; she's arranging madame's hair.
And madame—is she with her?—*Ex.*

Master (holding unruly pupil by the collar): I'm afraid Satan has hold of you.
Boy: I'm afraid so, too.—*Ex.*

Pat: What do you charge for a funeral notice in your paper?
Editor: Fifty cents an inch.
Pat: Good Heavens, an' me poor brother was six feet.—*Ex.*

Fashionable: How is your wife this Fall?
Thanks, just able to hobble around.—*Ex.*

Perhaps Not.—An instructor in a church school where much attention was paid to sacred history, dwelt particularly on the phrase, "And Enoch was not, for God took him." So many times

was this repeated in connection with the death of Enoch that he thought even the dullest pupil would answer correctly when asked in examination: "State in the exact language of the Bible what is said of Enoch's death."

But this was the answer he got:

"Enoch was not what God took him for."—*Brooklyn Life.*

There was a young man named Cadwalader,
Who saw a young lady and folader,
But a smack from her hand
Made him well understand
There were few who struck blows any solader.
—*Princeton Tiger*

There was a young man of Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

A man once remarked to his wife
That he was aweary of life.
Replying, she said,
"Take *Judge*, then, instead."
Then he went after her with a knife.
—*Columbia Jester.*

"John, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, " so long as they don't die in the house?"—*Ex.*

"He has all kinds of money."

"Rich, eh?"

"No; coin.collector."

Young Madam: Are you the oldest in the family?

Boy: Nope; ma and pa are both older than I am.

GETTING MARRIED AGAIN.

Stella: I hear that Lizzie is talking of getting married again.
Bella: I didn't know that she had been married once.
Stella: She isn't. I said she was talking of it again.

When you see a bumble bee
Bumming o'er the lea,
The thing that you had better do,
Is to let that bumble bee.

He: Can you tell me why a thief who has been arrested several times is called a jailbird?
She: I am afraid I cannot; why is it?
He: Because he's been a-robbin'.

THE OTHER'S PET.

Neighbor: How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?
Ditto: That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick.

"John, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?"
"Yes, but I don't think he can read it."
"Why not, John?"
"Because he is blind, sir. When I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was; and it was on my head all the time."

The new minister was inspecting a Scot's stock, and paused to admire a donkey. "Fine donkey that, Mac," said the minister. "What dae ye ca' him?"
"Maxwelton," was the reply.
"Wherefore that, mon?" cried the minister.
"Because his brays are bonny," came the answer.—*Ex.*

Prosecuting Attorney: Your Honor, the sheriff's bull-pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible.
Judge: Well, make the witness kiss the bull-pup, then. We can't adjourn court just to hunt up a new Bible.—*Ex.*

Sympathy.

"Jones is fast going to the dogs."

"I'm very sorry to hear it. I'm extremely fond of dogs."—*Ex.*

Advice to Young Aviators.

Always jump when an accident is imminent. What is the use of being hurt when a leap of half a mile or so will save you?

Move about in your seat occasionally. Half the thrills you get are when you think the plane is about to turn turtle.

If affected by heights, ascend as much as possible. You will be so much more thankful when you come back to earth.

If another plane should be about to pass you in a race, run it down. Fouls are so common in the air that it will probably be overlooked.—*Ex.*

"Strange," said the thinker, "what eager interest that dog is taking in that cat chase!"

"Yes," replied the financier, "very strange, considering that his interest is based only on one purr scent."—*Ex.*

In a Massachusetts graveyard there is a stone having the inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."—*Ex.*

Dr. T.: Young man, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments.

Young Man: Certainly, sir, if you promise to put me together again.—*Ex.*

You can lead a horse to water
  But you cannot make it drink,
You can ride a Latin pony,
  But you cannot make it think.

A man having an occasion to want a lawyer, came across the name, "A. Swindler, Attorney-at-Law." The peculiarity of the name led him to interview the man. He engaged him. On further acquaintance he asked him: "Why don't you write your entire name? 'A. Swindler' is so queer." "Well, I thought that A. would be better than Adam, and that is my name."—*Ex.*

It happened in Topeka. There are three clothing stores in one block. One morning the proprietor of the middle store stuck his head out of the door and looked around him. On his left was a huge sign: "Mammoth Bargain Sale"; on his right another: "Closing Out at Cost." He withdrew and in twenty miutes reappeared with this sign, which he tacked up over the door: "Main Entrance."—*Ex.*

His hand neared hers, he whispered low,
She heaved a little sigh,
And gently put her hand in his—
"Fares, please!" she'd heard him cry.

—*Ex.*

"What do you charge for your rooms?"
"Five dollars up."
"But I'm a student."
"Then it's five dollars down."—*Ex.*

A lady once remarked to Winston Churchill in the course of a conversation: "I like your politics as little as I do your moustache."

"Well, madam," replied Mr. Churchill, "you are not likely to come in contact with either."—*Ex.*

In a New York street car recently a young man attracted the attention of the other passengers by suddenly leaping from his seat and picking up something from between the slats of the floor. For a moment he examined his find. Then he asked, "Did anybody lose a five-dollar gold piece?"

A ministerial-looking man got up from his seat at the other end of the car and started toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, "I dropped a five-dollar gold piece when I got on, but owing to the crush I couldn't find it."

"Very well," said the young man gleefully. "Here's a nickel toward it."—*Ex.*

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English Neglige Shirts, select patterns - - - **$1.25** to **$2.00**

Fancy Half-Hose, nice range patterns - - **25c, 35c and 50c**

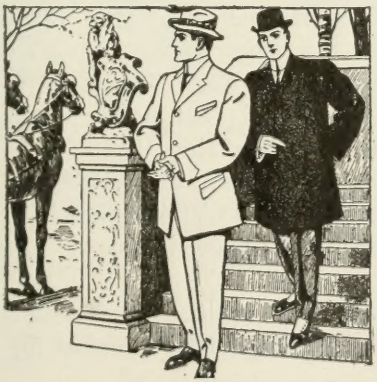
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Jones was having a new bathtub put in his home, and was very enthusiastic about it.

"My, but it looks nice," he said. "I can hardly wait till Saturday."—*Ex.*

First Chauffeur: There is one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby."

Second Chauffeur: So do I; those nursing bottles raise Cain with the tires.—*Ex.*

"Hist!" exclaimed the Villain in a new play. "Are we alone?"

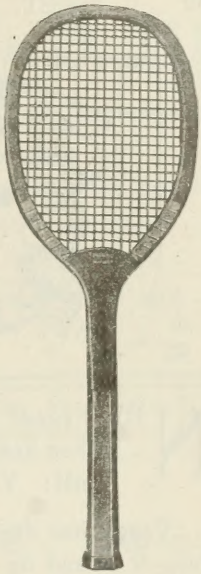
"Not quite," said a voice from the orchestra circle, "I am here."

Notwithstanding the nervous shock attending her recent trial, Miss Calomel Dashaway was the hostess of a very pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon in her apartments on the upper flat. The rooms looked very bright and sunny, the decorations being carried out in brown and blue. The hostess was wearing a handsome gown of light green silk, with a yoke and sleeves of red jeweled net, and some pink Oriental embroidery on the bodice. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Lucil Nicol, of Vancouver, who wore a bright yellow dress of satin. In charge of the pretty tea table was Miss DeMar Fraser, who was gowned in white pongee silk and a brown hat, trimmed in shades of red. The ices were served by Miss Mabel Montgomery. Helping to look after the many guests were Miss Landiss Davison, Miss Dot Baillie and Miss De Noise Young. Miss Lightfoot Moore opened the door to the visitors. Among the many guests were a few theatrical folk, the principal being Miss Dimple Ferguson, starring in "A Fat Woman's Revenge"; Miss De Rouge Black, late of "The Midway Prancers," and Miss Vivian Meredith, with her understudy. The whole affair was a huge success.

The many friends of Mr. Cheese Munro will be sorry to hear that he has decided to live abroad. He left Monday evening for Pembroke.

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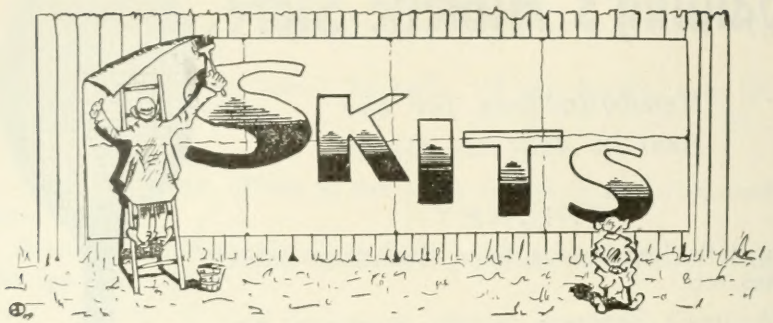
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NEWS agent (on the way home from Port Hope): Wait until father hears about the game.

Ault: Yes, he'll send more money.

Veggy has decided that the next time he rents a piano he will keep it locked up in his trunk.

Dr. Macdonald: Well, Ault, are your lessons done for Monday?

Ault: Yes, sir; like all the rest of the lessons in V. B., they are underdone.

Foster I.: That's a rare one.

Mr. K. (to Hoeffler, who is looking at a thermometer): Don't look at it too long. It will go up.

Heard in Lower Sixth:

Mr. K. (to Baird): If you are going to make a noise in here, you are going to keep quiet.

Mr. K. (to Snow): Your presence in here is anything but savory.

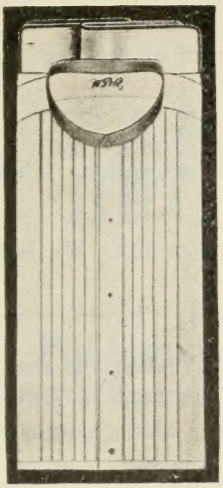
Mr. K. (to Hanna): If you are coming in here you are going out.

Mr. M. (calling Baird): Baird, adsum.

Mr. Magee: Yes, I will add some.

The Yiddish Dramatic Club, under the management of Yid. Lightbourn (Francis Gwyn) went up in the air owing to the sickness of the leading lady, Miss Phoebe Snow.

Mr. Findley: We will now sing "Little Drops of Water," and put a little spirit in it.



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It is shortsighted because the sound risk of to-day may be the unsound risk of to-morrow. One's own determination is not the only thing to be considered, and to-morrow, owing to your illness, or some accidental occurrence, the Company may have to decline to issue a policy on your life.

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Mr. Magee (reading French): Don't be afraid of the dog; he is so old that he has no teeth.

Voice from back: That must be Juno.

Wilson I. (seeing papers on floor, before bed inspection): Pick up those house lates, Noisy.

McGoog: Why weren't you at school this morning? We had exam.

Tubby: That's just the reason I wasn't there.

Messrs. Gideon and Herskowitch wish to bring before the reading public the sensational book entitled "Escaped from a Graveyard," by Douglas S. Scott, a personal experience of the author's.

Master to Dimock II.: Dimock, are you talking?

Dimock: No, sir. I just asked Bell to open the window.

Veggy Scott thinks they ought to have lettuce sandwiches at the Tuck.

Mr. Taylor (to Ault): Oh, yes, you're like the factory—the machinery shut down and the whistle still going.

Freddy (to Porter): Have you got a piece of toast?

Porter: No. Why?

Freddy: I'm a poached egg, and I want to sit down.

Ault: Truth is as clear as a bell.

Gilmour: Your bell is never tolled. (Cheers.)

Freddy (after mock trial): My daughter's age should have been twenty instead of nineteen, but I couldn't say t—t—twenty.

Lash (in chemistry room): Please, sir, I took my physics from the nurse instead of the book last night.

Master (to Marshall II.): Marshall, what are you doing?

Marshall: Nothing, sir.

Master: Don't do it again.

Bell to Black: Say, Red, whenever you're out of a job apply at a railroad office and go on as a danger signal.

Harry Wilson (holding out a music case): Here, Freddy, come to your little bed.

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Mr. Taylor (to Firstbrook): Does that smiling interfere with your eating.

Snelgrove (coming in late Monday morning): First time this week, sir.

"Honesty is the best policy."
"Not on your life. Ask Mulligan."

Mr. Taylor: I think it would be better if we were to do as in some schools, and thrash the boys on the spot for such things.
McKeague: What spot, sir.

Freddy Davison (putting on a bright blue and pink shirt): I believe this sh—sh—sh—shirt is a t—t—trifle loud.

Nigger Ambrose (at table): You fellows want to eat all your toast this morning so you won't get it in your pudding to-night.

The S. A. C. Aquatic Club will meet at four Wednesday afternoon. Courtenay, Sec.

Speck Baillie (looking at Noisy Young): Oh, you pipe-cleaner!

Mr. Tudball (to member of upper six): Take four quarters.

Mystery of lower six—Who got the rake-off on Lightbourne's hair-cut?

Noisy Young (to Veggy): You're not in my class at all. I've gained three pounds since September. No more sleeping on the moulding for me.

Master: Give me an example of the use of the words vision and sight.
Boy: Well, you can call a girl a vision, but it would not be healthy to call her a sight.

Speck: Can you tell me what class-room Mr. Taylor is in this period?
Tody: Yes, the one Juno is waiting outside of.

Malcolm II. (ringing up the Queen's): Is pa there?

Mr. Taylor: Who made the disturbance in the lower study?
J. K. Wilson: Sir, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little alarm clock.

Books for Students

TWICE-BORN MEN *Eng. Title: "Broken Earthenware"* **By Harold Begbie**

A book which is something more than a sociological study. It presents the fact of conversion as a miracle of divine grace, by illustrations from living witnesses among the lowest types of men.

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SOULS IN ACTION *Eng. Title: "In the Hands of the Potter"* **By Harold Begbie**

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Mr. Magee: Why have you your French book open during the lesson?

Ault: To find out the meaning of the words, sir.

Veggy has decided to take up shadow boxing—chasing himself around the gym.

Mr. T. (to Speck): You hockey fellows are altogether too fresh.

Hunter: They keep fresh on ice, sir.

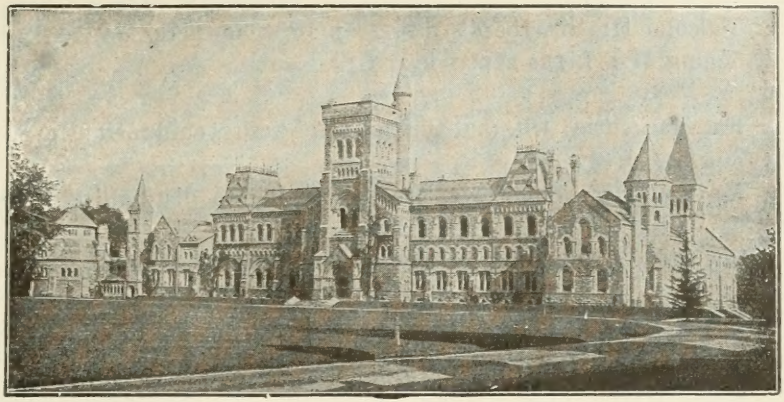
Hutchings II.: Ah, hang, the boss says he won't send me any more coin till Easter. What kind of love do you call that?

McClinton: Unremitting love, I guess.

Lloyd M. Ault, the famous prosecuting attorney, also asserts that he can sing.

Mr. Harris: In what continent is Egypt?

Whitney: Jerusalem, sir.



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Malcolm I.: Sir, there's gas escaping somewhere.
Young II.: Light a match and find out.

Fat Mackenzie: Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!

Mr. Laidlaw: Snelgrove, are you trying to distinguish yourself?
Snelgrove: No, sir; I am trying to extinguish Milne.

Mr. Magee: I didn't tell you to sit down.
Ross I.: Will I sit up, sir?

West (after explosion in Lab.): That's the most striking experiment we have had yet.
Mr. Knighton (rubbing his face): Yes, striking; that's the name for it.

Broderick: To-morrow was Monday, isn't it?

First boy (coming in late): Had to wait ten minutes for car, sir.
Second boy (from same car): Had to wait twenty minutes for car, sir.
Third boy (ditto): Had to wait about half an hour for a car, sir.

Mr. Magee: And you let a little thing like that stump you?
Ross: Yes, took my middle wicket.

Mr. Duff (to Brown II.): What is a clause.
Brown II. Why, sir, eh, don't you know?

Toady does not mind being gated. He just invites a few lady friends up to spend the afternoon with him.

Junior Prep Kid (about 11 a.m. Wednesday morning): I smell turkey.
Needless to say, he is a day boy.

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Scott I. (to Crawford): Say, what did you write on in this month's composition?

Crawford: "The Approach of Spring." Isn't it a slushy subject?

Scott I.: Yes, it's one of the coming questions.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can do as well as they,
And departing, leave behind us
Things we cannot take away.

Heard in Upper Sixth:

Clarke I.: Where is Smoke to-day?

McClinton: He's all up the flew (flue).

Mr. Knighton: Hanna, if you want to make a noise in here, get outside.

Ambrose (handing in his name for cricket practice): I want to try for left field.

Nicol (about to do a monkey drop from the high bar): Catch me, Freddy.

New Boy (coming into lower sixth and seeing Baird and Hoeffler): Say, what is this—a hair-dressing department?

Extract from the Upper Sixth Gazette:

Count de Lion Scotti, yesterday, in his Scrap-Iron monoplane, made a record flight from the roof of the Gym, attaining the great height of 23 feet 6 inches, and making the circuit of the bell tower at a high speed. While rounding the tower for the second time, owing to the heavy wind the machine collapsed and fell to the ground, badly crushing the Count's newly laundered shirt. The Count will attempt another flight shortly in his new "Top-Heavy Speedless."

Master (disgustedly): I suppose I ought not to be surprised at any wild absurdities I come across.

Boy (sotto voce): No, not even if you look in a mirror.

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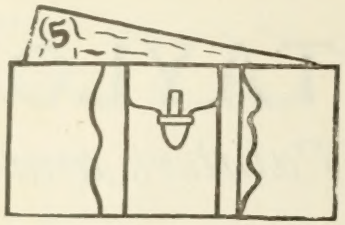
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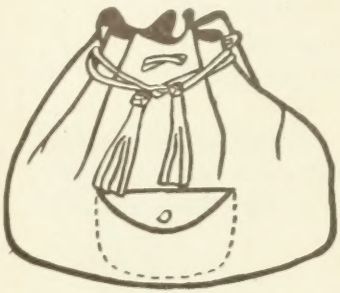
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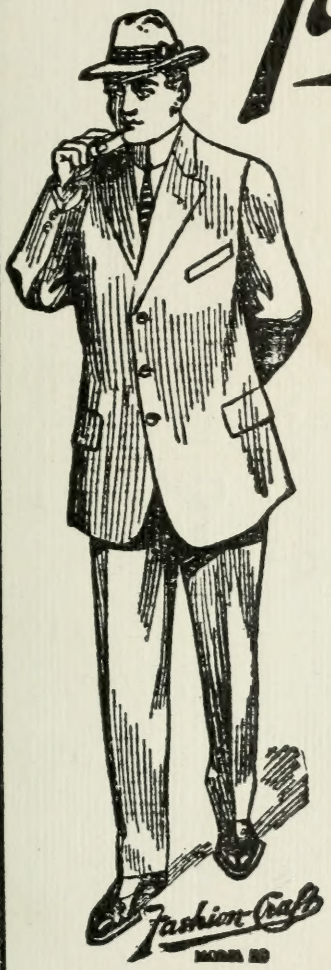
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The Saint Andrew's College Review

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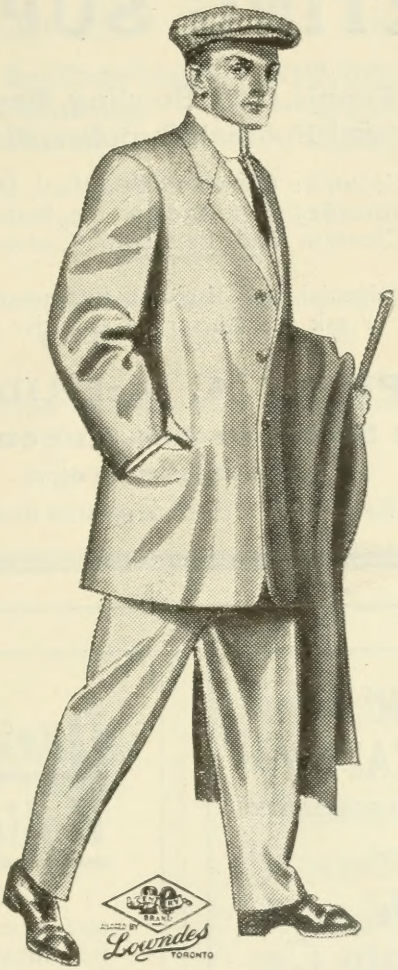


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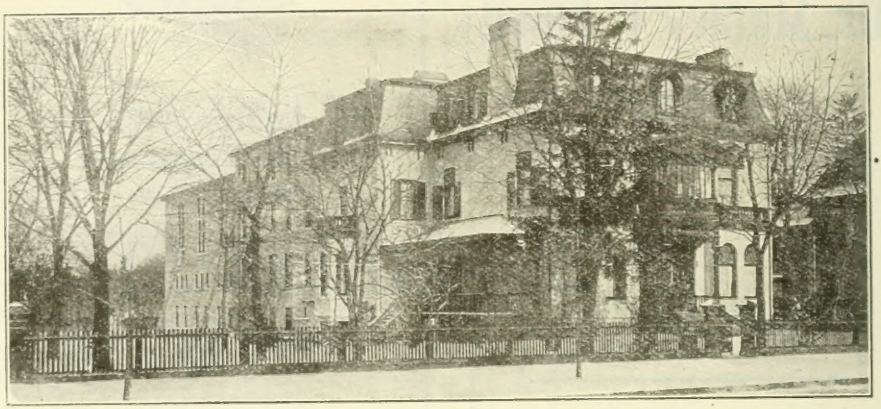
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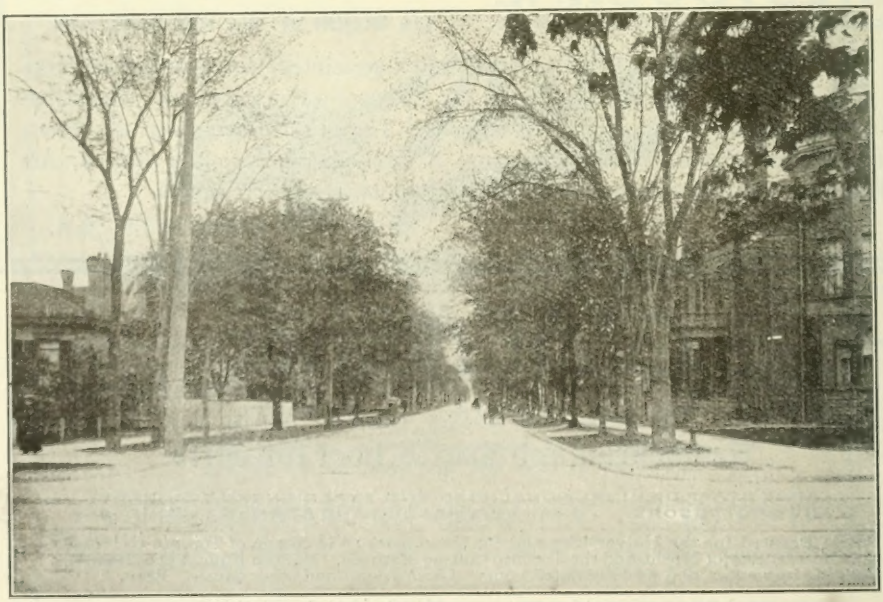
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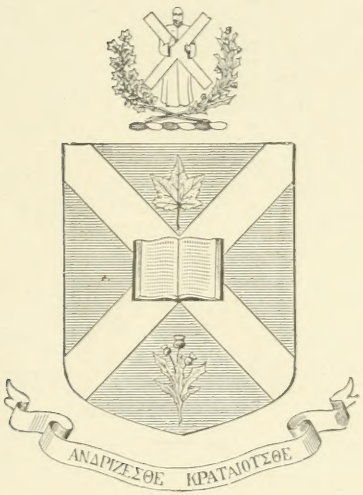


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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1911

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REVIEW STAFF

St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1911

EDITORIALS.

LITTLE over a year ago the Empire was plunged into grief by the death of a beloved and honored ruler. To-day, throughout the British realm, but more especially in historic London, elaborate preparations are being made for the coronation of the great Peacemaker's son—King George the Fifth. With a wonderful blending of quaint mediæval custom and of more modern ceremony, a pageant of unwonted splendor is being planned with amazing accuracy of detail and kingly consideration by our indefatigable monarch and his able consort. With all the gorgeousness, all the pomp and grandeur that one year ago attended the royal obsequies, lacking only the sadness of that historic event, the crowning of our King and Queen will add its page to the history of the land and two more names be added to that long and wonderful list of those who have wielded the sceptre for good or ill.

Already King George and Queen Mary have taken their place in the heart of Britain and her colonies, and it is safe to prophesy that their reign will be one of prosperity and happiness. The good-will and affection of the Empire is theirs. Long may they reign.

During the present school year the reorganization of the College government has been completed, and St. Andrew's College is now conducted as a Trust under the authority of a special Act of the Ontario Legislature passed last session. A perusal of the names of

the gentlemen forming the Corporation and thus becoming the first Board of Governors will convince our readers that the counsels of St. Andrew's College will be wisely directed and her affairs strongly administered. It is a matter of congratulation to the College that this important move in her development has been successfully completed. We are now no longer a proprietary institution, but have become a "public school" founded as an Educational Trust by private endowment. This step in advance was possible of accomplishment because of the generosity of the many shareholders who held stock in the original company, and the REVIEW feels that it voices the feeling of all loyal boys of St. Andrew's College, present and past, when it expresses gratitude to those whose generosity has made the reorganization possible.

Members of the St. Andrew's College Corporation: J. K. Macdonald, Esq., Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.D., Hon. Frank Cochrane, Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., J. W. Flavelle, Esq., D. B. Hanna, Esq., Lt.-Col. A. E. Gooderham, Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., Alexander Laird, Esq., Rev. D. H. Fletcher, D.D., H. E. Irwin, Esq., K.C., Frank A Rolph, Esq., Herbert J. Hamilton, M.D., A. M. Campbell, Esq., Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.

The sad death by drowning of Arthur Hewitt came as a blow to his many friends at St. Andrew's and elsewhere. Of a bright and lovable nature, a fine athlete, a good companion, he admirably filled his place in college life, sharing its various activities with cheerful enthusiasm. He was a good student, and his future seemed assured. He sacrificed his life in a brave endeavor to save his younger brother and a little friend from a watery grave. "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends." This seems particularly true of a young man who, at the call of danger, forgot his own condition in a brave attempt to rescue others; his memory will go down amongst those other heroes, old and young, who have passed so gloriously into the Great Unseen.

To his bereaved family and many friends, THE REVIEW extends very deep and sincere sympathy.

A STORM.

IT was in August, 188—, that my friend, Capt. Barclay, of the ship "Bolingbroke," asked me to go on a voyage to Buenos Ayres as his guest.

The "Bolingbroke" being an old sailing vessel used for carrying cargoes of the products of our manufactories to South America, I was the only passenger on board.

We sailed on Tuesday, September 2, at noon. When I went to bed about half-past ten the sky was full of stars and there was not a cloud to be seen anywhere. The night was hot and sultry, the more so as the light breeze which had been blowing had entirely fallen.

I slept soundly and did not wake until late, for I had been up early and was very tired.

After breakfast I went on deck. The scene was greatly changed. The "Bolingbroke," under reefed sails, was tearing along in the fierce wind. The sky was a mass of black clouds and sunlight was nowhere visible. The wind continued to rise until by half-past eleven we had to take the last reef in the sails.

The "Bolingbroke" was running before the wind, Captain Barclay at the helm. Of a sudden I saw a sailor who had been working in the rigging fall into the sea, his foot having slipped as he was descending to the deck. Immediately another sailor who had been working with him dived in after him. No sooner had the unfortunate man been seen to fall than a cry of "Man Overboard" went up and the captain put the ship about to lower a boat. A buoy was thrown to the men in the water, and a minute later a boat in charge of the second mate went after them. They were picked up and the boat returned to the ship. When all the men were safe on board the "Bolingbroke" was again put about and we sailed on as before.

The black mass of clouds in the sky grew denser and blacker. The sky flashed with frequent fire and at every flash the towering waves were made more visible.

Soon an order was given to shorten sail. However, before this could be done there was a deafening peal of thunder, and mingled

with it another sound—that of cracking timber. The mainmast had gone.

A sailor who was near was struck by a falling spar and borne down to the deck. When he was pulled out of the wreckage unconscious he was carried below. His arm was broken, but no more serious injury was done. The men instantly set about clearing away the broken spars and rigging. Until this task was finished the ship was in imminent danger. Every moment she might turn turtle. But this was not the only danger; every wave washed over the deck of the "Bolingbroke," and a man might easily be washed overboard, and without subjecting the ship to further danger no hands could be spared to get out a boat. However, at last the wreckage was cleared away and we proceeded on our voyage.

Soon it began to rain, and rain it did with a vengeance. Shortly after that the wind started to subside. The wind had greatly abated by six o'clock in the evening, but it was still raining hard. When the first mate came on deck the captain and I went below, and after dinner played chess until eleven o'clock, when I decided to go to bed.

When I arose in the morning I went on deck. The sky was blue, with a few little white clouds floating around. A gentle breeze was blowing from the east and the air was clear and fresh.

The ship could not make very good speed with no mainmast, so about three o'clock in the afternoon, the wind having freshened, we put into port for repairs. FRANCIS G. LIGHTBOURN.



Hair-Cutting Contest

"THE PAY HOLD UP."

THE manager of the Chilpantzingo Mines, in Northern Mexico, arose from his desk in the hot office and swore in both Spanish and English. He had plenty of reason for so doing.

The pay mules had not arrived from Zimapan, a distance of some sixty miles. Already some of the laborers had thrown down their crowbars and shovels and had walked from the mines. It was now June the 4th, and the men should have received their pay by the last of the preceding month.

Along in the middle of the afternoon an old Indian came slowly down the trail and knocked respectfully at the office door. The manager stepped out to meet him, cursing as he went.

"I belong to the Sayula Mines," he began, "and was bringing mail over to Zimapan, when I saw some of your mules astray in the foothills of La Parilla. Later on I found the sun-bleached bones of my brother. I knew this by the hat that lay near by. Antonio, my brother, was your mule driver. Why he was killed and left in the road I cannot tell, unless he might have had your silver."

Van Siclen, the manager, took a pace backwards and stared the man in the eyes. He was struck dumb by the thought of twenty-two thousand Mex. being stolen. That would mean a riot of the men before money could be brought.

"My brother had a four-man guard and six mules," continued the ragged old man.

Van Siclen nodded; he had sent four men with the money.

"They, too, are dead," said the Indian. The manager paled a trifle.

"I brought your mules; they are in the corral," and he bowed and backed out of the office.

"Come back here!" yelled Van Siclen. "I want to know who did this."

"I think it was old Felipe and his gang; I know where they live. They killed my son and I followed them and killed the rascal that shot my son," the old man drawled.

"Here, take this and stay here to-night," Van Siclen gave him a five dollar bill. "Take your blanket and sleep in the watchman's hut."

The old man eyed the money; here he was being given what would take him a month to earn, and seemingly for nothing. He stretched out his grimy hand, took the money, and placed it in a small leather pocket on the inside of his belt, took a sip of alcohol from a battered canteen, lit a shuck, and started towards the watchman's house at the mouth of the mine.

That night the foreman and the manager sat in the office till the early hours of the morning talking of the hold-up.

The rising sun saw a little band of horsemen slowly picking their way down the La Parilla trail, about fifteen miles from the Chilpantzingo Mines. In mid-afternoon they came upon the bones of five men lying in the hot sun, with a few buzzards sailing placidly above them. They did not stop to examine their find, but pushed on for about two hours and came to the banks of a little stream. Here the old Indian said they would stop over night and get a good rest in order to leave early next day. Six horses were unsaddled and tied near-by. Six men ate a scanty supper, but only five men lay down to sleep, the old man walking around from where the horses were tied to where the others slept the whole night long until it was time to start. He had watered the animals early and they had had plenty of time to get it settled before the day's ride.

In an hour's time they were loping gently away from the foothills, and a long stretch of plain spread out before them, to the right, to the left.

The old guide pointed to a yellow cloud that was just nosing over the horizon. "Dust storm," he said shortly. "Tie your handkerchiefs around your noses and mouths and pull your hats down over your eyes." They obeyed, and even as they watched the cloud grew quickly, and little puffs of wind were heralding on the storm. The men dismounted, the horses instinctively turning their tails to the wind, and waited.

A few minutes passed and the first blast struck. The air was by no means refreshing, it was hot and laden with sand. That, however, soon died away, then came a roaring as of a huge waterfall. The very ground on which they stood fairly rose in one big cloud. Whirlwinds rushed by on all sides, little eddies played about behind the men and horses huddled close together. Hotter still became the wind, sand cut like flying glass, and little drops of blood stood out on already red cheeks. The horses stood placidly waving their tails, occasionally shaking their heads and snorting.

The old man, with a blanket over his head, leaned against his horse and took the storm as a kind of natural happening. The others coughed and rubbed their eyes. Finally, with a terrific blast, the wind died down and left a cool breeze following right behind it. This refreshed them, and after rinsing the dust and grit from their mouths, they rode on again. When the sun was directly overhead they stopped at a water-hole and rested during the hotter part of the day.

That night the foothills of the Congonda ranges darkened the horizon, and by eleven o'clock they were sleeping by a spring that lay at the bottom of a dark valley. The old man disappeared almost as soon as the others fell asleep. In the morning, however, they found him picking some canned eatables from his own saddle bags.

"I have located them," said he, briefly. "They are just about three miles from here. I will not fight against them—they are my kinsmen. I will stay behind and look after the horses when we get near enough to them to fire, if it is necessary. I have not slept for three nights and we had better stay here to-day; they will not see us; we will light no fires. One of us will stay up at the top of the hill and watch until nightfall," he concluded by taking a heavy breath.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile back at the mines the men were beginning to get sullen. Work had to be stopped altogether. Some of them had come into the office and demanded their pay. These, of course, were told the trouble, but when the ignorant Mexican laborers argued they were immediately thrown out. The foreman had been shot at twice, and it was no longer safe for the white men to go outside. Van Sicien ordered the officers into the house; the doors were locked and barricaded. It was a large stone house, two storeyed, and accommodated fifteen men and the offices. Then with the windows heavily boarded up it made a fairly strong fort.

Just the day before then men had, by throwing stones, broken all the windows, which smashed harmlessly against the boards behind. But now things were beginning to look worse. The Mexicans sulked around behind the trees, and now and again a puff of smoke would float up from a cover and a chip of wood fly off the inside of one of the window barricades.

For three long days the men stayed in the house. Once Van Sicien climbed from a back window to the flat roof, but when

bullets from farther up the mountains began to flip up little pieces of cement he hurriedly made his way back to shelter.

The white men of the mines, eight in all, were sitting on the floor with their backs to the wall in order to be below the level of the windows, when the chink cook crawled in on his hands and knees and said that they had only a few biscuits, a loaf of bread, and one or two cans of tomatoes. It would last only two more scanty meals. Nevertheless two more days passed, and the Mexicans still hung around, trying to get a shot at anyone who showed himself. Van Siclen by this time was getting determined. He arose from his position on the floor, lit a cigarette, took a rifle and belt from the corner, went upstairs and pulled a table-top from behind a window.

Slowly Van Siclen edged his head around the sash. The Mexicans had not seen him. There were two, now, leaning against a tree, smoking and talking as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The rifle came up to the manager's shoulder, the barrel rested on the sill. His finger whitened on the trigger, slowly the little metal went back under the steady pressure. Suddenly it relaxed, the gun was withdrawn, and Van Siclen shaded his eyes and peered at the white trail where it led over the mountain towards La Parilla.

* * * * * *

The old man having located Felipe and his gang, it would be an easy matter to find the place where they kept the stolen money. They were now sure that it had been he, as he had committed other crimes in the near vicinity before this and was badly wanted by the police.

All that day off and on someone went to the top of the ridge to watch the unsuspecting men in the valley below. The old Indian pointed out Felipe himself, a tall, wiry, dark man, from whose hips hung two formidable weapons, one a revolver and the other a heavy "machete," which he could use to perfection in a close fight. They made the brigands out to be twelve in all, but one was a cook and another was a workman, nevertheless these men would fight if needs be, and fight well, for fear of having their heads blown off by Felipe.

Then it was a case of five to twelve, as the old man would not join in the fight. However, he had it all planned out, and before dawn he crept down to the little open space where they were sleep-

ing, and, having brained the cook, who sat up and started to reach for his gun, he took a careful glance at the others and went back and explained the affair to his friends. Softly and slowly they sneaked down the hill to the place where eleven lay sleeping and one lay dead, with revolvers drawn and leveled. Each man was gently aroused to find himself looking into a steady blue barrel. Two of the miners did the work, waking and binding each man, while the others covered the sleeping ones. Finally all were bound and the gags were taken off.

"I'm glad I got a hold of you, Felipe," said one of the Americans, eyeing the Mexican with an eye of scorn. "You' been raisin' heck around La Parilla too, you' —!!!—! its a durn good thing fer the community that we got yer." He said all this in English, more for the benefit of the others of his party than for Felipe, who could not understand him, but he had the presence of mind to curse in Spanish so as to give the Mexican an idea what he was driving at. Then in Spanish: "Yu' got a few thou' from our place, a couple of days ago, and we're on to yu', so yu' might as well hand it over as quickly as possible, savez?"

"What do you mean?" returned Felipe, with the innocence of a babe.

"Come on now, none o' that," bellowed the speaker, "or I'll take you one by one and shoot away little unnecessary parts of your bodies." For proof of his ability to do this, he pointed to a buzzard that was sailing slowly overhead, raised his rifle and fired; the bird's wings raised above its head and it swooped to the ground, leaving a little train of feathers in its wake.

One of the Mexicans started to speak, but was silenced by an oath from Felipe.

"Let's hear it," said the big American, raising a revolver. The Mexican shook his head, the fire-arm cracked, the man's hat fell from his head and a little rivulet of blood trickled down his forehead. That was enough; he told them that the silver was hidden in a cave nearby. Felipe stormed and cursed at the Mexican for giving him away, but was silenced by the butt of a gun hitting him between the shoulder blades.

One of the miners went to investigate the cave and there he found the silver in the mine's own canvas bags, stamped "Chilpantzingo," and there were also two large boxes of provisions. With a little searching they found the bandit's horses and twelve

pack mules staked a little way out in the bush. These they loaded with the money and eatables. Then Felipe and his gang were tied, one by one, to their horses, that is, their feet were tied underneath the horse, and their hands bound behind their backs. The bridles of their mounts were tethered one to another, and thus they moved over the long two-day ride, the bandits riding on in front and the miners bringing up the rear. During the ride across the hot plains Felipe feigned sickness and wavered for a long time, then lunged sideways in his saddle. Hoping to be helped down and by some mischance make a getaway, he hung in that position. But not the least attention was paid to him, and he soon tired of it, righted himself and rode on.

When they reached the La Parilla crossing, the big American cantered up to the bandits, cut one of them loose, the one that had told of the hidden money. He gave him a knife, that he might protect himself. Told him that he was getting off easy, pointed to the La Parilla trail, and said: "Now git."

The grateful Mexican turned, and with his hat in his hand galloped down the trail, occasionally wheeling in the saddle and bowing or waving his hat at the Americans.

The next morning they topped the last rise and were starting down the slope towards the mines, when a curious scene loomed up before them. Mexicans were sitting behind trees and rocks and taking a shot now and again at the house. The upper windows were all open and Van Siclen was slowly withdrawing a cold rifle from the sill. The lower windows seemed to be blocked with boards and glass was strewn all over the yard.

The horsemen were noticed almost as soon as they came over the top of the hill, and a great yell went up, a yell of rage at first, but before it died away it turned to friendship. The Mexicans raced up the hill to meet them; they saw it was Felipe who had taken their pay, and they were no longer against the whites. They took off their hats and cheered them heartily.

Far up the mountain to the right one could have seen a little puff of smoke curl up from behind a cactus plant. A fraction of a second later, Felipe plunged forward, the crimson beginning to stain his shirt. It was the old man. They had missed him about two hours before, when he lagged behind, but he had made a large detour and waited for their coming. No one ever knew what grudge he bore Felipe, no one ever will.

Van Siclen and the others ran out of the house and half way up the hill to meet them. "Grub," he yelled. And they quickly unloaded the pack-mules of their burdens, of silver and food. Practically more attention was paid to the food than to the twenty-two thousand, still none of it was lost.

That afternoon they paid off the men, who went down to the little town, and by six p.m. were hopelessly drunk.

Felipe was buried by the side of the road where he fell, and a rude pine cross marks his resting place.

Two days passed in cheerful laziness, and on the 11th the Mexicans went back to work with a smile on their faces. The next day a guard of six soldiers came from La Parilla and took away the other members of the bandit gang. Whether they ever reached the jail or not they never knew. It is a custom with these Mexican rangers to leave them on the way for the buzzards to fight over.

"Well," said Van Siclen, after the noon-day meal of the third day, "we're over with this row anyway."

Half a dozen corks popped simultaneously for answer.

W. D. Williams.



The Nobility of St· Andrew's College

THE FLOOD.

"THIS is the worst spring we have had for years, the river has risen over ten feet in the last four hours, and the rain is still pouring down, just as fast as if it had only been raining for an hour, instead of three days. Heaven only knows what will happen when the ice breaks loose up at Dore; that bridge can't stand much more strain," said Harold Moore, the station agent, to his nephew, Reid Cathers.

They were sitting in a room in the station, waiting till the ten-fifty should pass, when they would be free to go back to the town. Reid often came to spend his evenings with his uncle, the station agent, at Armor, for there was really nothing to do in the village, and his uncle always had a good supply of railway stories which were very interesting.

Outside the wind was blowing furiously, and the rain pouring down in torrents. During the periods of quietness, which occurred irregularly between the gusts of wind, the deep sullen roar of the river—already swollen far above the high water mark—came up to them.

"Has your father sent you word when he is coming home?" asked Moore.

"Yes, I received a letter from him to-day, and he said he would probably be here to-morrow afternoon. He had expected to reach here to-night, but some business detained him."

The telegraph instrument began to tick, and Moore wrote down the message. "Train number sixty-two left Dore twenty minutes late. The ice is breaking up here and will soon be going down the river."

"That will mean she will pass here about eleven o'clock," said Moore. "I hope the ice doesn't reach the bridge before that, for if it does, the Lord only knows what may happen."

"What time is it now, uncle?" asked Reid.

"Just a quarter past ten, so that leaves forty-five minutes before she will be due here."

He had hardly finished speaking, when a man, dripping wet and well nigh exhausted, rushed into the station.

"Hurry up, hurry up, and stop the ten-fifty at Dore," he

shouted, breathlessly, "the ice has come down and is hammering away at the old bridge. It can't hold out much longer."

The station agent tried to speak, but couldn't. His horror stricken face was as white as a sheet. Again he tried to speak, but only a few incoherent words was all he could say. At last he managed to say, in a strained voice, "She left Dore twenty minutes ago. The telegraph is no good. Good Lord, what can be done?"

Reid, who up to this moment had remained rooted to his chair, jumped up, and seizing a lantern, yelled, "Come on, follow me," and dashed out of the door down the track towards the bridge.

The two men followed as quickly as they could, but could not keep up with Reid. He reached the bridge first and began to take note of what had taken place. The water had already reached the bottom of the ties, and the ice was smashing and crunching up against the guard rail. The whole structure shook and creaked, and every little while ominous crackings rent the air, telling the three silent, white-faced men that the great steel girders were being snapped off by the impact of the hurling, smashing cakes of ice. What could be done? It would be sure death to attempt to cross that bridge now. Reid, who had been attaching the lantern to his belt, turned to his uncle and said:

"Good-bye, uncle, I am going to try and cross the bridge. The train has to be stopped. If I should get drowned, tell father I died trying to do what I considered my duty."

"But, Reid, my boy, you can't do it. I won't let you."

"Uncle, I must," he said, and before they could prevent him, he was out clinging desperately to the slippery rails.

Hand over hand he scrambled along, until he reached a part where the ties were still intact. Now on his hands and knees he crawled, testing each sleeper before he put his full weight upon it.

He was just about half way across, when suddenly several sharp, cannon-like reports rang out. The bridge swayed and dropped. It seemed hours before it suddenly stopped. Although he was dazed by the fall, and in frightful danger from the great pieces of ice that were now hurled down upon the bridge by the rushing water, he kept going forward. Fortunately his lantern had not gone out, and he was able to see from the position of the bridge that the pier near the bank he had just left must have given way, and that end of the bridge fallen in. He was now nearly three-quarters of the

way across, but the rapidity with which the water was rising, and the amount of ice which was being washed upon the bridge made his progress slower and more precarious. Suddenly in a lull in the wind he heard the whistle of the ten-fifty. With the strength of a madman he literally threw himself from tie to tie. His face was cut and bleeding, his hands were skinned and raw, and his clothes were nothing but a bundle of drenched miry rags. There was only twenty more feet to go. Another volley of crackling broke out sharply. He crouched upon the ties and waited breathlessly. The bridge swayed from side to side, and then, quiveringly, righted itself. Now in the lulls between the gusts of wind, he could hear the dull roar of the approaching train. Again and again his hands almost lost their hold of the slippery track, but at last he drew himself up on the opposite bank.

As he lay there almost totally exhausted, trying to recover his breath, he heard a terrific report, a crash, and then silence. Crawling to the edge of the bank he looked down. Where the bridge had been, there was now nothing, but dark, rushing water, filled with a great mass of grinding, crushing ice.

But above the roar of the river he heard the approaching train. Snatching his lantern from his belt, he ran up the track. The broad beam of light from the onrushing engine fell upon him as he stood between the rails furiously waving his lantern. The engineer saw him, and applying the brakes, pulled up in a cloud of hissing steam within a few feet of him.

Reid quickly told his story. The excited passengers rushed from the cars to see what was the watter.

A tall man stepped out of one of the cars and came toward the crowd. Reid seeing him ran towards him.

"Father, oh father!" he cried.

H. Lash.



Prefects



Literary Society

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"COME," said my friend, "if we do not hurry we will miss the Calais Packet." We hurriedly picked up our portmanteaus and succeeded in getting to the boat just as the gangway was hauled up. The paddles churned the water to foam, the boat moved slowly, friends waved adieux, and we were off.

Off where? you ask. I confess that at that moment I did not know myself. My friend, Lindsay Esmond, had invited me to go to France with him to meet his father, who was busy settling the will of an old Frenchman who had just died, and, as he had lived a long time in England, had left money to English charities. Lindsay's father, thinking it a nice outing, had invited us to go over. He was to meet us at Calais, and from there we went—well, just where, we did not know.

After a smooth trip across we reached Calais, and there were met by Mr. Esmond, who, as night was falling, hurriedly led us to a waiting carriage. After several hours ride out of Calais we reached a small town, which we were told was our destination. As it was then dark we could see little that night, and soon went to bed in our rooms at the town inn.

In the morning, after breakfasting, we went to the large Chateau of the late gentleman, on the settling of whose will Mr. Esmond was engaged. It was a large rambling house, part in ruins, and all ivy covered. It greatly appealed to our boyish imaginations, and we wandered about all morning. We were called to dinner at noon in the large dining room. Mr. Esmond told us that in looking through the papers he had found a lot of very old diaries, letters and manuscripts, which had evidently belonged to the dead man's grandfather or perhaps farther back. We were greatly interested, and, on asking, were told that we could see them. So after dinner we repaired to the library, where we were shown the papers. They proved rather interesting. Probably the following is the best:

* * * * * *

—I—

I saw her first at Calais. Walking down one of the old narrow cobble-stoned streets, I had come to a sharp turn, and, on rounding

the corner, met the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes upon, walking along with a brilliantly-dressed dandy of the time. During my stay at Calais I saw her often, and found out who she was and what she was doing there. It was after finding this out that I realized the utter hopelessness of my position. For what chances had I, wealthy as I was, but untitled, to win the hand of a Vicomte's daughter. Yes, it was too true. She was the daughter of the Vicomte de Mirepoix, and was on a visit to her uncle, whose large castle was some distance out of the town.

—II—

Two years after my stay at Calais I spent part of a summer at Nantes. One day there, while slowly sauntering along the ill-paved and winding main street, I saw a large traveling chaise, built and decorated with all the extravagance of the time and drawn by four pure white horses in costly harness, come, jolting from side to side, up the tortuous road.

As this somewhat unusual sight passed us, I was surprised to see, through the small window, the beautiful face of the Vicomte's daughter with whom I had become so enamored at Calais two years before. It was indeed a surprise. I eagerly watched the chaise as far as the winding road would permit to see if it stopped, but was doomed to disappointment. I watched the streets the next day, and the next, but in vain. She had evidently gone on to some other town, and I could find out nothing about her. She was only a memory, a vision.

—III—

In the last year and a half all was changed. Aristocrats and the lowest laborers were one. France was in the grip of that most terrible of modern happenings—the Revolution. Paris was the centre of this seething cauldron. Here daily the terrible scenes of which everyone has heard were enacted. Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood seemed to be all the people called for. Daily hundreds of aristocratic heads fell from the maws of that avaricious person, Dame Guillotine, and yet the people were not satisfied. Gloatingly returning from the scenes of carnage and ruthless slaughter they would seize on people whom they suspected of not thinking as they did, and, rushing them to the nearest lamppost, would hang them. A la lanterne! A la lanterne! was a cry to be heard any night in this terrible never-sleeping city—Paris.

And what had this chaos, this upturning and uprooting of old customs done for these Godless people? They were now nothing but sexless fiends. Gaunt, dirty, unkempt people, dressed in filthy rags and in bare feet paraded the streets, constantly thinking of nothing but blood and carnage. The men were stripped to the waist, their hair long, shaggy and filthy. The women were even worse. All feelings of remorse or shame had left them. Dressed in rags, torn kirtles scarce reaching to their knees and with no boots or shoes, their hair greasy and matted hanging about their unwashed faces and shoulders. Their one aim was enjoyment, and that to them was bloodshed and crime.

Everything was changed; the names of the months, the year, the laws. All old customs were gone. There was now no Sunday. In place of the old laws there were now such atrocities as "Merlin's Law of the Suspect," by which anyone could be suspected, accused, arrested and even sentenced for an imaginary crime. Men now did not address each other as Monsieur; it was now "citizen" or "patriot."

During the worst of these times I was in Paris, although my home was elsewhere. For safety I had adopted the clothes and habits of the common people. I was staying with a laborer who had formerly been employed by my father and who now lived in Paris.

One morning I was traversing the Luxembourg Gardens, which now were changed. Instead of the beautiful gardens formerly there it was full of large and small hastily constructed buildings, and here and there large fires glowed, as smith's were forging guns. As I walked through this changed scene, I noticed a woman who was walking ahead of me. Although she was dressed in the ragged clothes of the mob, she looked cleaner, and had a certain air about her which bespoke her good breeding. Just as I was noticing this she turned, and — It was the daughter of the Vicomte de Mirepoix! No longer belonging to the nobility, merely a citizeness of the republic. She, of course, did not know me. But that did not stop me. I spoke to her, explained who I was, and in a short time heard her tale.

All her relatives were dead. Her father, her mother, her brother, all guillotined, and now the authorities were looking for her.

I there and then vowed to save her, and the next day made a start. I purchased from the laborer with whom I lived a horse and

cart. In the afternoon I met her at the appointed rendevous and explained my plans.

Early the next morning we set off. I walked, leading the horse, she sitting in the cart dressed in tattered rags and with carefully dirtied face and hands. We successfully passed the guard at the gate and were practically free.

After a week's dangerous travel we reached the coast and managed to find a fisherman, who took us to England. There we joined our friends. Need I continue?

SCOTT.



Saturday Morning

CRICKET VS. BASEBALL.

This is an exceedingly live question in Canada to-day; and its liveliness is increased when it is discussed in connection with such schools as St. Andrew's. For these schools labor under the disadvantage of desiring to be English, when, as a matter of fact, they are Canadian. They do not realize, in short, that "God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." They have tried to solve the question by considering it from a purely esthetical point of view—that is, which is the better game? —and not from the more practical point of view—that is, which game is the better adapted to the ideals and genius of the people?

The whole discussion, then, resolves itself into a question, not so much as to which is the better game, but which is better suited to the Canadian, that is, a modified American type of mind. It will not be necessary here to define, in detail, the differences between the Canadian and the English type of mind; suffice it to say, that the Canadian is eminently democratic, whereas the English is as eminently monarchical and tending to a conservatism which, on some points at least, amounts to a pitiful narrowness of intellect. With these two points established—if indeed they may be considered so—who cannot see them reflected in the two games? Cricket is a little monarchy in itself; the latter is king, and all the rest his faithful ministers and minions. It is a limited monarchy indeed, for the latter must have his wits about him; but it is nevertheless a monarchy. It is a personified history of England—if we may imagine such a thing: changes are brought about gradually in the true spirit of Tennyson; one is never, or very seldom, startled into a frenzy of excitement; one may go away to dinner and return to find the king still on his throne, discharging his royal duties with benignity and grace; everything is done with due ceremony, and nobody ever forgets himself so far as to take any absorbing interest in the game. Such is cricket; as English as Mr. Pickwick or Trafalgar Square.

It may be said that cricket is unsurpassed from an esthetical point of view: nothing, surely, can be more pleasing to the senses than the white ducks set off by the background of green grass; the orderly way in which everything is done; the graceful actions of the bowler and the still more graceful bearing of the batter; the

arrangement of the different players—how they seem to dove-tail into one another. In short, the general aspect of the game, when viewed from a distance, is indeed a work of art; but, alas, for this very reason, perhaps, and for others, it does not appeal to the Canadian youth.

Looking at baseball in the same impartial (?) light, we observe a little republic; everybody is in action at least. Everyone has a chance to whack the ball; for no matter how skilled the batter may be he cannot remain "in" forever. The latter is president indeed, but there is no man on the diamond who is not of the most vital importance; everything is on edge; the spectators are breathless; the players are strung to the highest tension; the ball travels with lightning speed, and it is a rare event if a player reaches "home." In short, baseball is liberal and democratic: everyone is given a fair chance to show exactly what he is capable of.

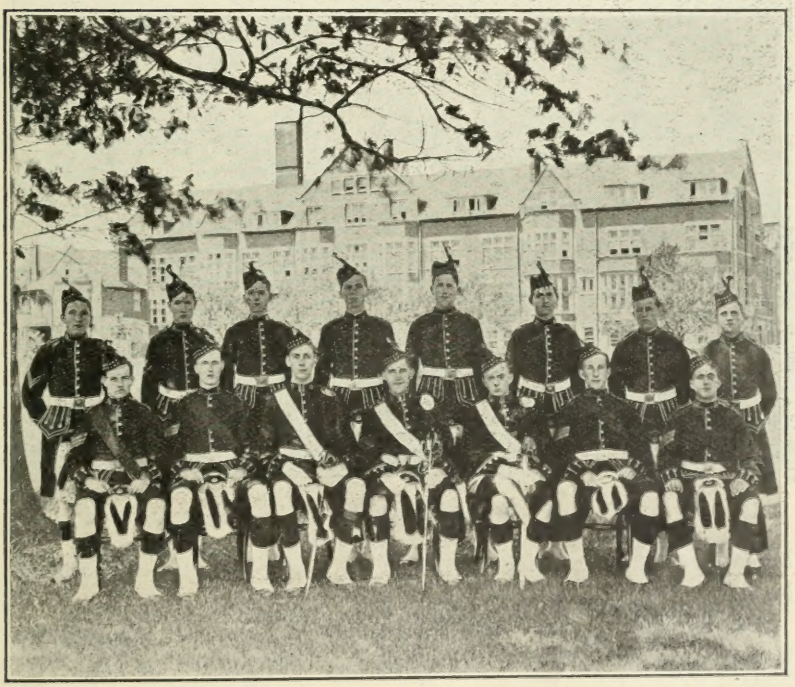
The one thing, among others, that may be urged against baseball is its total lack from the esthetical point of view; the burning sand of the diamond; the pop-corn and peanut atmosphere; the grey or yellow or Lord knows what color of the suits of the players; the unsightly caps, commonly called "tough mugs," pulled down over their ears; the truly man-eating aspect of the catcher, and the fierce antics of the pitcher; the very fact, in short, that the game is always in motion makes it impossible to secure that delightful scene picture which is so satisfying in a game of cricket. But this aspect of cricket, which so endears it, and rightly, to the Englishman's heart, is wholly lost on that excellent animal, the Canadian youth.

And so, we come back to the beginning—what is the Canadian type of mind as compared with the English? The Canadian mind is action, while the English is action balanced by repose: some maliciously inclined persons may indeed hint that there is a trifle too much repose connected with the English mind, sometimes; but we banish this as a base suspicion. The Englishman, in short, likes not the "falsehood of extremes."

And now we come to the "last word" on Cricket vs. Baseball. It is a mistake, as has been said, to compare the two games, and say that cricket is the better game, and therefore Canadians *must* play cricket; or, on the other hand, to say that baseball is the better game, and therefore let Canadians play baseball and do not bother them. Things are only good, bad or indifferent as circumstances

make them so. Cricket will never become in Canada a National game, or even a popular game, for the simple reason that it does not and never will appeal to the ideals and type of mind of the Canadian. This is not saying anything ungracious about the Canadian—far from it; but I have never seen a Canadian *really* enjoy a game of cricket and never expect to. On the other hand, baseball will never "cut any figure" in England for similar reasons: it offends an Englishman's sense of the fitness of things and shocks him. In fine, cricket is a good game, and so also is baseball—which is the better I do not know, and would not say if I did know; but both are eminently local, and cricket requires an Englishman to play it properly, just as surely as baseball requires an American.

Vogt.



Officers Cadet Corps

Athletics

CRICKET.

St. Andrew's opened their cricket season on April 30th with Aura Lee as opponents. Batting first Aura Lee secured 59, of which Barret and Marsden each made sixteen. Courtney took 3 wickets for 31 runs, and Crawford 7 for 28. College then went to bat, but could do nothing against the bowling of Dives and Robb,



First Cricket Team

the side being retired for a total of 24. Stephen with six headed the list.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, the team scored its first win against Stanley Barracks, by the overwhelming score of 99 to 16. The bowling of our opponents seemed to suit the college team perfectly,

four fellows reaching double figures: Crawford, 27; Cassels, 16; Courtney, 17, and McCarter, 16. In the bowling Courtney took 2 wickets for 6 runs, and Crawford 7 for 10.

On May 4th, a game played with University School resulted in a draw. Batting first U. T. S. secured 78 by free hitting, of which Large made 29. College followed on, but had only about fifteen minutes to play. When stumps were drawn, two wickets were down for a total of 15 runs. Risteen with 6 was high scorer. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 4 wickets for 23 runs; Courtney, 4 for 34; Ross, 1 for 12; Cassels, 0 for 9.

On May 6th Grace Church were our visitors, and by good batting succeeded in defeating the school eleven by a score of 82 to 55. Crawford with 26 reached top score for the college team. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 0 for 23; Mr. Grainger, 2 for 31; Crawford, 7 for 22.

On Tuesday, May 9th, the team again met defeat at the hands of an eleven captained by Mr. James. Mr. James' team batted first, and by good batting secured 78. Mr. Knighton secured a well earned 40, while Canon Plumtre made 18. The school team went to bat, but were all dismissed for 39, of which Risteen made 8 and Nicol 6 not out. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 5 for 32; Courtney, 2 for 35; Campbell, 3 for 5.

Rosedale C. C. were the next team encountered, and again the college eleven suffered defeat. St. Andrew's won the toss, and going to bat first secured 58, of which Crawford made 22. Rosedale then followed on, making 197 for 9 wickets when stumps were drawn. Black was high scorer with 40. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 2 for 55; Mr. Grainger, 2 for 55; Crawford, 5 for 65; Campbell, 0 for 12.

On Wednesday, May 17th, Toronto C. C. visited the college. T. C. C. batting first declared for 105 runs with 9 wickets down. MacDonald, 26, and Dobson, 20, not out. St. Andrew's went to bat and had made 2 runs for no wickets when stumps were drawn on account of rain. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 1 for 39; Courtney, 6 for 34; Ross I., 1 for 15; Campbell I., 0 for 6; Ross II., 0 for 6.

On Saturday, May 20th, the college lost a very close game to the Garrett C. C. Batting first S. A. C. made 59. Crawford, 16; Risteen I., 11; Nicol, 11; Hatch, 10, not out, all got into double figures. Garret C. C. then followed on, and mainly through the

the batting of T. Tunbridge, secured 62. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 4 for 27; Ross I., 0 for 10; Mr. Granger, 3 for 21.

On Monday, May 22nd, Trinity University came, saw and conquered a team picked from the first and second elevens, and several of the masters. The Cadet Corps went to the Rifle Ranges, leaving only five first and three second team men. Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. James and Mr. Grainger kindly consented to help us out. S. A. C. batting first secured 52, of which McCarter made 13 and Cassels 13. Trinity had 62 runs for 7 wickets when stumps were drawn. S. A. C. bowling: Mr. James, 5 for 25; Crawford, 1 for 34.

On Wednesday, May 24th, the Simpson C. C. won a well-contested game from the college team. Simpson Club by good batting secured 87, of which Sexton made 26, by good hard hitting. S. A. C. in their innings could only make 71, losing by 16 runs. Mr. Knighton with 33 was the only one to get into double figures. S. A. C. bowling: Mr. James, 7 for 36; Crawford, 2 for 37.

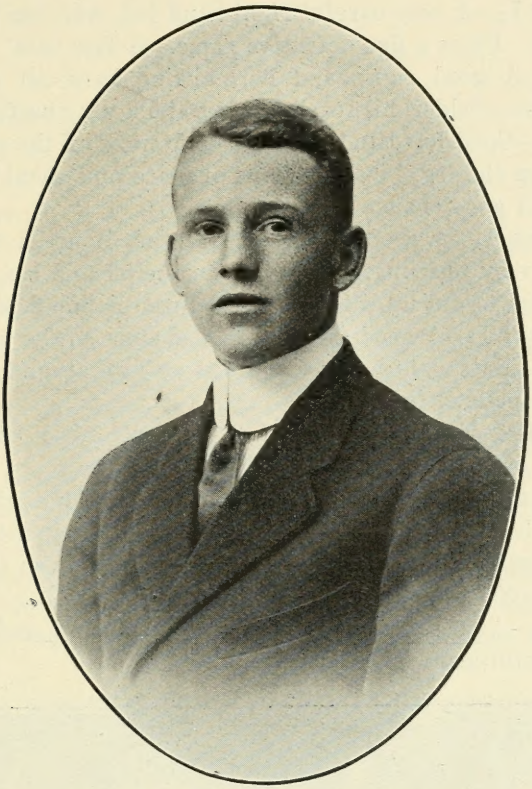
Varsity added another defeat to the college's list on Friday, May 26th. Risteen with 11 was the only one to get double figures. S. A. C. were all out for 51. Varsity batted well, having 110 for 6 wickets when stumps were drawn. Macdonald's 48 and Greene's 26 not out were big factors in the score. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 2 for 45; Ross I., 0 for 15; Campbell I., 0 for 9; Cassels I., 2 for 16; Crawford, 2 for 13.

A close game was played with St. Alban's C. C. on Saturday, May 27th. St. Andrew's won the toss and elected to bat. The wickets went down rather quickly before the bowling of Hancock and Colbourne, all being out for 45, of which Hewitt made 8 not out and Risteen 9. St. Alban's had 9 wickets down for 37 runs, but the last two men made a stand and brought the score up to 69. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 4 for 27; Crawford, 4 for 38.

The drunk lifted his hat with exaggerated politeness and bowed to the man passing by. "Would you have the 'xtreme—hic—kindness?" he asked suavely "to tell me which is the—hic—opposite shide of the street?"

"Certainly. Right over there," was the answer.

"Now ishn't that mosht p'culiar," said the inebriate, a slight shade of irritation creeping into his voice, "I wash jusht over—hic—there an' they told—hic—me it wash over here."—*Ex.*



Hume Crawford, Captain

PERSONNEL---FIRST CRICKET TEAM.

CRAWFORD.—Captain. A very good bat, scoring freely all round the wicket when set. Also a very good fast bowler and excellent field, being very sure of catches in the slips.

CASSELS I.—The only other old color on the team. A very correct bat, scoring freely on the off. A good change bowler. One of the best fielders on the team.

RISTEEN I.—Came up from last year's second team. A good wicket-keeper. Has had hard luck in being hit so much during the season. A free-hitting bat, with great punishing power on the leg side.

COURTNEY.—Has developed into a very good medium fast bowler. On his day a really difficult man to play. Bats well if careful, but is inclined to pull.

HEWITT I.—A very careful right-hand bat, who can hit well on the leg side. Plays a fine defensive game. A fair field.

NICOL.—A good right-hand bat, hitting hard all around the wicket. A fine fielder, his reach making him a very useful point.

ROSS I.—Good left-handed bat; a little weak on the off, but hits very well on the leg. Does well in practice and should do better in games. A good change bowler.

CAMPBELL I.—A good change bowler and, if under control, his delivery is very puzzling. Bats well on the off and can hit on the leg. Inclined to put up catches in the slips. A fine field.

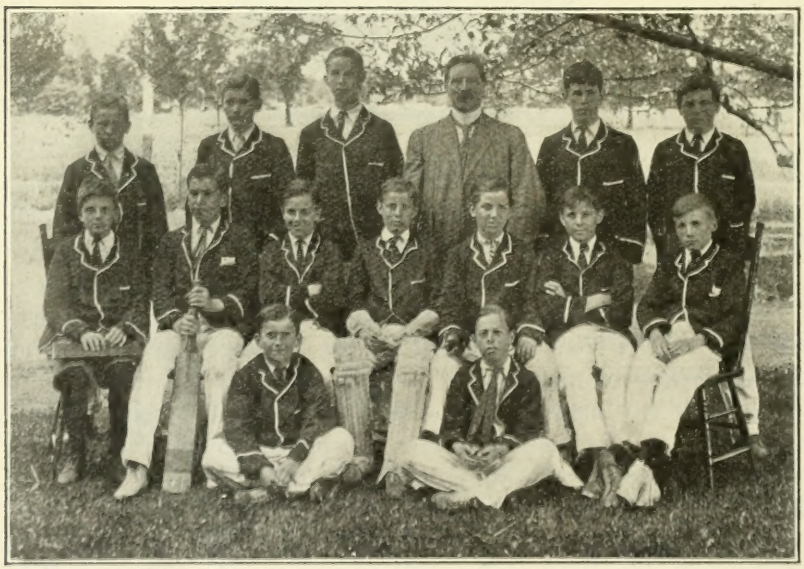
THOMPSON I.—A good medium fast change bowler with a nice length ball. Bats right-handed and hits well all around the wicket, but greatly inclined to pull.

HATCH.—A right-hand bat of the slugger type, hitting very hard. One of the best fielders on the team.

BICKNELL.—Fair right-handed bat, weak on the off, but hits well on the leg. A little too anxious to score. A fair field.

MCCARTER.—A fair right-handed bat. Stronger on the leg side than on the off. Fields well in the slips.

ROSS II.—A good change bowler. Bats left-hand, and if careful is a very useful man. A good field.



Lower School First Cricket Team

SECOND TEAM.

Grace Church II. vs. S. A. C. II.—Lost..... 61—44
Rosedale II. vs. S. A. C. II.—Lost.....114—54
Masters vs. S. A. C. II.—Won.....(6 wickets) 43—30
Highfield vs. S. A. C. II.—Won.....154—92
U. C. C. II. vs. S. A. C. II.—Lost.....U. C. C. 98—31 and 21
T. C. S. vs. S. A. C. II.....
Highfield vs. S. A. C. II.....

On May 6th the Seconds played their first game, against Grace Church II. Grace Church won the toss and sent S. A. C. in first. The Seconds succeeded in making 41, thanks to Hewitt's careful batting. Grace Church followed, and by good batting scored 67, Herne for Grace Church making 26. Hewitt batted best for College, making 14. St. Andrew's bowling: Thompson, 6 for 19; McClinton, 2 for 8.

The next game was on May 13th, our opponents being Rosedale II. St. Andrew's went in first and scored 54, which was very good considering the bowling of Rosedale. Rosedale then went in and scored 114.

We next played the Masters on May 23 and scored our first win of the season. The Masters went in first and scored 30. Mr. Harris and Mr. Knighton making high scores. Sutherland took 5 wickets for 16 runs and Thompson 5 wickets for 14. The Seconds then went in and scored 43 for 6 wickets and then declared.

The team then travelled to Hamilton and succeeded in defeating Highfield in an all-day match. St. Andrew's won the toss and went in first, scoring 30 runs, Montgomery making high score. Then Highfield followed on and only succeeded in making 18 runs. The bowling of Sutherland and Thompson was very good. Sutherland took 3 wickets for 4 runs and Thompson 5 wickets for 14 runs. After lunch St. Andrew's went in again and by fine batting scored 122 runs, Stephen making 50 not out. Highfield went in again and made a stubborn stand, scoring 73 runs before being retired.

On Saturday, 3rd of June, we played Upper Canada, being beaten by an innings and 40 runs. The bowling and batting of Maclean of U. C. C. was very good, taking 5 wickets for 11 runs and scoring 37 runs. Ross made high score for College, making 10 runs.

The results of the T. C. S. II. and Highfield games came too late

for press. Altogether it has been a fairly successful season, Stephen taking the batting honors with an average of 15.7.

The following received Second team colors: Stephen, Bradley, Sutherland, Montgomery, McClinton, McGillivray, Dimock II., Malone, Bicknell, Paterson I. (Thompson and Ross II. went up to the Firsts.)



Junior Leaders

THE SPORTS.

THE eleventh annual sports, which took place on May 18th, were in every respect one of the most successful ever held at the college.

Although the weather at first seemed a little doubtful, the sun was shining brightly before the races had commenced.

The attendance, owing to the uncertain conditions was not quite so large as usual, still the grounds were well filled, there



Athletic Association

being many ladies and a good representation of old boys on the field.

We were greatly honored in having Mrs. Gibson with us to present the prizes at the close of the proceedings.

The informal dance, held in the college hall, was enjoyed by a large number of guests and boys alike.

McGillivray and Risteen I. both managed to break records, the former running the 220 yard dash in 24.3, and the 100 yard dash in 10 2-5, one-fifth of a second faster than Crossen's time in 1906.

Risteen I. cleared 19 feet in the running broad jump, nine inches further than the record which he established in 1910.

Yuille won the Junior Championship and Whitaker the Junior Boarders, while McGillivray won the Senior Championship in a closely contested struggle with Risteen, who captured the Boarders Cup.

The following are the results:

MONDAY, MAY 15TH.

*One Mile Run—1, Beasley; 2, McGillivray; 3, Dimock II. Time, 5 min. 3 3-5 sec.

TUESDAY, MAY 1ST.

*Half Mile Run—1, Beasley; 2, Dimock II.; 3, McGillivray. Time, 2 min. 12 sec.

*440 Yards Dash—1, McGillivray; 2, Allen I.; 3, Johnston I. Time, 56 sec.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17TH.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1, Sharpe; 2, Risteen I.; 3, Nicol. Distance, 91 yds.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1, Marshall II.; 2, Paterson II.; 3, Malcolm III. Distance, 79 yds. 6 in.

*Running High Jump (Junior)—1, Brown; 2, Gordon; 3, Whitaker II. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.

*Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Risteen I.; 2, Nicol; 3, McGillivray. Distance, 9 ft. 5 in.

*Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, Gordon II.; 3, Brown. Distance, 8 ft. 3 1-2 in.

*Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Risteen I.; 2, Parsons; 3, McGillivray. Distance, 19 ft.

*Running Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, Brown; 3, Paterson II. Distance, 15 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Putting the Shot—1, Nicol; 2, Bicknell. Distance, 37 ft. 4 1-2 in.

THURSDAY, MAY 18TH.

50 Yards Dash (Preparatory Forms)—1, Hewitt II.; 2, Somers I.; 3, Kent. Time, 7 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Dash (Senior)—1, McGillivray; 2, Allan I.; 3, Risteen. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Dash (under 13)—1, Rolph III.; 2, Taylor I.; 3, Carr. Time, 13 sec.

Three-Legged Race—1, Hatch and Mitchell; 2, Leeson and Gordon.

220 Yards Dash (Senior)—1, McGillivray; 2, Allan; 3, Risteen. Time, 24 2-5.

Lower School Race (Handicap)—1, Odell II.; 2, Odell I.; 3, Rolph III.

100 Yards Dash (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, Burns; 3, Paterson II. Time, 12 sec.

*Hurdle Iace (Senior)—1, Risteen; 2, Nicol; 3, Dimock II. Time, 19 2-5 sec.

220 Yards Dash (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, McMichael; 3, Paterson. Time, 29 sec.

Sack Race—1, Herschkowitz; 2, Whitaker II.

Obstacle Race—1, Whitaker II.; 2, Burns; 3, McMichael.

*Hurdle Race (Junior)—1, Whitaker II.; 2, Whitney; 3, Lightbourn. Time, 23 sec.

*Running High Jump (Senior)—1, Dimock II.; 2, Hatch; 3, Risteen. Height, 5.10 3-4.

Old Boys' Race—1, Duncanson; 2, Crawford.

220 Yards (under 17)—1, Dimock; 2, Cassels; 3, Mitchel. Time, 25 2-5 sec.

Consolation Race (Junior)—1, Bateman I.; 2, Hewitt II.

Consolation Race (Senior)—1, Johnston I.; 2, Campbell; 3, Nation.

The Table Relay race was won by Bicknell's Table, the team being: Bicknell (Capt.), Foster, Young II. and Allan I.

Note.—1. Events marked with asterisk count of championship.

2. Only championship events count for Boarders' Championship.

D. W. M.

S.A.C. RECORDS.

50 Yards Dash—Winstanley, A. E., 1908, 5 3-5 sec.
100 Yards Dash—McGillivray, D., 1911, 10 2-5 sec.
220 Yards Dash—McGillivray, D., 1911, 24 1-5 sec.
440 Yards Dash—Munroe, E., 1909, 54 4-5 sec.
Half Mile—Knox, A. M., 1907, 2 min. 8 sec.
One Mile—Grass, R., 1907, 4 min. 56 sec.
Hurdles (120 yards)—Crossen, J. L., 1906, 17 sec.
High Jump—Risteen, C. F., 1910, 5 ft. 6 in.
Running Broad Jump—Risteen, C. F., 1911, 19 ft.
Standing Broad Jump—Smith, H. G., 1903, 9 ft. 8 in.
Putting the Shot—Thompson, W., 1909, 38 ft. 10 in.
Throwing the Hammer—Crossen, J. L., 1906, 73 ft. 6 in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball—Allison, A. E., 1905, 303 ft. 8 in.
Kicking the Football—Sale, J., 1905, 142 ft. 6 in.



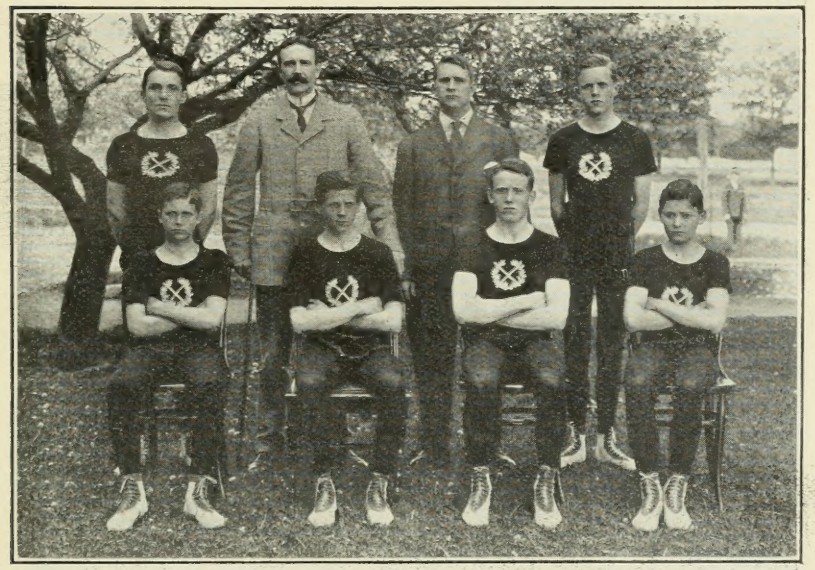
Librarians

THE ASSAULT AT ARMS.

THE gymnasium on March 31st was resplendent with flags and bunting, in anticipation of the large number of parents and friends of the college who came up to see the fifth annual "Assault-at-Arms."

As usual the "gym team" was the feature of the entertainment, and under the able Captaincy of Auld, they performed many feats of daring which met with decided approval from all.

The first part of the programme was devoted to marching, calis-



Gym Team

thenics, apparatus and mat exercises; exhibitions in boxing, wrestling and fencing being given later in the evening.

Nelson and Hewitt, decked out in the gay attire of clowns, kept everybody in high spirits by their amusing acrobatic stunts.

The whole Athletic Association, and Mr. Chapman in particular, well deserve credit, both for their management of the events during the evening and their painstaking work throughout the season.

At eight o'clock Form I. and the Preparatories opened the programme by an exhibition of marching tactics, followed by the junior leaders with the German Horse.

Form III. A. now went through some good wand exercises, and when they had left, the gymnasium team made their first appearance.

This year's team, composed of Auld (Capt.), Allan II., Crawford, Lockhart, Montgomery, Thompson II. and Wright, won loud applause by their finished and spectacular exercises.

The junior leaders were now called upon for an exhibition of tumbling, after which the First and Second "Gym" teams again became the centre of attraction, this time on the parallel bars.

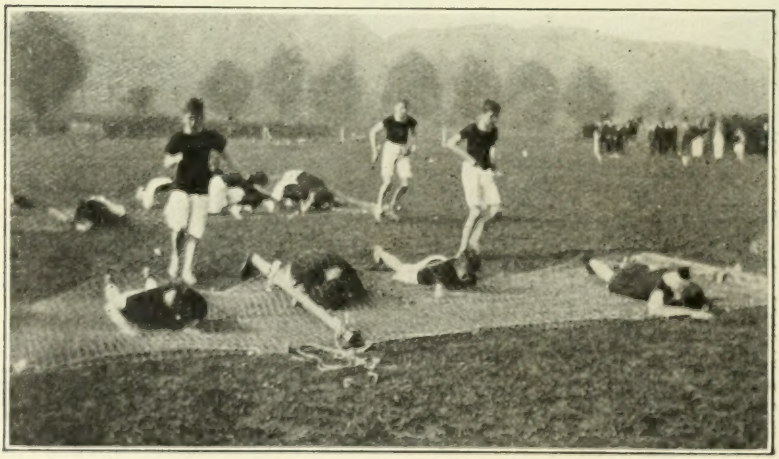
Bateman II., Captain, led in the junior leaders, who performed on the low horizontal bar, bringing to an end the first division of the programme.

Part II. commenced with fencing, Herschowitz and Caven going through the intricate manoeuvres of the Grand Salute.

Bicknell, the college middleweight champion, and Foster II. showed us some fast wrestling, the evening being brought to a successful conclusion by an exhibition of boxing, Rolph III. vs. Masson, Oxley opposing Wallace III.

"God Save the King" was now played, and the guests departed, having seen one of the best "Assaults" in the history of the College.

D. W. M.



Obstacle Race

THE TOURNAMENTS.

THE annual boxing, wrestling and fencing tournaments were held on the afternoon of Thursday and evening of Friday, the 5th of May.

There was a large entry list, and the tournaments of this year lived up to the high standard that has always been maintained in the past.

All the bouts were, on the whole, well contested, and Mr. Chap-



Isthmian Club

man deserves great credit for his efficient management of the proceedings.

The Athletic Association wish to thank Professor Williams of Varsity and the others who so kindly acted as judges in the various events.

THURSDAY.

Boxing.

Beasley won from Copeland in the "prelims" to the 115 lb. class. They were well matched, but Beasley showed up to best advantage in the third round.

Moore boxed Furguson for the heavyweight championship. It was a close decision, but Moore won on his superior hitting ability.

Wrestling.

Nicol won in an interesting bout with Ferguson for the Heavy-



Shield Team

weight and College Wrestling Championship, the falls were in 1.25 and 3 minutes respectively.

Fencing.

In the junior preliminaries Grant won from Herschowitz, scoring five points to the latter's two, while Caven was victor of a close encounter with Bateman.

The Senior Championship was won by MacKeen in a very close encounter with Lowndes.

FRIDAY 5TH.

Wrestling.

Munn II. won from Whitney in the 75 lb. class, while Cassels II. downed Bateman II. in the class heavier. Both gained their two falls inside six minutes.

Class A was won by Scott II., who put Bradley on his back twice in three minutes.

Davison and Leslie were next to enter the ring in the bantam weight. "Freddy" worked hard, but could not hold Leckie, who was heavier, the latter threw him in 3.20 min., and again in two minutes.

Patterson I. secured one fall from Diver in 4 min. 25 sec., and as no further falls were made, Patterson won the bout. Herschowitz and Fraser in the 125 lb., or special weight class, wrestled two six minute bouts without a fall, but as Herschowitz was most aggressive he was given the decision.

The Featherweight Class was won by Mitchell, the latter putting Gideon down once in the six minute round.

McGillivray put Foster away in the lightweight. The bout was fast from start to finish, and one of the most interesting of the evening. The time was 3.10 for the first and 2.10 for the last fall.

The Middleweight title goes to Bicknell, who defeated Ross III.

Boxing.

Rolph III. won from Marks in the 85-lb class, but later met defeat at Whitney's hands in the same class. Rolph II. won his bout with Hunter, while in the Bantamweight, Wallace and Carlyle gave a good exhibition of boxing, which resulted in the former winning.

Auld boxed two rounds with Malone in a preliminary bout in the featherweights, postponed from Thursday. Auld won, also defeating Beasley later in the evening.

The Special Weight was won by McClinton from Allen. Scott I. defeated Young I. in the Lightweight. The best bout was between Montgomery and Leason. "Monty" had the science, but Leason showed great pluck in "sticking to it," and he well deserves the second medal awarded.

The Middleweight class between Spohn and MacKeen was won by MacKeen in a two round encounter.

D. W. M.

OLD BOYS' COLUMN.

OWING to the kindness of those responsible for the management of the REVIEW, the Old Boys' Association has at its disposal considerable space in the present issue. The Old Boys' Committee appreciate this action on the part of the REVIEW and venture to hope that in all future issues of the paper the Old Boys' Column will be an interesting feature. This cannot be done unless the Old Boys take the trouble to forward to the Secretary any items of information concerning themselves or other Old Boys. There are many of your old school-fellows who would like to know where you are and what you are doing. Why not make it possible for us to tell them? Send the information now, addressed to the Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, St. Andrew's College, and it will be placed on file for the next issue of the paper.

The attention of the Old Boys is directed to the reference, in another column of this issue, to the reorganization of the College. St. Andrew's College is no longer a proprietary institution, but has become a school founded as a public trust by private endowment. Early in the autumn the Old Boys' Association will be asked to elect three representatives on the Board of Governors. If you are not already a member of the Association, send in your name without delay and secure a voice in the election of the Old Boys' representatives.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Over sixty members were present at the seventh annual meeting of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association, which was held at the College on Monday, January 9th. The Old Boys were the guests of the College at dinner. After the completion of the toast list the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Mr. Clayton S. Crawford.

1st Vice-President—Mr. W. B. McPherson.

2nd Vice-President—Mr. Fred Housser.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. J. Leslie Fergusson.

Committee—Mr. Paul Fleming, Mr. A. E. Gooderham, Jr., Mr. G. B. McPherson, Mr. Adam Sproat.

NOTES.

Herb Allan is still with the A. A. Allan Co., 51 Bay St.

K. A. Angus has been transferred from the Canadian Bank of Commerce, High River, Alta., to the bank's office in Calgary.

A. E. Austin and Andy Duncanson now compose the firm of Austin, Duncanson & Co., members Toronto Stock Exchange, Toronto. The Association wish them every success in their new venture.

Gordon Auld has moved to Eden Mills, Ontario.

A. Lesslie Bell is with J. J. White & Co., engineers, New York.

Ed. O. Bath is with the Toronto Electric Company, Toronto.

Dick Burton is contracting in Saskatoon, Sask.

C. L. Cantley has again moved from New Glasgow to Sydney Mines, N.S.

Austin Campbell is at present in England.

"Ed" Cousins has been appointed Assistant Engineer, City Engineer's office, Toronto.

Clayton S. Crawford is studying law.

Clifford Dineen is one of our Old Boys lately named.

Congratulations to Russell Meikle on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Helen Whitney.

Congratulations to Murray Wrong on his excellent standing in the Honor List at graduation.

Alex. Douglas has moved to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he is employed by Douglas & Co.

M. McM. Eberts is at the United States Military Academy, West Point, N.Y .

J. C. Fraser is floor member for F. H. Deacon & Co., members Toronto Stock Exchange.

J. L. and A. T. Fergusson are both members of the firm of G. Tower Fergusson & Co., members Toronto Stock Exchange.

Allan R. Gillies is at present farming some eight hundred acres at Clover Bar, Alta.

H. F. H. Hertzberg is with the Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Winnipeg, and C. S. L. is with the same company at Walkerville, Ontario.

Harry B. Housser is again living in the city and is engaged in the bond business.

Ivan B. Kirkhouse has left the employ of the Royal Bank and has taken a position with the Union Trust Co., Toronto.

We wish to congratulate "Bill" Lea on the birth of his first. A daughter.

A. Mordecai is managing a plantation in Jamaica.

Reg. W. Macintyre is practising his profession in New York.

Frank Macdonald is contracting at Rosedale, Ont., this summer.

Wills Maclachlan is managing the Trenton Electric and Water Company, at Belleville, Ontario.

Harold G. Smith is mill manager of Penmans Limited, Paris, Ontario. Harold has been lately married.

We have to thank Geo. M. Graham for his valuable suggestion re Association. Such suggestions are very acceptable to the officers, who wish every member would have something to say.

Ed. Thorne is with J. D. Whitmore, engineers, Regina, Sask.

We regret to record the death of Andrew Carrick.

G. J. Thomson writes from Vancouver to be remembered to "The Bunch."

J. D. Shook is with the Security Loan Company, Regina.

A great many letters have been received by the Secretary from Old Boys wishing the Association success. Success will only come from membership, and membership from the united efforts of the Old Boys. The committee would like to see every member bring in at least one "new" member. Try and help in this matter.

We regret to record the death of Douglas Wilkinson.

Your Secretary is in receipt of a most interesting letter from Horace M. Fraser. He says he has met the two Carver boys in Seattle, where they are doing well in the lumber business. He also advises that Forbes Stewart is in the civil service in Vancouver.

MEMBERS OF THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

The following is a list of members of the Old Boys' Association as appearing on the Secretary's books at the present time. It is quite possible that changes in addresses have taken place of which the Secretary has not been informed. Of such changes the committee will be glad to have information:

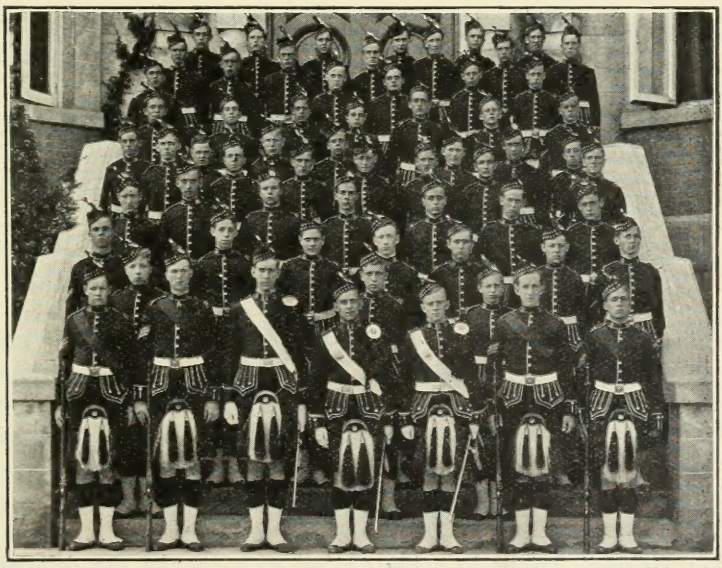
Allan, Herbert, 51 Bay St., Toronto.
Angus, Kenneth A., Bank of Commerce, Calgary, Alta.
Austin, A. E., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.
Auld, Gordon, Eden Mills, Ont.
Bath, Edward Osler, 12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.
Beaty, Wilfred T., 61 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Burton, Robert S., Saskatoon, Sask.
Beaty, Harold T., 61 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Burns, E. A., 1 Hawthorne Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.
Blackstock, Gibbs, 79 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto.
Bell, Andrew Leslie, 301 St. James St., Montreal.

Carver, Norman H., Box 57, Seattle, Wash.
Carver, D. Frank, Box 57, Seattle, Wash.
Campbell, Austin, "Canada House," Norfolk St., Strand, London N.C., England.
Clark, Griffith B., 72 Roxborough St. E., Toronto.
Cousins, Edward L., 32 Laburnam Ave., S. Parkdale, Toronto.
Carlyle, R. T., 72 Winchester St., Toronto.
Caldwell, Lee R., New Carlisle, Bonaventure Co., P.Q.
Crawford, Clayton S., 11 Lowther Ave., Toronto.
Cameron, John, c/o Cameron & Heap, Kenora, Ont.
Caldwell, Claude, New Carlisle, Bonaventure Co., P.Q.
Cantley, C. L., Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia.
Driscoll, Harrison A., 4 Rosemount Apts., River Ave., Winnipeg.
DeLaplante, W. M., 713 West Ferry St., Buffalo.
Davies, Wilfred, 244 Todmorden Road, Toronto.
Davies, Melville R., 244 Todmorden Road, Toronto.
Davies, Lester M., 244 Todmorden Road, Toronto.
Douglas, Norman A., 91 Heath St., Toronto.
Dineen, S. Gowan, 230 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Donald, H. H., 177 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.
Doherty, Hugh J., 629 Maryland St., Winnipeg.
Doolittle, Gordon W., 159 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Douglas, Alexander, 609 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Duncanson, A. E., Austin, Duncanson & Co., Toronto.
DuVernet, Horace, Shandilla, Upper Sheena, B.C.
Davidson, Harold D., 117 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Dineen, E. T., Sterling Bank, Parkdale, Toronto.
Eberts, Melchior McEwen, U. S. M. A., West Point, N.Y.
Elliott, A. L., 10 Hawthorne Ave., Toronto.
Fletcher, Andrew Almon., 532 Huron St., Toronto.
Finlay, Richard I., 19 Albany Ave., Toronto.
Fraser, J. C., F. H. Deacon & Co., 97 Bay St., Toronto.
Fleming, Paul R., 3 Spadina Gardens, Toronto.
Firstbrook, H. M., Moore Park, Toronto.
Fergusson, A. Tower, 70 Madison Ave., Toronto.
Fraser, Horace M., Atlin, B.C.
Gibson, W. Osmund, 280 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg.
Goldstein, Walter H., 82 Yonge St., Toronto.
Gillies, Allan R., Clover Bar, Alta.

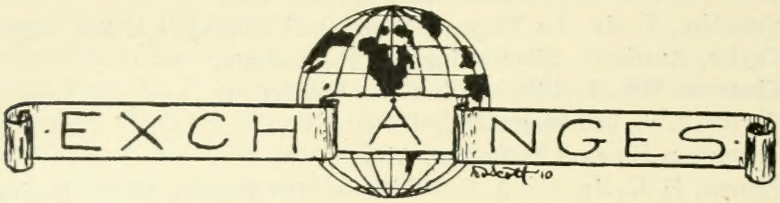
Gordon, Harvey M., 921 Bathurst St., Toronto.
Grass, Robert E., 22 Maitland St., Toronto.
Gray, Milton J., 165 Brunswick St., Stratford.
Grand, Arthur M., 28 Oriole Road, Toronto.
Grear, Charles, 58 Redpath Ave., Montreal.
Gooderham, E. A., Jr., South Drive and Glen Road, Toronto.
Goodman, H. R., 11 Maple Ave., Toronto.
Gibson, D. P., 280 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg.
Gill, Robt. J., James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville.
Graham, George M., 91 Kingsway, Winnipeg.
Heintzman, Charles T., 117 King St. W., Toronto.
Hope, John Campbell, 20 Nanton Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.
Haas, George, 128 St. George St., Toronto.
Humphrey, Fred H., 518 Ontario St., Toronto.
Hertzberg, H. F. H., 803 Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg.
Hertzberg, C. S. L., 241 Victoria Road, Walkerville.
Hunter, N. C., c/o Union Bank of Canada, Virden, Man.
Howe, Lyman P., 82 Charles St. E., Toronto.
Haywood, A. P., 159 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Housser, Frederick, 92 Glen Road, Toronto.
Haywood, Charles U., 159 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Hastings, C. E., 258 Wellesley St., Toronto.
Hodgson, Donald E., 61 Charles St. E., Toronto.
Irwin, Frederick H. M., 332 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto.
James, Wilfred, 144 St. George St., Toronto.
Kappele, George R., 9 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Kirkhouse, Ivan B., c/o Union Trust Co., Toronto.
Knox, Arnold M., 71 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Kemp, C. A., 119 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto.
Lennard, Henry G., Bank of Commerce, Dundas.
Loudon, William J., 17 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.
Leishman, W. Henry, 82 South Drive, Toronto.
Lytle, William H., 608 Huron St., Toronto.
Lea, Dr. W. J., 615 Pender St. W., Vancouver.
Lockhart, M. Burritt, 36 Dale Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.
Lee, Stanley B., Highland Ave., Toronto.
Lovell, Robert D., 92 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Moffatt, Ambrose R., 12 South Drive, Toronto.
MacLachlan, Wills, Trenton Electric and Water Co., Belleville.
Mulholland, A. R., Bank of Toronto, Peterboro.

Morphy, J. A., Oshawa, Ont.
Murray, G. M., 170 Jarvis St., Toronto.
MacLachland, Sinclair, 183 Carlton St., Toronto.
Martin, Pedro C., 17 Chemin Dumas (Chapel), Geneva, Switzerland.
McPherson, W. B., 6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McFarland, A. Cecil, 38 Arthur St., Brantford.
Massey, Vincent, 519 Jarvis St., Toronto.
McGregor, Kenneth Roy, Oakville, Ont.
McKie, J. G., 18 Howland Ave., Toronto.
McNicoll, A., "Braeleigh," Forden Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
McCrullough, R. C., Markdale, Ont.
McPherson, G. W. B., 6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McPherson, N. B., 6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Macdonald, Frank, 3 Rusholme Road, Toronto.
MacIntyre, Dr. R. W., 560 West 157th Street, New York.
Moore, Theo., Woodstock Baptist College, Woodstock, Ont.
Mordecai, Ainsley, Stanton Estate, Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.
MacTavish, Wilfrid I., 198 Ossington Ave., Toronto.
McTaggart, W. B., Royal Military College, Kingston.
Maguire, C. D., Eglinton P.O., Ont.
Newman, Maitland F., 103 South Drive, Toronto.
Phillips, C. W., Missinabie, Ont.
Prowse, Leonard, Beaumaris, Muskoka Lake, Ont.
Paisley, J. Ernest H., 30 Berthelet St., Montreal.
Parker, Park G., 116 Franklin St., New York.
Phillips, Melville, c/o A. C. & H. B. Ry., Residency No. 3, Missanabie.
Reid, George T., 172 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Ross-Ross, Elcho, Box 116, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.
Rutler, Guy W., "Woodford," Birdcliffe P.O., Ont.
Sutherland, G. Chester, Woodstock College, Woodstock.
Shook, J. Donald, Security Loan Co., Regina.
Silver, H. N., "Parkside," Pleasant St., Halifax, N.S.
Skidmore, J. P., Cobourg, Ont.
Stark, W. Berkeley, 21 Carlton St., Toronto.
Stewart, Alan Edgeworth, 136 Bedford Road, Toronto.
Sale, Julian, Jr., Julian Sale Leather Co., Toronto.
Sanderson, Allan G., 10 Oakland Ave., Toronto.
Sproat, Adam D., Mansewood, Ont.
Shirriff, Q., Niagara Falls South, Ont.

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Taylor, J. S., 580 Church St., Toronto.
Thompson, Stewart T., Coutts, Alta.
Thorne, E. L., Jr., c/o J. D. Whitmore, 104 Duncan Block, Regina.
Thompson, E. W., Prince George Hotel, Toronto.
Wilson, Archibald G., Ingersoll, Ont.
Winstanley, E. A., 134 Higgins Ave., Missoula, Mont.
Webber, R. S., 10 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Wallace, H., 580 Church St., Toronto.
White, Herbert P., P.O. Box 1077, Pembroke, Ont.
Walker, H. H., 272 Huron St., Toronto.
Worth, Reginald H., 123 Victor Ave., Toronto.
Wilson, Laurence R., 7 Rowanwood Ave., Toronto.
Wood, W. L., Jr., 58 Chestnut Park Road, Toronto.
Webaten, W. L., Bank of Nova Scotia, Dundas St. Branch, Toronto.
Waterous, C. L., Brantford, Ont.
Wilson, J. H., 711 Bower Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.



Cadet Corps



THE *Calendar* is always neat and attractive, their Joke Column invariably good.

The Arbor is always up to a high standard.

The Boone Review and *College Echoes* are two very welcome exchanges, coming as they do from far off China. Both are very well gotten up and contain interesting material and cuts.

The Mirror is one of the best of our exchanges. Their good cover designs, excellent matter and cuts make it a pleasure to receive this paper.

The St. Margaret's Chronicle is always a welcome exchange.

The Pharos, from New Westminster, B.C., is new to our exchange column. It's all right. Come again.

Alt-Heidelberg is a neat paper.

The Quill contains good matter.

Blue and White is a good all around magazine. Their cover and headings are very good.

McMaster Monthly always contains excellent stories and articles.

The Ashburian is very neat and interesting.

The REVIEW wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges. We hope to see them all on our exchange list next year:

The Calendar, Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, City; *Blue and White,* Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.J.; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, New York; *Alt-Heidelberg,* Heidelberg University, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia; *College Echoes,* Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin, China; *The Pharos,* High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *St. Margaret's Chronicle,* St. Margaret's College, City; *Boone Review,* Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Arbor,* University of Toronto, City; *St. Hilda's Chronicle,* St. Hilda's, City; *Bishop Bethune College Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa; *The Ashburian,* Ashburian College, Ottawa.

D. S. Scott.

CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

THE University Correspondent offered a prize of one guinea for the best collection of twelve amusing schoolboy mistakes. This has been awarded to Miss E. M. Sutherst, 26 Beauval Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.

A selection from the large number of entries received is given below:

"Mute, inglorious Milton." These epitaphs are used by a writer who was envious of Milton's being Poet Orient.

He "finds sermons in stones," expresses the same idea as Wordsworth's "the restless stonechat all day long is heard."

Calvin was a noted scientist and Peer who died lately.

Magna Carta said that the King had no right to bring soldiers into a lady's house and tell her to mind them.

Henry VIII. married Katherine, and she said it was Wolsey's fault.

Naples is an independent state in the north of India.

Shakespeare made a mistake in mentioning Galen, who did not live till a hundred years after his time.

The feminine of fox is foxhen.

John Burns was the name of one of the claimants to the Throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I.

Panama is a town of Colombo, where they are trying to make an isthmus.

The three highest mountains in Scotland are Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Jonson.

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London.

An interjection is a sudden explosion of the mind.

Monsoons are fertile gorges between the Himalays.

When the English first landed in Australia the only four-footed animal in the country was a rat.

"Those melodious bursts that fill the spacious days of great Elizabeth" refers to the songs that Queen Elizabeth used to write in her spare time.

Tennyson wrote a poem called Grave's Energy.

The Rump Parliament consisted entirely of Cromwell's stalactites.

The plural of spouse is spice.

Queen Elizabeth rode a white horse from Kenilworth through Coventry with nothing on, and Raleigh offered her his cloak.

King John was surnamed Blackland because he died of the Black Death.

When England was placed under an Interdict the Pope stopped all births, marriages, and deaths for a year.

A figure of speech is a way of talking or writing by which you say what you don't mean and yet mean what you say. Example: "He blows his own trumpet." You don't mean that he has a trumpet, but you do mean that he blows it, i.e., he boasts.

Lord Macaulay was a great statesman who suffered very much from gout, and so wrote all his poems in lambic feet, which was hard work.

Humphrey of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort died shortly after each other.

Many vessels have been wrecked and sunk in attempting to force a passage through the Rockies.

"The Deserted Traveller" is the most famous of Goldsmith's works.

Penzance in Cornwall is noted for pirates.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

By the Act of Union of 1535 Welshmen were put on an equality with Englishmen. . . they lost their language and their manners.

Volcanoes are due to the infernal heat of the earth.

A plural verb is used when we do two things at once.

Alnwick is the place where the Duke of Northumberland likes to sit (Text-Book has "favorite seat.")

The gods of the Indians are chiefly Mahommed and Buddha, and in their spare time they do lots of carving.

Every one needs a holiday from one year's end to another.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterwards.

Septuagint was the name given to the seven Old English kingdoms.

The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual cheek (? check).

The Red Indians when hunting carry their lives in their hands, also their revolvers.

"Lord of a barren heritage" means that the man had inherited a baronage.

Venus was the goddess of beauty. She is sometimes called the Morning Star of the Reformation.

According to the Habeas Corpus Act a man cannot be punished twice for the same offence, so if a man steals a pig and is put in prison for it, when he comes out he can steal another pig and not be punished.—*Public Opinion.*

"Now, then, men," cried the gallant captain, "fight like heroes till your powder is done, and then run for your lives, I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."—*Wasp.*

"Doctor, I've tried everything and I can't get to sleep," complained the voice at the other end of the telephone. "Can't you do something for me?"

"Yes," said the doctor, kindly, "Just hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."—*Ex.*

The new butler was nervous and was in obvious fear of his ducal employer. He proffered a dish with great ceremony "Cold grace, your grouse?" he queried.—*Ex.*

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table."

"I can't, mama," protested the little girl, "I'm a figitarian."
—*Ex.*

Pretty Passenger: "Captain, did the ship really make twenty knots every hour last night?"

Captain: "Yes, Miss."

Pretty Passenger: "And what do you do with so many knots?"

Captain (gruffly): "Toss 'em overboard."

Pretty Passenger: "O, how queer! I thought the sailors had to untie them during the day."—*Ex.*

First Fool: "Say, did you hurt yourself last night when you stumbled over the piano?"

Second Fool: "No; I hit the soft pedal."—*Ex.*

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured!"—*Ex.*

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old-boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—*Ex.*

There was a young belle named Nell
Who, skating one day, fell pellmell
    And those standing near
    Were astonished to hear
Her cry out in anger: "Oh my!"—*Ex.*

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a button in this salad?"

"Dat am part ob de dressin', sah."—*Ex.*

Teacher: "What happened to the Roman empire?"

Freshie: "I don't know, unless he made a bad decision in the ninth inning with two men out, the score tied, and two strikes on the batter."—*Ex.*

I was struck right away by his imposing presence, his eagle glance, and the stern smile that illumined the noble curves of his lips. I like to see a handsome man and the aristocratic bearing of this individual made me feel as if I stood in the presence of some Viking of old. His clothes were neat and tasteful, in the latest but not the extremest fashion. His frame was slender and tall, but well-knit, lithe and athletic. His brown eyes had a kindly look as of some bright, benignant star. His nose was of classic Greek outline; his mouth and chin expressed character most strongly (never mind just now what kind); and the healthful glow of sun and wind made his complexion a thing to attract the notice of the more discriminating of the fair sex. His hair, wavy and brown, fell over his head in rippling cascades as if sporting from pure joy of life. Pride and delight filled my soul as I gazed, and it was only with the greatest reluctance I turned away from the mirror.—*Ex.*

"Oh, Lord," was the fervent prayer of a Southern negro, "oh, Lord, send a turkey to this po' ole darky." But he prayed in vain. Christmas was coming and he grew desperate. "Oh, Lord," he prayed again, with increasing fervor, "oh, Lord, send this po' ole darky to a turkey." And that very night his prayer was answered. —*Ex.*

First Boy: "I'm getting tough, I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday and it scared me to death."

Second Boy: "That's not unusual. It always takes my breath away."—*Ex.*

Teacher: "What is the longest river in Italy, Leo?"
Leo: "The—the—the—"
Another Student (in loud whisper): "Say Po, Leo."
Leo (quickly): "Sapolio."—*Ex.*

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all lined with chaps,
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by the straps!—*Ex.*

When is a joke not a joke?
Usually.—*Ex.*

There was a young lady named Breeze,
Who took many B.A.'s and M.D.'s,
Collapsed with the strain,
Said the doctor, " 'Tis plain,
You're killing yourself by degrees."

THIS IS YOUR HOUR.

This is your hour—creep upon it!
Summon your power, leap upon it!
Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
Strike it, spike it, with full might!
If you take too long to ponder,
Opportunity may wander.
Yesterday's a boy of sorrow,
No man ever finds to-morrow.
Hesitation is a mire—
Climb out, climb up, climb on higher!
Fumble, stumble, risk a tumble!
Make a start, however humble!
Do your best and do it now!
Pluck and grit will find out how.
Persevere, although you tire—
While a spark is left, there's fire.
Distrust doubt; doubt is a liar,
Even if all mankind jeer you,
You can force the world to cheer you.

ENVOY.

Quicksands underlie the pleasures;
'Neath the rocks are hidden treasures.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered by 'obble skirt,
'Opped the "400."

He sent a letter home for tin
And when his sire beheld it,
He also wrote one and put in
The tin, but backwards spelled it.

"Got your eye!" exclaimed the operating surgeon, as he finally extracted the patient's quivering orb and laid it before him on the table.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Teacher: "Jimmie, correct this sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Jimmie: "Our teacher is a sight."

"You lay your hands on me and you'll hear of it," said the piano threateningly.

Barber: "Would you like anything on your face when I've finished, sir?"

Victim: "Well, you might leave my nose, if you don't mind!"

Conductor: "Move forward, there, please."

Casey (who has moved along twice): "Divil a bit furder! Oi paid me nickel t' ride, not t' kape on walkin'."

OILING THE MOTOR.

"Giles," said De Whizz to his chauffeur, before he started on his run across the State, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure, Giles?"

"Yes, sir. I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir, an' I have greased the cornet-a-piston, the pluribus unum, the exhaust pipe, the muffled tread, the thingumabob, the rigamajig, and both the hot-boxes."

"Are you sure those are all the parts you have oiled, Giles?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have forgotten the most important place of all. Take the can and squirt a few drops of oil on the license number, so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the license number, Giles."—*Ex.*

NAUGHTY.

Percy: "Heavens! I got a zero to-day."

Swat: "That's nothing."

"Here's where I get down to business," said the submarine diver, as he climbed over the side of the ship.

A goat ate all our other jokes
And then began to run,
"I can not stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."

That reminds us of the star baseball player in a certain college who appeared to have gone stale. On the field one afternoon the coach drew him aside and said:

"Bill, what is the matter with you? Have you been drinking?"

"No, I haven't taken a drink this season," was the reply.

"Have you been smoking?"

"No. I never smoke."

After a few moments of deep reflection the coach turned on him and said: "I know what the trouble is; you have been studying."

"I have, a little bit."

"Well, cut it out! Haven't you any consideration at all for your college?"—*Ex.*

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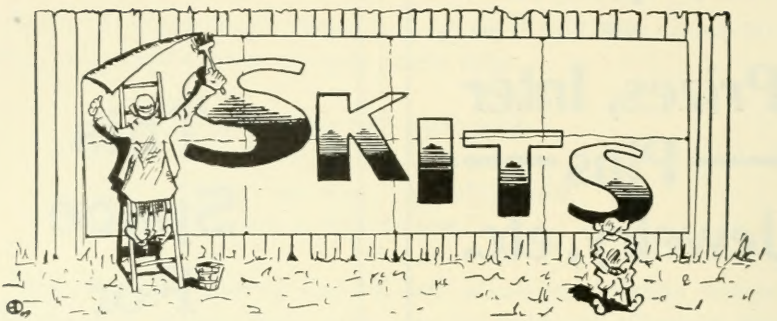
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BRADLEY: "Sir, may I sharpen my knife?"
Mr. Laidlaw: "Yes, and here is another."

Monty (at the table): "Did Montreal win?"
Bunch: "Kill it."

Monty: "Now, when I was on the Gym team." (That's as far as he gets.)

Casey Jones: "Boys, oh boys, I will have to write for me father's private car."

NOTICE.

The Simpson Cricket Club wish to announce that smoking in the club house is strictly prohibited.

Ambrose (on June 21): "Fated." "Where have I heard that word before?"

Mr. Knighton: "Any fool would know that formulae."
Davidson I.: "But we are not fools, sir."

Nurse: "Let's see your tongue."
Courtney: "What's the use? No tongue can tell how sick I am."

Mr. Bishop: "Do you keep coffee in the bean?"
Clerk: "Upstairs, this is the *ground* floor.

"May I kiss you, my dear?"
Said Rhoderick Dhew.
"It's a serious question
I'm asking you."
Before he got through,
With her head on one side,
"Why Rhoderick Dhew! ! !"
The maid replied,
(L'envoy) And Rhoderick Dhid! ! !

Umpire (at ball game): "Foul!"
Jardine: "But, my good man, where are the feathers?"
Umpire: "Aw, wotcher givin' us, guy! This is a picked team."

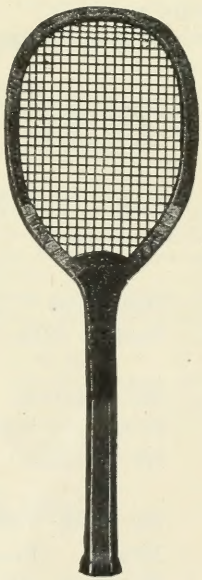
Jardine (at breakfast): "Say, fellows, don't rile the coffee. It's too weak to strike back, and don't tease the butter; you'll be old yourself some day."

Mr. L.: "Where is Fort William Henry?"
Bright Boy: "At the bottom of Lake George."

Whitney (to Miss Brook): "Got any second-hand Bibles to sell around here?"

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Hush little kilty
Don't you cry,
You'll be trousers
By and by.

Master (in II. Form): "Jarvis, you're not chewing gum!"
Jarvis: "No, sir, my tongue."

Fat Moore might make his fortune in China as Rat-Catcher to the Empress.

There was a young man called Fat,
Who at times was as good as a cat,
In the waste-paper box
He would pounce like a fox,
And land on a juicy big rat.

"Knockout Moore" showed such marvellous fighting powers in his recent bout with "One Round Ferguson" that he is seriously considering entering the prize ring as the White Hope.

Jack Stevens (after having made fifteen runs): "Can anyone lend me a hat?"
Monty: "What! your head getting big so soon?"

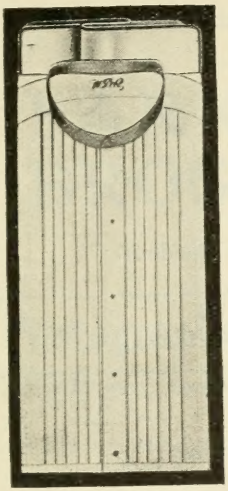
Nic: "Where is Mr. Taylor?"
Marshall II.: "I don't know; ask Jack Stevens."

Maid: "Can I take your plate?"
Rube Hall: "No, I have not licked it yet."

Buscombe: "How do I look?"
Foster: "The faculty won't allow me to use such language.'"

Mr. Laidlaw: "Talking, Henry?"
Henry I.: "No, sir; only smiling."
Mr. Laidlaw: "Do it more quietly."

Mr. Duff: "How old are you, Massey?"
Massey: "Fourteen, sir."
Mr. Duff: "No hope."



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Mr. Laidlaw: "Cattle-grazing is an important industry."
Munn I.: "Do they do any ranching, sir?"

Boeck (to Mr. Duff): " Isn't ' eaves ' a Scotch verb, sir?"

Mitchell I. (in study): "Sir, may I be excused?"
Mr. Macdonnell: "If you take a house late."
Mitchell: "Aw, sir, ain't there a discount for stoodents?"

Monty is still faithful to his one and only.

Jardine (to Willians): "Why did you come clean from Mexico to go to school here?"
Willians: "Because cleanliness is next to godliness."

Mr. Tudball: " Take your hands out of your pockets, Cotton."
Cotton: "Don't know how, sir."

A Puzzling Case—The Pinkerton Agency Baffled.

Shortly after the Review's report of the tragic death of Miss Helen Taylor there suddenly appeared upon the scene a young lady so like her in appearance that it is said her most intimate friends were entirely deceived. The new arrival established herself in the place of the late lamented with an assurance that would have been admirable had it not been backed by a meanness that was far from praiseworthy. The supposed Miss Taylor quite deceived Madam Juno Taylor, Mr. Mike Macdonald and other of her former associates, and it is even whispered among those who *should* know that Mr. Jumbo James was quite consoled for the loss of his faithful fiancèe. This, however, may be merely malicious rumor. It was a trying position for all concerned, and the Pinkerton agency had been engaged to work on the case, when a merciful fate afforded a solution to a most embarrassing situation. The impostor—for such the lady undoubtedly was—was stricken suddenly with pneumonia and died unexpectedly at a medical retreat where she had gone for rest and treatment. Thus the Pinkerton force was saved a baffling enquiry, and Miss Helen's fair name is once more cleared by the kindly hand of death.

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Meredith: "Why do girls take their hats off in the theatre?"
Malcolm I.: "To give the rats a chance to see the show."

Mr. Tudball (to Dunning): "Go to your room."

Mr. Knighton: "Its length is 22 millionths of an inch."
Scott II.: "How many miles would that be, sir?"

Mr. Knighton: "When you speak of the rainfall of a country what do you say?"
Bradley: "That it is wet, sir."

Milligan: "Please, sir, what's the difference between teak and antique?"

Willians: "I can write my name now in hours and minutes."
Jardine: "How's that?"
Willians: "In short hand and long hand."

Only the most handsome people read this:

¡ʇuɐɥsɐpuɐ buıʞ ɹnoʎ ¡O

IN MEMORIAM.

MARCH 7. ROOM 24.

Oh where, oh where, is all the bunch?
  Whence comes that dreadful roar?
Not a soul is seen in corridors—
  They're all in twenty-four.

Just as the fun commences
  A step sounds at the door,
Every one ducks into hiding
  And the bunch is pretty sore.

The hero faces danger
  And enters without a mate—
In the deathlike stillness cries aloud,
  "Too late, my boys, too late!"

Books for Students

TWICE-BORN MEN *Eng. Title: "Broken Earthenware"* **By Harold Begbie**

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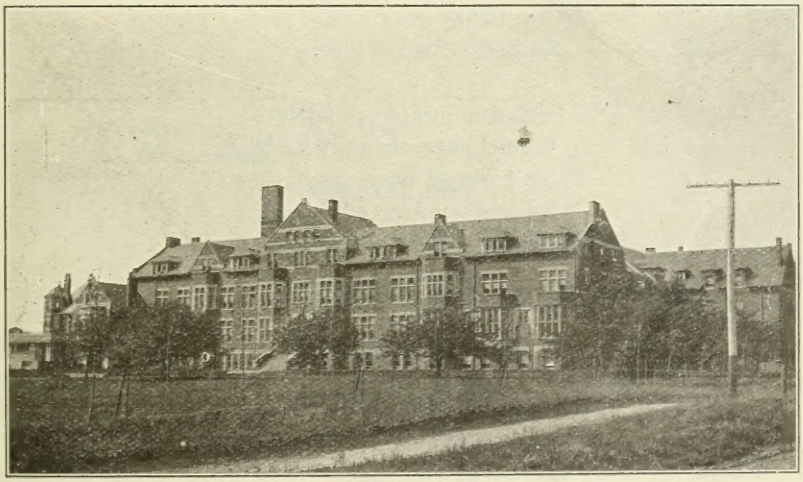
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Head Master.

Valiant, he holds the enemy—
Will help fail to arrive?
Then with a smile and gesture says,
"Good luck! I'm still alive!"

But, horrors! who comes softly now?
The King—it is the King!
And through the darkened corridors
His well-known voice doth ring.

"What means this fearful outrage—
This serious offence?
Who caused this great uprising?
What is your poor defence?"

Then all was stilly silence,
Till bravely spoke some dub,
"It is, your Royal Highness,
A meet of the Honk-Honk Club."

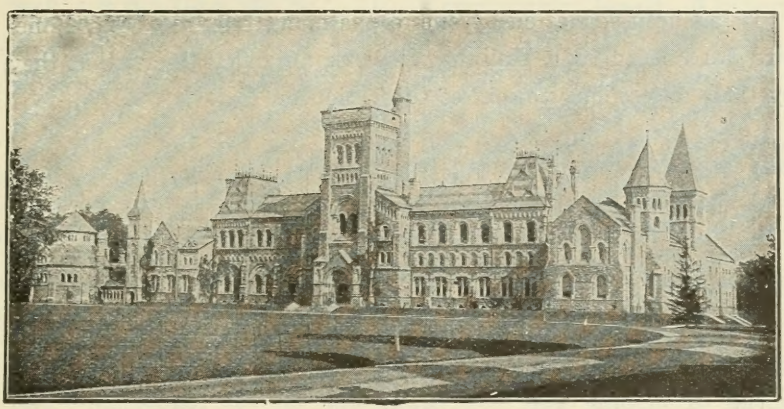
L. M. A.

"I wish I were an owl's egg,
Away up in a tree;
Lying in my cosy nest—
As bad as bad could be!

"I wish some naughty little boy
Would gaze on me with glee,
Then I would bust my little self
And cover *him* with *me!*"

To L. M. A.

You sing a little song or two,
And have a little chat;
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat;
You hold her hand and say good-night,
As sweetly as you can;
Ain't that an awful evening,
For a great big healthy man?



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It has been suggested by one of the many friends of Mr. Boneyard Jardine and Mr. Holium Williams, animal trainers, that they try their marvellous powers of subjection on Hall.

Veggy: "Going to study late, Ambrose?"
Ambrose: "Speak English!"

SCRAP ON MASTER'S DESK.

The ink called the blotter an old *soak*. That was how the fight started. The ruler got her *foot* into in, *inch by inch*. The *nibs*, instead of helping her, went away and let the *penholder*. The keys were in a bunch and the *pencil led* them away and let the *paper-weight*. Just then the scissors stalked in and cut out the fight and silence reigned supreme.

Ambrose (3 o'clock): "Well, I done reckon I will have to go to Suspension."

Mr. Bishop has arranged a new bill-of-fare for breakfast, so that the boys will get eggs.

Williams (in V. B., hearing of an unexpected spare period): "At last they treat the nobility with due respect."

Heard in Chemistry Class.

Master: "What are metallic salts?"
Voice from back of room: "Ask the nurse."

Mr. Taylor: "Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"
McKeague: "The same reason that the hen crossed the road, sir."

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Jardine (throwing a stick at Williams).
Williams: "Gee, that just miss my column (Miss McCollum).

Heard at Cricket Game.

Williams to Mitchell, the "Monk": "Hey! bowl me a decoy. I am going out for a duck."

Davidson: "Say, guy, what-d-ye-think? They're servin' ice cream 'a la Hebrew' in the Baltimore Lunch now."
Williams: "What's 'a la Hebrew'?"
Davidson: "Ice cream Cohens."

Williams: "I got a dog that can smell a storm."
Boneyard: "Gee! I wouldn't have a cur like that around."
Williams: "Why?"
Boneyard: "Because he's a 'storm scenter.'"

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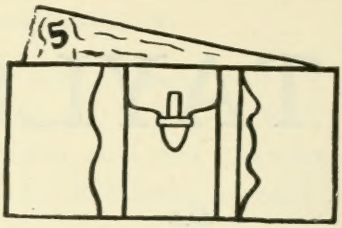
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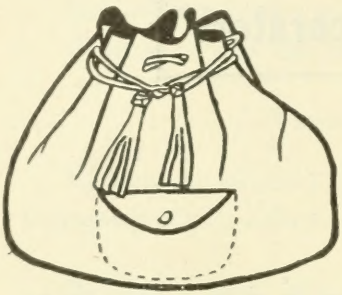
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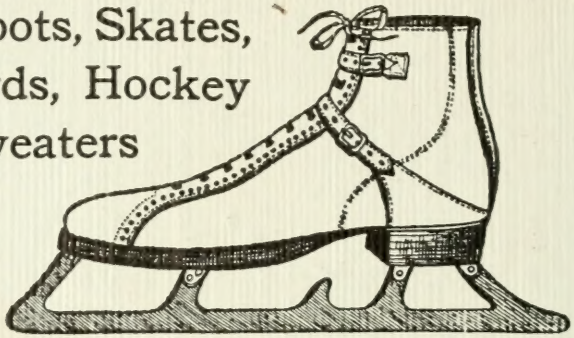
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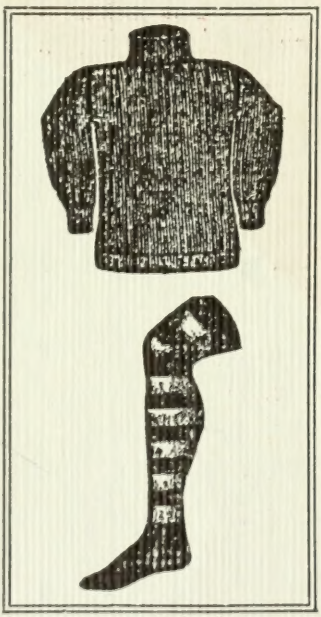
The Saint Andrew's College Review

Xmas 1911

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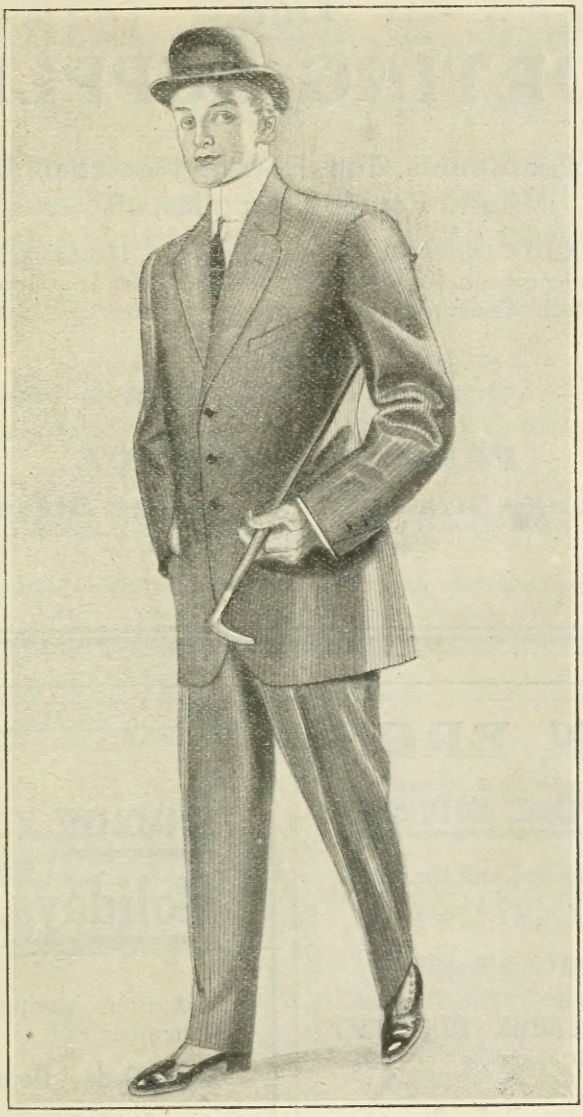
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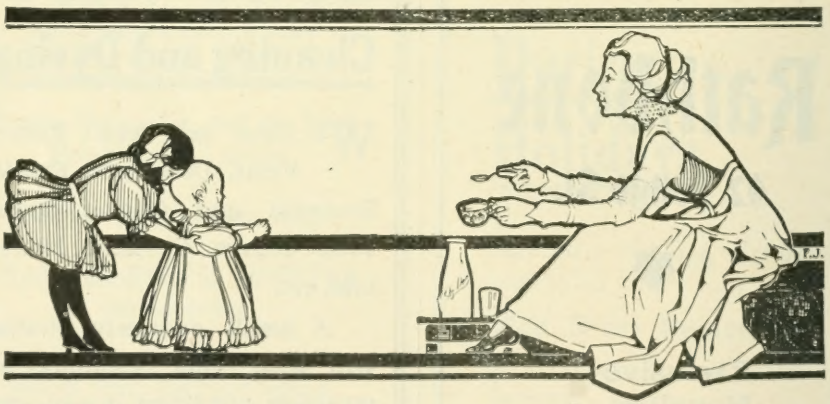
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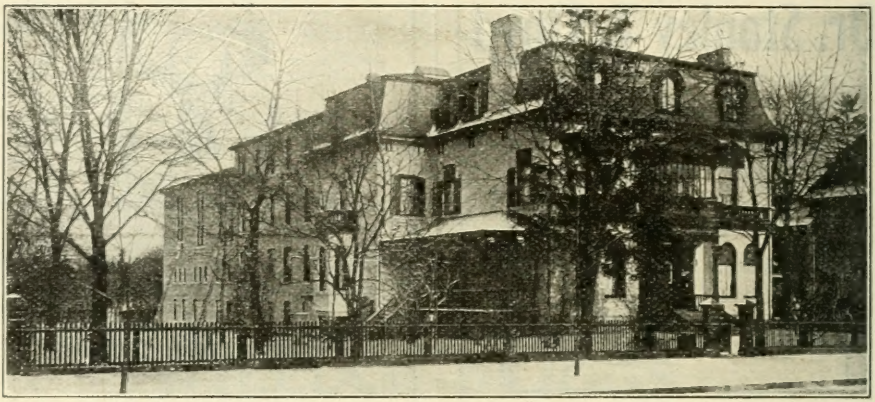
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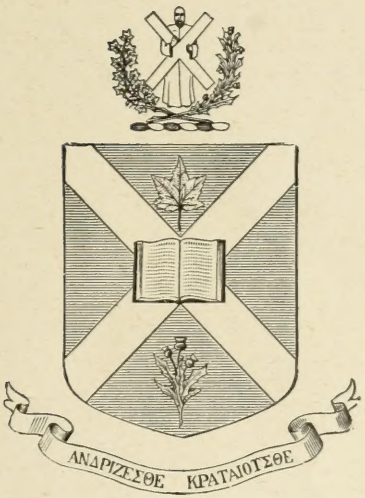


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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1911

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Editorials
Stories
Athletics
Miscellany
Skits

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S. A. C. FIRST TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1911

EDITORIALS.

THERE is nothing new under the sun! At no time is the force of this old saying brought more explicitly to one's mind than in the writing of an editorial. When one has been confronted with the same task for six years it becomes almost tragic in its hopelessness. The general routine of school life is seldom disturbed by events worthy of editorial comment. Ducal visits are not everyday affairs; an occasional missionary drifts in from the New Hebrides or some other jumping-off place and imbues the lower school with a feverish desire to fly at once to the missionary field; but such tit-bits are pounced upon by the special staff for special articles and the poor Editor-in-chief is left without a leg to stand upon. One cannot utter the same trite platitudes year after year; preaching should be left to the preacher in his pulpit; stories and skits have their own place in the paper's make-up, and—well, we have succeeded in providing sufficient padding for the making of a conventional first page, so let us conclude by wishing you all a conventional but very sincere "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

THE CADET CORPS.

THE Cadet Corps this year has had the distinction of being the first in the history of the College to be the guard of honor to royalty. They had this opportunity when His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught honored St. Andrew's College with a visit.

Besides this most important event, the Cadet Corps turned out to the garrison parade and had the strongest company of the Highlanders.

On Friday evening, November 24th, twenty-five Cadets performed in the entertainment given by the Sergeants' Association of the 48th Highlanders in Massey Hall. They did much to uphold the good name which the corps has attained in previous years.

Although the Cadet Corps is without the services of Sergt.-Instructor Glover, who has done much for the welfare of it in previous years, the Corps certainly has an able man in the person of Color-Sergt. Instructor Sinclair, who has already made himself strong with the officers and members alike, and with his instruction and the material he has to work on this year's Cadet Corps should be the most successful St. Andrew's College has had. The officers for the year are as follows:

Captain—J. W. Bicknell.
1st Lieutenant—C. Dunning.
2nd Lieutenant—K. W. Junor.
Color Sergt.—T. C. Montgomery.
Sergts.—W. Young, Lockhart I., Morton, D. Ross II.
Corporal—W. McClinton.
The others have not yet been chosen. J. W. B.

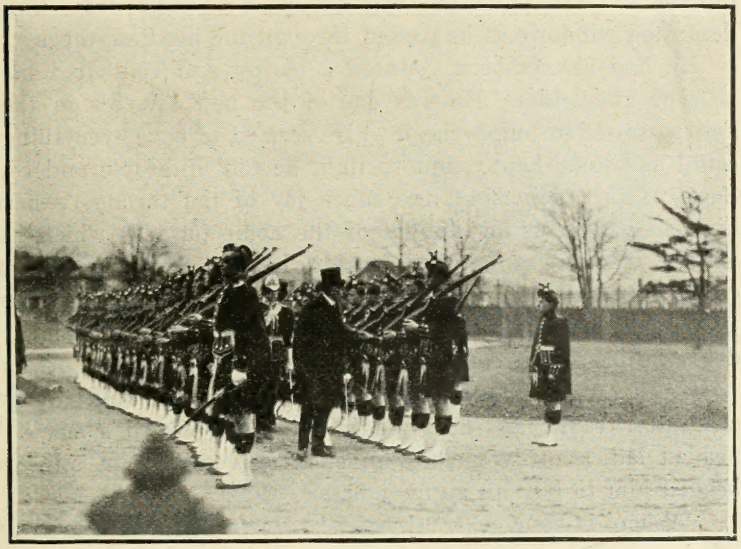
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT.

AT about half-past three on November 30th Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught paid a visit to St. Andrew's College. In spite of the cold weather, the Cadet Corps paraded in uniform, and on the arrival of the Duke were subjected to a short inspection. His Royal Highness then proceeded into the building, followed shortly after by the Cadets, who, after piling their rifles, took their places around the prayer hall. When the Duke entered, followed by Dr. Macdonald, the governors and staff of the College, the orchestra played "God Save the King."

Then "O Canada" was sung by the whole school, after which Dr. Macdonald rose and addressed the Duke, welcoming him in the name of the governors, faculty and students of St. Andrew's College, and expressing a deep desire that the College might be honored by another visit in the near future. In his concluding words he introduced Montgomery, who read an address assuring the

royal visitor of the loyalty of St. Andrew's College boys to the Empire, the King and to His Highness himself, His Majesty's representative in Canada.

His Royal Highness rose to speak and was greeted by three hearty cheers. He said he was pleased to have the opportunity of visiting St. Andrew's College, and commended the Cadet Corps on their exceedingly smart appearance, jokingly remarking that he hoped many of them had good Scotch names. At the conclusion



of his speech he was again given three cheers followed by the College yell, "Hoot! Hoot, mon, hoot!"

"God Save the King" was then heartily sung and His Royal Highness departed from the hall, going into Dr. Macdonald's house, where the wives of the faculty and the officers of the Cadet Corps were presented to him. On his departure the boys and Cadets lined both sides of the driveway and gave him three farewell cheers as he passed in his car.

W. S. McC.

Contributed Articles.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

JOHN CARRUTHERS walked slowly and thoughtfully along the street, crowded with people laughing and chatting merrily as they passed from store to store making their Christmas purchases. The pavement was flooded with light from the gaily decorated windows as he passed through the heedless throng.

He had always been counted a happy and contented man by all who knew him. He was one of the best lawyers in the city and possessed of ample means. He seemed to have everything that could make one happy, but to-night he felt miserable and restless. Some of the excitement, the eager joy of the throngs penetrated his cold nature as he thought of the home towards which he was going. There was nothing lacking in that house which money could buy, but there was wanting the warm welcome of a woman, the soft touch of tiny hands, the noise of prattling voices. Suddenly he began to realize the emptiness, the selfishness of his life.

He came at last to a corner where he was held up by the congested traffic. As he stood in the dense crowd a small, bare-headed lad, scantily garbed, pinched and hungry in appearance, begged him to buy an evening paper.

"Where is your coat, my boy?" He placed a coin in the boy's hand.

"Ain't got none."

"And your hat?"

"Got none."

"Well, who's your father?" asked Carruthers, with growing interest.

"Ain't got none," again answered the boy.

"Do you mean to say you have no one to look after you?"

"Yep—ain't got no mother neither—looks after me two sisters as well as I can."

"You poor little chap," said Carruthers, his heart warming strangely at the thought of this urchin and his responsibilities. His brain worked quickly and in a few minutes he had made a definite plan. Slipping a bill into the boy's hand, he bade him

give the remnant of his papers to another newsboy, then took his hand and led him into a neighboring store. Here the astonished lad was fitted out with a complete change of warm, comfortable clothing. He then hailed a cab and, having ascertained his address, ordered the cabby to drive to a wretched part of the large city. In a gloomy tenement, up several flights of rickety stairs they went, until Billy stopped before a dilapidated door that guarded his home. They entered and found two little girls huddled before a small and cheerless fire. Carruthers soon relieved their shyness by the gentle kindness of his manner and made a proposition that made their eyes open with wonder.

"Now, how would you all like to come and spend Christmas with me? I'm lonely too, and I think we can have a fine time together!" Billy and Florence looked at each other, but Bessie, her face radiant at the thought, said, "I love you—I love you as much as the beautiful lady what gives us the good things to eat and tells us stories."

The matter was soon settled and they were on their way to Carruthers' home. Bessie described her beautiful lady, and told him what Santa Claus was going to bring them. Something in the description made him think of one whom he had known some years before—someone whom he had lost because he had been tied up in his business affairs. He often wondered what had become of her and the old feeling of affection seemed to spring up with renewed strength. He pressed the little mite in his arms and made a resolution that for the sake of that dear one he would do all in his power to make these children happy.

They soon reached the handsome dwelling, and the children were given into the care of his housekeeper, with orders to provide everything needed. Their awe at the grandeur of their surroundings soon vanished before the kindness shown them, and Carruthers felt a strange, new happiness in his heart. The week before Christmas sped quickly by, filled with plans for the great day, and as Carruthers shared in their childish joy a still greater plan was maturing in his own mind—that of adopting as his own these three interesting, lovable waifs. Christmas dinner was to be the grandest imaginable; there was to be a tree, and Bessie was to invite her beautiful lady, in addition to a number of their former companions.

They arrived shortly before dinner in the automobiles that

Carruthers had sent for them. What a motley crowd they were! Nearly every nation was represented. They were all assembled in the parlor when the dinner-gong sounded. What a feast that was—everything that childish hearts could wish for. Amid the shrieks of delight the cook carried the flaming plum-pudding into the room and placed it before Carruthers, who was enjoying himself quite as much as his guests. Afterwards they returned to the parlor, where they played the most wonderful games. As Carruthers, down on his knees, was eliciting shrieks of laughter from a crowd of delighted boys and girls, Bessie rushed into the room to say that her beautiful lady had arrived. He went out into the hall to meet her. As she came forward, he caught a glimpse of her face.

"Grace! Grace!" he cried huskily.

"Yes, John, it is I," she said simply, but the look in her eyes told him all the other things that he wished to know.

"Come along, Grace, and see my little party." They followed Bessie, who had been looking at them with a puzzled expression on her pretty face. They entered the parlor and joined in the games until about four o'clock, when the folding doors of an adjoining room were opened and a wonderful sight was presented to the astonished guests. There in the middle of the room stood the most gorgeous Christmas tree, bejewelled with little colored electric bulbs. The boughs were laden with parcels, which were handed out to each by Bessie's beautiful lady.

When the children had all left and Carruthers had kissed his little family good-night—Bessie last of all, as she held her dollie tight to her breast—he went down to where the beautiful lady was waiting for him. Two hours later, when the broken promise of ten years ago was renewed, and Grace Cameron had left for her home, Carruthers leaned out of his window and listened to the bells of the church as they pealed across the still, frosty night. They seemed to his happy mind to send out again to the world the most wonderful message ever given to man—"Peace on earth, good-will towards man."

LASH.

She was mad enough to tear her hair,
And grind her teeth also;
But she curbed her angry passion,
For they cost too much, you know.

COMMENTARIES DE BELLO VB.

HAVING ascertained these things, the Senate (which is us) decreed to the barbarians of VB. that they should send hostages to Tiberius Lucius Junor. The inhabitants of VB., whom we have pointed out above, failed to send, on the day appointed, the hostages which Tiberius had demanded. Therefore Tiberius led forth his legions in battle array. Tiberius decreed that Primus Fluvius, surnamed Smiley, should take up position at right outside. Hanc, which being interpreted is "lengthy," was to lie in ambush for sundry bucks. The rest of the legions were stationed in line of battle, according to custom. The commissary wagon, so called Porkius Julius Ferguson, took up position in the scrim. These things having been arranged, Tiberius set forth and met the enemy, about the third watch.

And so great a scrimmage suddenly arose that Porkius Julius Ferguson, being unable to withstand longer the attacks of the enemy, fell back unto our quarter, who, being badly squashed, was forced to retire to the rear. His place being taken by Xenephon Cocles Carlyle, a Greek of great valor, the battle was renewed. The barbarians so greatly harassed our men that straightway they were forced to retire, and the barbarians by dint of great valor scored one.

The battle was fought fiercely by both sides. The barbarians did again endeavor to break through the lines of the legions, but three times they were hurled back, and thereupon they booted the pigskin. O miserable Die! the kick of the barbarian chief, namely Idutiomarus Bicknel, being so far and so long that Tiberius was forced to rouge. The legions being thrown into confusion by these disasters, turned and fled, and behold the barbarians did again score.

Which when Tiberius perceived, he sent in advance lieutenants, Publius Aestus Vicus and Caius Volusenus McKeen, that they might rally the legions. Being successful in this thing, they returned and made known to Tiberius what was being done. Tiberius then fiercely assaulted the right wing, and so great was the attack and so fiercely did the legions fight, that Dudlius Ross, a barbarian of great valor, was stretched flat on the earth, sorely wounded. Caius Volusenus McKeen, whom we have pointed out above, being severely wounded, did arise in wrath and straightway did beat up

the barbarians' scrimmage. Oh, ye gods! 'twas indeed a noble sight to see the sturdy warrior hand out black eyes and meanwhile muttering to himself in the language of the gods.

A small part of the game being left, Tiberius, although the nights in these places are early, because almost all of the field slopes towards the south, set out towards the enemy's goal. Having avoided many hindrances, he finally ran into the timekeeper, who, having been replaced, the battle re-commenced. The legions attacked the left wing of the barbarians and forced them back. Then Tiberius hurled himself into the midst of the fray and, O! exalt his name to the sky, ye plebians! safely planted the pigskin behind the barbarians' line. The barbarians being unable to withstand longer the attacks of our men, broke and fled, nor were they able our men to pursue farther because, being footsore and weary, they did return to half-way. Hanc, whom we have made mention of before, failed to convert. This one thing was wanting to the former fortune of Tiberius.

Time being called, Tiberius led back his legions into the camp and there they rested from their labors. Upon the receipt of Tiberius' despatches, the Senate decreed a general thanksgiving of twenty days.

Final score, 5—4. M. E. MALONE.



THE HEART OF PETER FONTAINE.

"AND what is this—some horrible curio?" Kenneth Graham eyed the mysterious object intently, and the doctor smiled as he took from the row of medicine bottles a medium-size glass jar labeled "Balmoral Relish." Preserved in alcohol and somewhat crowded for room was a pinkish, shapeless mass that had attracted Graham's attention.

"That is the heart of Peter Fontaine, and thereby hangs a tale." He turned the bottle in his strong, firm fingers before handing it to his guest. "It was a terrible thing that need never have happened. The man—a fine, strapping French-Canadian—was shot through the large artery—you see, here. There was a trial, but nothing came of it. Peter Fontaine is buried among the hills near Tracadie Gasch."

"You mean *part* of him is buried. Heavens, old man, I couldn't rest in my grave if my heart was pickled and reposing in a marmalade jar in your surgery. How did you get the thing?"

"It was sent to me before the inquest—that's five months ago." Dr. Freeman puffed a cloud of smoke into the air as he replaced the bottle. Drawing chairs to the fireplace, he motioned to a supply of smoking materials on a small Turkish table. Presently his wife entered—a tall, graceful girl, with a delicately oval face and a mass of golden-red hair.

"May I join you, Karl? It is lonely in the sitting-room. What a blustering night—listen to the wind." Hilda Freeman shuddered as she drew closer to the cheerful blaze. "This hill-country of ours boasts some terrible storms, Ken. You should hear my husband tell some of his experiences." As she bent over her embroidery, Graham thought she was thinner and paler than when he had visited them in the summer. In her deep, grey eyes was an absent look—something expectant, wondering, mystic. For some time the little group sat in silence, the dreamy stillness intensified by the lapping of flames, the keening of the wind, and the snapping of well-seasoned logs. A louder blast than usual swept around the corner of the house, and amid the bedlam of sounds a distinct rapping shook the small-paned window. Mrs. Freeman glanced nervously at the drawn curtains.

"That must be Peter Fontaine clamoring for his heart," laughed Graham with a glance at the doctor. A terrified gasp

escaped Hilda Freeman's lips, and she looked hard at Graham with questioning, frightened eyes.

"What is it, dear! You are trembling!" In a moment her husband was at her side, tenderly solicitous.

"It is nothing—I was foolish. I pricked my finger with the needle." A small red stain upon the linen seemed a reasonable excuse for her agitation. "What do you say to some supper and then—bed? Shall we have it here in the firelight?—it seems cosier." With nervous quickness she summoned the clumsy French girl, Lizette, and gave a few brisk orders. In a few moments she reappeared with a badly arranged tray, which she deposited roughly on a small table.

"Lizette, you've forgotten the salt—and the cheese. Bring them, please. Dear, will you put the kettle close to the coals? That girl grows more stupid every day."

"Poor creature! She lives in a world of dreams—dead dreams. She was engaged to Peter Fontaine and came to us shortly after his death," explained the doctor to his guest.

"And does she know about *that?*" Graham gave a backward toss of his head.

"I am not sure. Hilda always attends to this room herself, but I dare say Lizette has heard that her lover's heart was once in my keeping as well as her own."

The simple supper was eaten almost in silence, broken only by the wild, sweeping wind and rattling of shutters. A strange constraint had fallen upon all and Graham was visibly relieved when his hostess suggested that they retire.

Gradually the house settled into quietude and into absolute darkness save for a dim night-light that burned in the upper hall. Graham was awakened from his first sleep by the clanging of the door-bell and shortly after heard the doctor's sleigh pass into the swirling, snow-wrapt night. Once more silence settled upon the Grey House. Sleep had, however, forsaken Graham, and he lay wide-eyed in his comfortable bed. A timid knocking sounded on the closed door. At first it was barely distinguishable from other sounds of the night, and with quickened heart-beats he wondered if he had heard anything. It sounded again, louder, more imperative, and he jumped quickly from bed and threw open the door. The comfortable, well-furnished hall and dim light were all that met his gaze, but in the shadowed stillness he heard what sounded

like a faint moan. This he attributed to the wind, and gladly climbed once more into the warmth of his blankets. He snuggled down comfortably with the calm determination to sleep, when his wakeful eyes became fixed upon the door, under which a thin streak of light sifted from the hall. Slowly the narrow strip widened as the portal opened, impelled by no visible force. He watched this demonstration of uncanny power with mingled feelings of amusement and vague terror. He waited for a glimpse of something tangible, reasonable, earthly. A light step in the corridor called him to a sitting posture, and as he peered into the light Hilda Freeman stood for a moment in the doorway. A pale blue dressing-gown enveloped her figure; her beautiful hair fell upon her shoulders and in his brief glimpse of her face he could see the look of wild terror in her eyes. The vision was a brief one, and without a word she was gone. Graham rubbed his eyes and clutched the eiderdown to ascertain if he were in his right senses. Then with reluctant feet he dragged himself across the floor and closed the door.

At breakfast the doctor had not returned. His wife was unusually bright and entertaining. Warm sunshine flooded the cosy dining-room and the wind whirled myriads of glistening snow-crystals into the keen air.

"How did you sleep, Ken?" Mrs. Freeman's grey eyes were lifted questioningly from the tea-tray.

"Very well, thank you—considering."

"Considering what—may I ask?"

"Oh, the wind and the rattling windows and all the other noises of an old house in the country. And you?"

"As well as I ever sleep—now," she replied, and then, hastily, "One lump or two? You'll find cream in the small blue pitcher."

Conversation flagged and it was evident that both were on guard.

Later in the day the doctor returned, only to be called away for an immediate consultation.

"I'll probably be a couple of days, dear. The trains aren't running to Jacquet River, and I've never seen the roads drifted like this. I'm sorry, Ken, old man, but you'll be here for some days after my return, and Hilda will look after you. These are the vicissitudes of a country practice." Graham thought he saw a look of relief pass over Hilda's face as her husband made known

his plans, while his own regret was tempered by an unaccountable feeling of satisfaction.

All day his hostess was in the height of good spirits. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes bright, her laughter frequent and full of spontaneity. After the evening meal her old listlessness returned, and she became as markedly distrait and silent. Graham suggested an early retirement, to which she readily acceded.

Alone in his room, he closed the door, which on inspection he found devoid of lock and key. It was a bright night and he stood at his window overlooking broad fields of snowy whiteness. Once his gaze became riveted on a dark shadow that seemed to crawl close to the house, moving uncertainly from bush to tree. He dismissed the idea as foolish and climbed into bed. He drew a small table to his side, selected a magazine, and read far into the night. As the clock struck two he sank wearily among the pillows. His brain was distinctly fagged, but his eyes refused to close and seemed like two burning coals in his head. Another hour chimed in measured slowness and still he lay awake. Then the expected happened.

Slowly, very slowly, the door opened and in the half-light the figure of a man entered the room. There was no sound of footsteps; an icy chill roughed his skin and stirred the roots of his thick brown hair. Nearer came the silent visitant, his face indistinguishable, his fine stalwart figure framed clearly in the doorway. One hand was pressed hard against his breast and through the spread fingers blood coursed freely. The man swayed for a moment, then raised his crimsoned hand with a gesture of beseeching, at the same time disclosing a ghastly aperture beneath the loose woollen shirt. Swiftly and silently the apparition passed into the hall and at the same instant a wild shriek rang through the house. Graham rushed into the light and almost collided with the French-Canadian maid, who gave him a searching look before disappearing down a side hall to her room. Almost at the same moment Hilda Freeman emerged from her door.

She was outwardly calm, but her words came in gasps. "You saw him, too! You saw him, too!" She pressed her hands tight to her wide eyes.

"You are frightened—cold. Come into the den. It is warm there." He led her gently to the little corner room, where a Quebec heater burned cheerfully. Placing her in a chair, he threw a heavy steamer rug about her and closed the door.

"It was Peter Fontaine," she said simply and with evident conviction. "He wants his heart. Oh—he must have it. I can't live like this much longer." Graham chafed her slender hand, upon which the wedding-ring fitted loosely.

"Tell me about it. Perhaps I can help you." His eyes sought her face and his quiet manner reassured her.

"It has been going on for weeks." She looked around as if in terror of being overheard. "I told Karl about it the first time, but he said I was foolish, imaginative—that such things couldn't be. That hurt me so. It has all been so terribly vital, and his lack of perception has made me keep everything to myself. That has made it harder. Night after night when he has been away those awful knockings have gone on and the doors have opened without visible hands. But—I never saw—I never saw him until to-night. I met him coming from your room. Thank goodness, poor Lizette wasn't there." She broke into tears and Graham sat in awkward silence. He said nothing about the terror-stricken figure that he had seen scurry into the darkness.

"Leave it to me, Hilda. I'll fix it up before Karl returns. I know that it is not imagination. I saw him too—distinctly. Can you trust me?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll owe my life to you, Ken. This terror is slowly killing me."

"I understand it all, dear girl. Now, pile into bed and get some sleep. Off with you!"

* * * * * * *

The following night was another wild one, filled with a thousand strange, unaccountable sounds. Mrs. Freeman went early to her room and Graham waited until the house was absolutely still. Then, stealing from the guest-chamber, he descended the stairs, lamp in hand, and made his way to the surgery. A veritable bedlam of sounds raged about that exposed corner of the house, and as he entered the room a loud knocking shook the glistening panes. For a moment his heart quailed and he wished himself anywhere but in the weirdly haunted chamber.

Crossing quickly to the medicine shelves, he took the heart of Peter Fontaine and placed it on the window sill between two flowering geraniums. He then raised the blind, placed the lamp on a table in the hall, and hastily regained his room. The wind increased in power, the ominous sounds in strength and frequency.

For a long time he stood at his window trying to pierce the darkness of the storm. Suddenly, during a brief lull in the general cacophony, there came a loud crashing of glass, followed by a cry of demoniac joy. Then, absolute stillness.

"Kenneth—are you awake?" A knocking at his door and Hilda's beseeching voice recalled his wavering courage. In a moment he was at her side.

"Wait here—I'll go down," he commanded.

"No—no. I'll go with you. I'm afraid to stay alone."



T. B. D. Tudball, M.P.

Together they descended the stairs. An icy blast of wind swept from the surgery, almost extinguishing the flickering lamp. Shielding it with cold fingers, Graham preceded her into the room. Snow whirled through the broken window, and already a small drift had formed upon the crimson carpet. The curtains bellied into the room like wind-caught sails, and the tempest roared without in an ecstasy of despairing moans. Beneath the window-ledge, mingled with fragments of pane upon which frosted designs glistened in the unsteady light, lay the bits of a bottle with gaily colored label. The floor was moist with spilled alcohol, and a faint, sickening odor filled the room.

The heart of Peter Fontaine was gone. The trembling geraniums were untouched, and shivered in the chilly blast, but the broken panes and shattered bottle bore silent testimony to the night's mystery.

* * * * * * *

On the following morning a crumpled note lay upon the kitchen table. The fire had died out; the room was arranged in unusual order. Hilda deciphered the wavering scrawl with difficulty:

"Peter, he call, an' I go to de hills. T'anks mooch, madam."

It was Lizette's farewell. In the early spring her body was found by a party of log-drivers on the ice-locked shore of the Restigouche, many weary miles from the blue, cloud-kissed heights of Tracadie Gasch and the unmarked grave of Peter Fontaine.



A STRANGE VOYAGE.

"WE shan't travel very quickly," said the ray of light, "for I shall lessen my speed, that you may see more clearly. Take these glasses and do not loosen your grip."

"Correct," I said, and focusing the binoculars which he had given me, I jumped on the beam of light, held tightly to it with my knees and one hand, gave the word, and off we went.

We started from the first team grounds and a few seconds later Toronto was far behind and we were travelling over the blue expanse of Lake Ontario towards Niagara Falls. We reached the Falls in a minute and I felt a dash of spray against my cheek, but soon the splendid view was gone and we were drawing near New York.

I could see the great metropolis very clearly with my binoculars, but I had hardly glanced at this, the second largest city in the world, when it faded from sight and we flew over Washington. We were barely out of Washington when we sighted St. Louis. I recognized the Smoky City, having been there several times, but before I could get a good look at it we were going along the Mississippi River. We followed its course through Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana. I saw the flat pleasure ferries, the yachts, and the trains, but we passed by all hastily.

We crossed a broad river, and came into a country which I knew very well. Yes, it was Mexico, and one or two seconds later I saw two or three volcanoes with their white crests appear on the horizon.

I felt very cold, and upon looking down I saw we were just above the 18,000-foot volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccehuatl, that surround Mexico City. I searched eagerly for my house, but it was too late, for we were flying swiftly over the Panama Canal construction.

High mountains now took the place of the plains of Southern Mexico and Central America. Rounding the top of Aconcaqua, the highest peak on the continent, we rushed to Brazil to see the Amazon River. Three seconds later, having passed the pampas of Uruguay and Paraguay, the city of Buenos Ayres came into sight. By the time I had buttoned my coat, for I had been warned that we were shortly going to be in a very cold climate, we were far past Cape Horn and over the eternal ice of the Antarctic Ocean. The air was frightfully cold, and I told that to my companion, who

doubled his pace and rushed on in the direction of Africa. My body was almost frozen and I closed my eyes until I began to feel a little warmer. During my few seconds' sleep—for I had fallen asleep—my companion told me we had passed over Cape Colony, the Snow Mountains, Transvaal and Lake Nyassa. When I awoke we were following the river which unites Lake Tanganyika with Lake Nyassa.

Soon we were in the Nile Valley, where I saw thousands of boats manned by dark-skinned sailors, alligators floating with their backs just out of the water, and many animals drinking at the edge of that marvellous river.

Even this short trip over Africa made me perspire freely, but the blue waters of the Mediterranean, which were soon below us, had a cooling effect. We passed through a cloud smelling of sulphur. I tried to think what it was, and upon looking back I saw Mount Etna smoking and fuming in the distance.

Here my companion started to go like a flash and I could see nothing more. He went all over Europe, then turning east, began to go up, up, up.

Then he said, "We are now above the Himalaya's highest peak, Mount Everest, and I have to go back to the sun, because it is night time in this part of the world. Get off my back. Good-bye."

Only then I considered my position. How was I going to get home? I was at the antipode of Canada. I looked down to consider the fall. Horrors! Twenty-nine thousand feet, and all stones below. At the thought I nearly fainted, but my companion addressed me again: "Hurry up! If you don't I shall kick and plunge and you shall fall from a higher point than this."

I said nothing, but held on and began my struggle for life. He turned over and over again; kicked, squirmed and bucked, but I still hung on. Seeing he could not shake me off that way, he took a run and bumped my head against the top of Mount Everest. That was too much. With a cry of despair I loosened my grip and down I went. Down, down, down, and my speed increasing continually. As I neared the bottom I shrieked: "Help! Murder! Stop me! Help! Help! Put a mattress below! Help!" I closed my eyes and a second later—"Crash!!!"

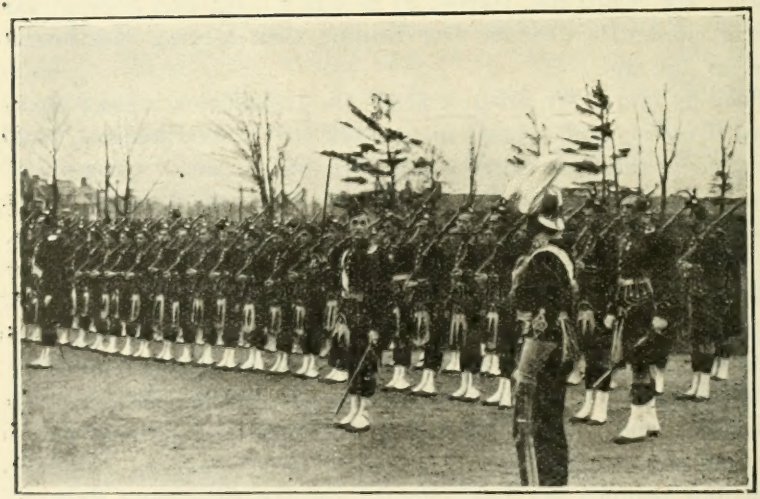
I jumped out of bed and saw my room-mates each ready for breakfast.

"Has the warning gone?" I asked.

"Yes, and there is the breakfast bell."

I made a dive for the basin of water, in which I doused my face, and with a few strokes of the comb I fixed my hair. Then I put on my clothes rapidly and hurried down stairs, putting on my collar and tie, to the dining room, only to find when I reached there the door closed and that I had received a house late.

HENRY HERSCHKOWITZ.



OCTOBER.

(Non-descriptive)

OCTOBER days are here once more—the same old brown October days. Of course not the same old days as last year, or the year before, for at a whistle the chubby bull terrier does not rush round the corner to meet you, wagging his tail so hard that he can hardly keep his feet in step. You remember how you would cuff him playfully on the side of the head and shove him, sprawling clumsily, into the pile of dead leaves that the wind had collected into a corner of the terrace. He was a good-natured old dog. He would crawl out and shake himself and then stand before you, with his mouth open and his tongue hanging carelessly out one side of it.

But this October you go alone into the garden plot and view the devastated plants and bushes and choose the pumpkin which is to be the Jack-o'-lantern. You may toss aside the dried-up corn-stalk, but the old dog is not there to chew it to pieces and, watching you from the corners of his happy brown eyes, dodge, at your motion towards him, round a vine, on which he knows you wouldn't like to trample. No, he's gone.

Now every morning you set out through the woods of yellow and red, or brown-leaved trees, some of which have been perhaps bared or half-bared by the October wind and rain. The sunshine and the frosty air make you happy, and you joyously kick the stray leaves from your pathway; and you pluck the faded stem of the golden-rod or of the burr bush and twist it into fantastic ringlets, merely from the motion stirred by the clear coolness.

And every evening you trudge up the hill and stop. It is dusk, and the city chimes ring six. Just below you is the college, and you see the lights in the windows and hear the boys shouting down the halls; but as the bell rings there is a roaring trample of feet—then a lull, and silence. Spread before you is the smoky city, with sparkling lights, and the faint rumble of traffic reaches your ears as the sounds from the college die away. In the west is the dim orange glow left by the sunken sun, and from the east slowly comes the purple darkness. Then you pass through the short wood and gain the pavement. You see the light shining from the library window when you turn the corner, and you break in on the family gathered round a cheerfully crackling fire.

A Song by the Smouldering Fire of Dead Leaves.

The thick white smoke curled high
From the fire towards the sky,
And by the smouldering side of it
  Stood Don my friend, and I.
The frost bit through my clothes,
And it touched my chin and nose,
And a rather keen light wind arose
  In the dullness of the sky.
As we meditated long
There came to Don a song
Which he thought that he would sing to me—
  He called the name "Good-bye"—
And as he loudly sang
In my ears it sweetly rang,
And it seemed to bring to me a pang
  And a half-unconscious sigh.

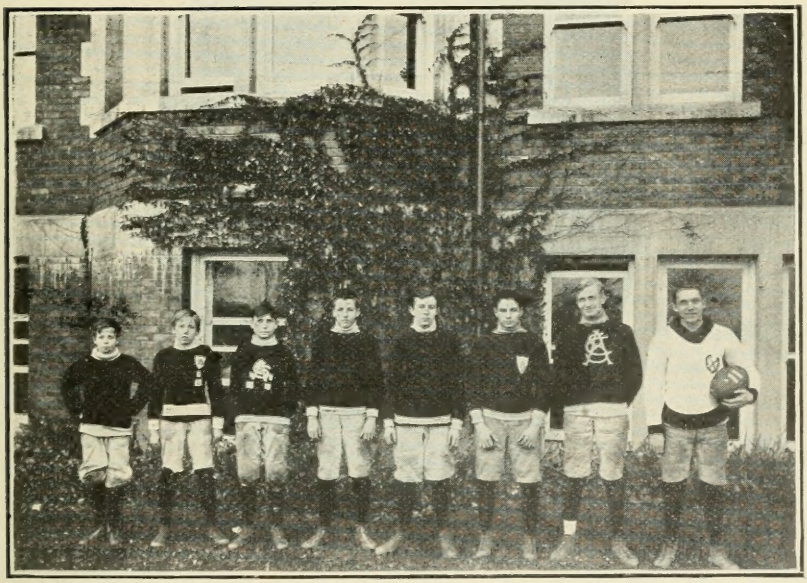
His song was soft and dread,
And it fell upon my ear
As a somewhat saddening song to hear—
  Although I know not why.
But 'twas of sad, sad autumn days,
When the leaves have left the trees,
And seek in restless, wandering ways
  A place where they may lie.

And his voice was deep and rich,
With a melancholy pitch.
I must admit I knew not which—
  If I should laugh or cry.
There was one lingering strain
Which he sang, again, again:
Good-bye, good-bye to autumn days,
  Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

The fainting notes held long
At the ending of the song.
They died, and lost themselves among
  The murmuring trees about.

It was they that bore his theme.
He ceased. Now, if I seem
To have been entranced, I stirred, and poked
The fire—flame burst out.

And with the flame the happy thoughts
Of Christmas fireside, which blots
The sadness from the winter storms
That take the place of autumn.

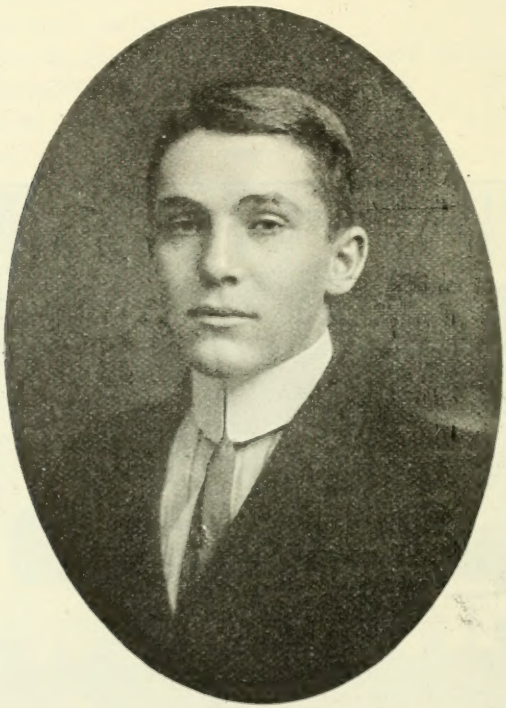


Rugby Captains S. A. C.

Athletics.

PERSONNEL.

MONTGOMERY (Monty)—Quarter. Second year on team. A sure pass and a strong, aggressive player. As captain he proved himself to be very heady. Kept cool and used the best play for every down. His hard work on behalf of the team earned for himself the confidence of every member.



L. C. Montgomery, Captain.

Dimock (George)—Full Back. Graduate of last year's fourths. Made the team after the T. C. S. game on account of his kicking. Showed up to good advantage in this department against Ridley.

Junor (Ken)—Right Half. Came up from last year's second team. A good reliable half, tackling exceptionally well in the Upper Canada game.

Bicknell (Jimmy)—Centre Half. A veteran. Third year on team. One of the best running halves in the league. A hard man to bring down.

Cotton (Happy)—Left Half. First year man. A sure catch and fair runner. Inclined to take things easy.

Malone (Morris)—Left Outside. One of last year's third team. A hard worker and sure tackle, but a trifle slow on end runs.

Sharpe (Dusty)—Left Middle. Also one of last year's thirds. Very fast and hard to bring down in a broken field. The best kicker on the team.

Ross II. (Dud)—Left Inside. Another member of last year's seconds. Played his position well. A hard man to pass.

MacKeen (David)—Left Scrimmage. Also came up from last year's seconds. Always kept the opposing quarter in trouble. Was handicapped by illness in the U. C. C. game.

Foster (Bill)—Centre Scrimmage. A new boy as far as Rugby is concerned. Heeled the ball cleanly. Inclined to tackle high. Showed up particularly well against B. R. C.

Mack (George)—Right Scrimmage. A new boy. A welcome discovery. Always protected the quarter and will add much strength to next year's team.

Black (Red)—Inside Right. Played the same position on the thirds last year. The heaviest man on the team. Used his weight to great advantage, but was hindered by an injured leg.

Sommerville I. (Hank)—Right Middle. Played with the seconds last year. Best tackle on the wing line, seldom failing to get his man. Played a steady game throughout the season.

Sommerville II. (Geordie)—Outside Right. Another member of last year's seconds. A hard worker. A sure tackle and a good man on end runs. Was greatly missed against T. C. S.

The team wishes to thank "Freddie" Davidson for his able management of the team for a second season, and also Gordon, his hard-working assistant.

H. Lash.

T. A. A. C. vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

THE first game of the season was played with the Toronto Amateur Athletic Club's juniors on the College grounds, Saturday afternoon, October 7th. T. A. A. C. came up two men short, so they played McKeague and Livingstone.

T. A. A. C. kicked. Bicknell caught the ball and ran it up well. By a series of brilliant rushes, Monty's men got the ball to within ten yards of the T. A. A. C. line. Here they had to kick. They followed up well and succeeded in forcing T. A. A. C. to rouge. This they repeated a few minutes later. S. A. C. 2, T. A. A. C. 0.

Again College got the ball to the T. A. A. C. line, and Montgomery went over for a touch, which they failed to convert. T. A. A. C. were forced to rouge again a few minutes later, and the half ended T. A. A. C. 0, S. A. C. 8.

The second half had hardly begun when S. A. C. obtained another rouge. Again, owing to splendid runs by Bicknell and Sommerville I., Montgomery was able to go over for another try, which was not converted. S. A. C. 14, T. A. A. C. 0.

A pass from Montgomery to Bicknell enabled Jimmy to get away with the most spectacular run of the game for a touchdown, which was converted. S. A. C. 20, T. A. A. C. 0.

College began to weaken, and a few minutes before full time T. A. A. C. scored a try, which they failed to convert, and the game ended with the score standing S. A. C. 20, T. A. A. C. 5.

For the visitors Captain Mutch and Carlyle featured, while for St. Andrew's Captain Montgomery and Bicknell starred.

H. LASH.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

THE first league game was played on our grounds Saturday morning, October 14th, with Trinity College School of Port Hope. There was a fair attendance, prominent among whom was the first McGill team, who complimented the schools upon the quality of Rugby they played.

St. Andrew's, having won the toss, took the north end of the field, and the game started at five minutes after eleven.

T. C. S. kicked. The ball was caught by Bicknell, who made a good run. Geordie Sommerville, in making a splendid tackle, received a kick on the head, which necessitated the calling in of Nation to take his place. Several more fine rushes by Bicknell let St. Andrew's have possession of the ball almost on the T. C. S. line. They were unable to kick it over, however, and T. C. S. got the ball. Good kicking by Pirie and poor catching by our halves gave T. C. S. the ball on our twenty-five-yard line. Another kick by Pirie enabled Vogt to force Junor to rouge. T. C. S. 1, S. A. C. 0.

No further scores were made during the first half, but the game was made fast and exciting by the brilliant tackling of Montgomery, the splendid running of Bicknell and Junor, and the strong kicking of Pirie.

The second half opened fast, but poor passing by S. A. C. enabled Caldwell to get the ball and go over for a try, which they converted. T. C. S. 7, S. A. C. 0.

However, the Saints, undismayed, fought their way down to within ten yards of the T. C. S. line. Here Sharpe by a clever piece of work intercepted a pass from Symons to MacKendrick and went over for a touch, which we failed to convert. T. C. S. 7, S. A. C. 5.

T. C. S. bucked up, and more good kicking by Pirie enabled Baker to force Foster to rouge. T. C. S. 8, S. A. C. 5.

Splendid running by Junor and Bicknell, coupled with the good tackling of "Hank" Sommerville, gave the Crimson and White the ball a few yards from the T. C. S. line. Here the good judgment of Montgomery and the strong bucking of Bicknell, Junor and Black sent Bicknell over for another try, which was not converted. T. C. S. 8, S. A. C. 10.

Good rushing by Symons allowed T. C. S. to kick to Foster, who was forced to rouge. T. C. S. 9, S. A. C. 10.

Although College fought for every inch of ground, yet they—owing principally to the kicking of Pirie and the bucking of MacKendrick—were forced to rouge again. T. C. S. 10, S. A. C. 10.

The ball had only been in play a few minutes when Pirie kicked to touch-in-goal. T. C. S. 11, S. A. C. 10.

The Saints fought hard, and the running of Junor and Bicknell was of the best, but a few minutes before full time College was forced to rouge again, and when the whistle blew T. C. S. were

victors of a hard-fought game by a score of 12—10. The teams lined up as follows:

T. C. S.—Full, Fisken; halves, Pearce, Pirie, Caldwell; quarter, Symons (Capt.); scrimmage, Skinner, Vogt, Fitzgerald; insides, Bartlett, MacKendrick; middles, Mathers, Stone; outsides, Cochrane, Baker.

S. A. C.—Full, Foster; halves, Junor, Bicknell, Cotton; quarter, Montgomery (Capt.); scrimmage, MacKeen, Firstbrooke, Mack; insides, Ross II., Black; middles, Sharpe, Sommerville I.; insides, Malone, Sommerville II., Nation.

Referee—Dr. Hendrie. Umpire—Bell.

H. L.

B. R. C. vs. S. A. C.

THE second league game was played on the school grounds on Saturday morning, October 21st, with Bishop Ridley College of St. Catharines. The day was fine and the attendance good.

St. Andrew's won the toss and the game started at 11.20. Five minutes after play had started good kicking and tackling by B. R. C. gave them the ball ten years off our line, from where they kicked to touch-in-goal. B. R. C. 1, S. A. C. 0. Ridley was playing a strong, aggressive game, and they forced their way down to our twenty-five-yard line, where just before quarter-time by an onside kick and a fake buck Mix went over for a touch, which was not converted. B. R. C. 6, S. A. C. 0.

Early in the second quarter the Saints, kicking with the wind, forced B. R. C. to rouge. S. A. C. 1, B. R. C. 6. By good bucking the boys in Crimson and White fought their way to within thirty yards of the B. R. C. line. Dimock kicked to Marani I., who dropped the ball, and Bicknell, who followed up quickly, fell on it for a try, which was converted. B. R. C. 6, S. A. C. 7.

A few minutes before half-time Dimock kicked to Marani, who again dropped the ball, and Montgomery, who followed up fast, fell on it, scoring our second touch, which was not converted. B. R. C. 6, S. A. C. 12.

The second half opened with a kick by B. R. C. Bicknell caught the ball and electrified the crowd by making a wonderful run of 120

yards, passing the whole B. R. C. team except Marani, who tackled him ten yards from their line. Dimock kicked and B. R. C. were forced to rouge. S. A. C. 13, B. R. C. 6.

Ridley having the wind with them, kicked their way down the field, at last forcing S. A. C. to rouge. B. R. C. 7, S. A. C. 13. A few minutes later they gained another point in the same manner, and shortly before quarter-time they again forced the Saints to rouge. B. R. C. 9, S. A. C. 13.

Ridley—although they had the wind against them now—seemed determined to score a touchdown, and at one time they had the ball a bare two yards from our line, but were unable to get it over. After that there was nothing to it but St. Andrew's.

The good work of Black, in falling on a loose ball near the B. R. C. line, enabled Bicknell to buck over for a try, which was not converted. B. R. C. 9, S. A. C. 18. Good kicking by Dimock allowed the Saints to score another rouge. A few minutes before full time St. Andrew's scored a dead-line kick and a rouge, leaving the score when the full time whistle blew 21—9 in our favor.

There is no doubt whatever that Bicknell was the best man on the field. His splendid bucking and running were largely responsible for the victory. A close second to him was Montgomery, who, although he received a nasty cut on the eye early in the game, pluckily played it out, making many brilliant tackles and captaining the team perfectly. The kicking of Dimock was better than that of Jarvis and was a great improvement over our kicking in the T. C. S. game. For B. R. C., Jarvis, Mix and Sneed played good consistent games. The teams lined up as follows:

B. R. C.—Full, Marani I.; halves, Martin, Jarvis (Capt.), Marani II.; quarter, Mix; scrimmage, Torre, Solway, Thistlethwait; insides, Cassels, Scandrett; middles, Hughson, Steele; outsides, Lancaster, Sneed.

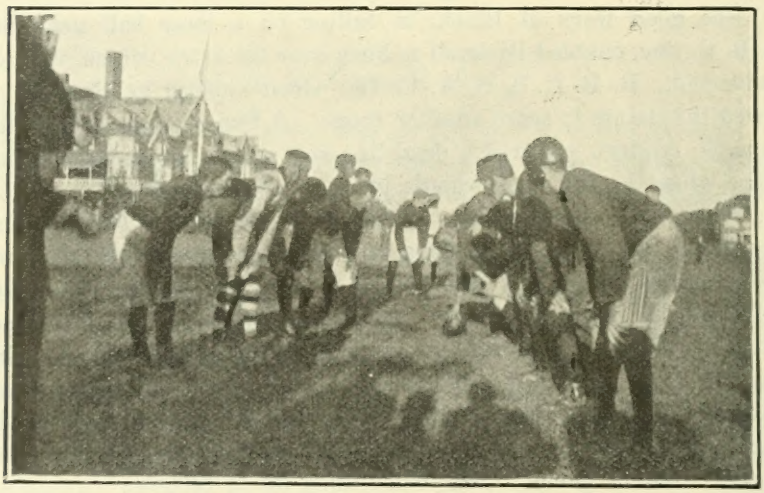
S. A. C.—Full, G. Dimock; halves, Cotton, Bicknell, Junor; quarter, Montgomery (Capt.); scrimmage, MacKeen, Foster, Mack; insides, D. Ross, Black; middles, Sharpe, H. Sommerville; outsides, Malone, G. Sommerville.

Referee—Hughie Gall. Umpire—Dixon. H. L.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

THE third and last league game of the season was played with Upper Canada, on their grounds, Friday afternoon, November 3rd. The day was cloudy and a high wind was blowing from the west, but each side of the field was lined with the enthusiastic supporters of the rival colleges, who shouted defiantly at each other their respective college yells. The field was in a very slippery condition, owing to the snowfall of the preceding day.

St. Andrew's won the toss and the game started at 2.55. Upper Canada kicked to Dimock, who returned it. In the second scrim-



mage Burden passed the ball to Gunsalus, who went through our line for a fifty-yard run. On this run De Gruchy, by using a fake kick, went over for a try, which they failed to convert. St. Andrew's managed to kick to dead-line just before quarter-time. U. C. C. 5, S. A. C. 1.

With the second quarter, Upper Canada having the wind in their favor, the fireworks started. The Saints went all to pieces, and when the half-time whistle blew U. C. C. had made four dead-line kicks, three rouges, two touches-in-goal, one safety touch and a drop-over, leaving the score 19—1 in their favor.

The exhibition of Rugby that S. A. C. put up in the second quarter was one of the worst ever seen between these two colleges.

However, in the second half the team played much better Rugby,

and had they played in the first half as they did in the second the game might not have resulted as it did.

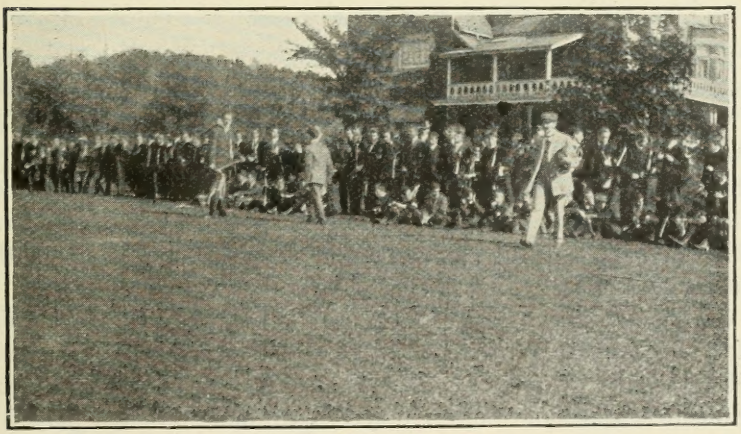
A few minutes after play started S. A. C., on a kick of Dimock, forced U. C. C. to rouge. MacKeen was injured and Ferguson took his place. Two more rouges and a dead-line kick gave us three more points, leaving the score at the end of the third quarter: U. C. C. 19, S. A. C. 5.

Early in the last quarter Mack was injured and McKeague replaced him. On a kick of De Gruchy's, St. Andrew's were forced to rouge. U. C. C. 20, S. A. C. 5. The Saints were continually gaining their yards by splendid bucking, but Davis, of U. C. C., regained all the lost ground by a splendid thirty-yard run, which allowed De Gruchy to go over for another touch, which was converted. U. C. C. 26, S. A. C. 5. Two more rouges and a touch in goal left Upper Canada victors of the game by a score of 29—5. The teams lined up as follows:

U. C. C.—Full, Garvey; halves, Davis, De Gruchy (Capt.), Gunsalus; quarter, Burden; scrimmage, Campbell, Carre, Jones; insides, Stratford, Leask; middles, O'Gorman, McLenan; outsides, Day, Allan.

S. A. C.—Full, G. Dimock; halves, Cotton, Bicknell, Junor; quarter, Montgomery (Capt.); scrimmage, MacKeen, Foster, Mack; insides, Ross, Black; middles, Sharpe, H. Sommerville; outsides, Malone, G. Sommerville; spares, Ferguson, McKeague, Nation.

Referee—Dr. Woods. Umpire—Kennedy. H. L.



THE SECOND TEAM.

THE second team, although they did not win very many games, beat Upper Canada, and therefore can consider their season successful.

The first game, which was not a very good exhibition of Rugby, was played against Pickering College, of Newmarket. It was too



S.A.C. Second Team.

early in the season for a game and the Newmarket field was far below the standard of our grounds, so we lost 23—1.

The second match was the return game with Pickering. The Newmarket boys got off for a good start by getting two touches to their credit before half-time. St. Andrew's tightened up, however, in the last half and, although they did not score, yet Pickering was unable to make a point, and the game ended 12—0 in favor of the Newmarket College.

On Wednesday, October 18th, the seconds travelled to Port Hope, although they were in no condition to play such a team. Although T. C. S. beat them 46—0, yet the team put up a good argument considering their crippled condition. Marshall played a good game, tackling clean and hard.

On the 24th of October the team played Highfield on our grounds and were beaten 16—7. Washington starred for Highfield, while Hoeffler and Grange played good games for St. Andrew's.

The return match with Highfield was played in Hamilton on Friday afternoon, October 28th. In the first half things looked bright, as St. Andrew's was ahead 5—3. However, in the second period they failed to keep up their good work and Highfield came out on top by a score of 13—6. Washington, of Highfield, was the best man on the field. Nation and McKeague played a good, consistent game for St. Andrew's.

U. C. C. II. vs. S. A. C. II.

BEFORE a small but very enthusiastic audience the second team closed their season by defeating the Upper Canada College second team, on the first team field, Saturday morning, November 4th.

The Upper Canada team was completely outclassed in every department of the game. The field was considerably dryer than that at Upper Canada the day before, which enabled Captain Paton to work his end runs with great success.

Early in the first quarter Wright got away for a touchdown on a brilliant sixty-yard run. The try was converted. In the same quarter U. C. C. scored a rouge and a deadline. There was no further scoring, and when the half-time whistle blew the score stood 6—2 in favor of the Crimson and White.

In the second period of the game Upper Canada forced Livingstone to rouge. But the play was all with the Saints, and by successful bucking they forced their way to within one yard of the U. C. C. line, where Nation, by the use of a fake buck, went over for another try, which was not converted. Shortly before full-time Barrie, of U. C. C., kicked to dead line, leaving the final score: S. A. C. 11, U. C. C. 4.

Heintzman starred for Upper Canada, while for St. Andrew's the running of Dimock and Snowball's tackling were features of the game. The teams lined up as follows:

U. C. C.—Full, Drew; halves, Creswick, Barrie, Raymond; quarter, Heintzman (Capt.); outsides, Lorey, Howard; middles, Morse, Saunders; insides, Burwas, Sine; scrimmage. Schofield, Pipon, Mara.

S. A. C.—Full, G. Ross II.; halves, G. Paterson, J. Dimock, Copeland, Livingstone; quarter, Nation (Capt.); outsides, Wright, Nelson; middles, Snowball, Hoefller; insides, Grange, McKeague; scrimmage, W. Young, Firstbrook, Ferguson.

The team wishes to thank Hatch for his able management of the team throughout the season.

H. L.



S. A. C. Third Team.

THE third team, although they succeeded in winning but one of the three games played, can say that they have had a successful season.

The initial game of the season was played on our grounds against St. Catharines High School. The boys from St. Kitts were much bigger and heavier than we were. Fighting against these odds, we were only beaten 7—1. Boechk's dodging and Yuille's running featured.

Our next opponents were the University High School seconds. This game also took place on our grounds. It was a very good

exhibition of Rugby, the score at half-time being S. A. C. 6, U. T. S. 0. In the second period we added six more, making the final score 12—0. The kicking of Stephen was responsible for the majority of scores. The half line, Stephen, Yuille and Beasely, played a splendid game.

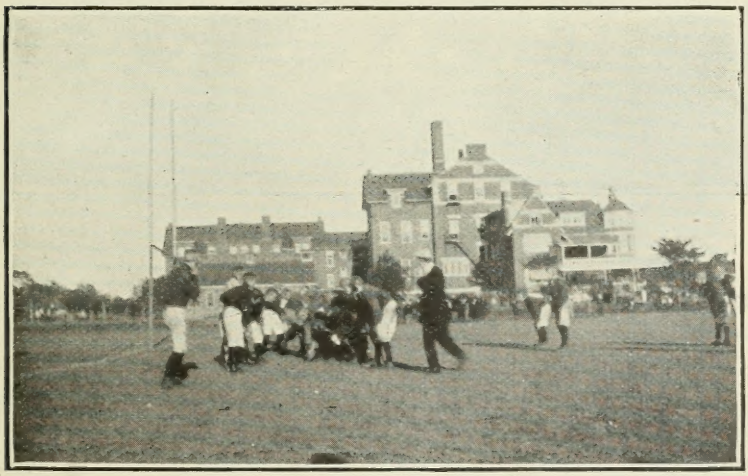
The third and final game was with the third team of the "little red schoolhouse on the hill." Whether it was our over-confidence or poor playing that lost this game we cannot say. At half-time the score was 8—0 in our favor, but in the second half Upper Canada forced the play, and when time ended they were victors by a score of 13—11.

Yuille was without doubt the best man on the field. He repeatedly made runs of sixty yards through the U. C. C. team. Stephen's kicking was also exceedingly good. The team was:

Full, Dyment; halves, Beasely, Yuille (Capt.), Stephen; quarter, Boechk; outsides, W. Paterson, F. Thompson; middles, Ingram, H. Johnston; insides, Malcolm I., McLenan; scrimmage, Davis I., Lash, S. Henry I.

The team wishes to thank Beaty for the time he gave in coaching them.

H. L.



FIRST TEAM, LOWER SCHOOL.

THE Lower School Rugby team had a fairly good year. The first game was played on the College grounds against U. T. S. Lower School, resulting in a win for U. T. S. by the score of 15—1. The next game was played against Models, resulting in a win for Models by the score of 14—0. The last game was played against U. T. S. on our own grounds. It was a very close game



First Team, Lower School.

and doubtful to the last minute, S. A. C. winning, 8—7. The line-up:

Full back, Mosely; centre half, Willoughby; right half, Taylor I.; left half, McMichael; centre scrimmage, Comstock; right scrimmage, Bennett; left scrimmage, Leckie; inside right wing, D'Sherbinin; middle right wing, Risteen; outside right wing, Bateman; inside left wing, McIvor; middle left wing, Malcolm; outside left wing, Scott; first spare, Whitney.

SECOND TEAM, LOWER SCHOOL.

THE past football season may be considered very successful for the Lower School seconds. Out of four games played we won all, scoring 71 points to 15 scored against us.

The first game was with U. T. S., St. Andrew's winning by 30 points to 3.

Then came the Delaware Club. After a close game S. A. C. came out on top by the score of 9 to 6.

Next two games were played with Models. St. Andrew's won the first game by 13—6 and the second by 19—0. The good kicking and running of Grant II. and the fine tackling of Whitney, Denton II. and Firstbrook II. were greatly responsible for our success. The line-up:

Halves, Grant II., Munn II., Davis II.; full, Stevenson; quarter, Grant III. (Capt.); wings, Whitney, Denton II., Stewart, Firstbrook II., Boug, Macdonald; scrimmage, Gibson, Home, Denton I.; spares, Tuckett, Leishman II. F. G.



Second Team, Lower School.

THE CROSS COUNTRY.

THE annual cross country run was held on November 23rd under most unfavorable conditions. A heavy rain, which started before noon, poured down incessantly on a wet and slippery course.

Bicknell took the lead during the first few miles, but later resigned to Hamilton, who showed great promise. Beasley and Montgomery now passed Bicknell and shortly after overtook Hamilton. The race was now between Montgomery and Beasley and was not decided until the former crossed the line five yards ahead, the times being 32 min. 53 sec. and 32 min. 58 sec.

Hamilton finished third, winning the bronze medal. Time, 33 min. 10 sec. Bicknell came fourth, 1 min. 43 sec. later. Alexander made a strong finish, fifth, and won the first boarder's cake.

Thirty-six completed the course, the first ten following Alexander being: De Beck, Hoeffler, McIntosh I, Foster, Wallace II., Davis II., Dimock II., Lash, Henry I., Scott.

D. W. MacKeen.

JUNIOR HOUSE COUNTRY RUN.

THE morning of November 29th dawned clear and cold, and everyone looked forward to a grand race. It certainly proved to be a record-breaker, as the time, 16 minutes and 8 seconds, beat all former records by 42 seconds.

At 4.15 p.m. thirty shivering but eager boys lined up at the north gate of the college and patiently awaited the pistol-shot. It finally came and the few spectators who braved the cold could easily see that a close race was assured.

In a quarter of an hour's hard running a small red jersey was seen entering the school gate, and MacIvor crossed the line for the silver medal. He certainly ran a winning race, leading at every stage of the struggle. Forty yards behind him, Skinner earned the bronze medal. Mosely captured the cake for the first Upper School student to finish. Although a cramp held Scott back near the finish, he gamely stuck to it and took the cake Mr. Wilson gave for his table. Bennett II. then claimed the prize for the first boy at

Mr. Chapman's table, and Willoughby seized the second form cake. Bateman was awarded the second cake given for Mr. Chapman's table, and Kerr captured his table cake. Mr. Harris' cake was taken by Whitney. After gamely running the three long miles, Morgan was finally awarded the cake given by Mr. Wilson for his Prep. boys.

MacIvor's 16-minute record will undoubtedly stand the test for many cross country runs. R. H. G.



Miscellaneous.

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

THE annual distribution of prizes took place in the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of October the thirteenth. The large room was tastefully decorated with branches of oak and maple. Behind the dais the Saint Andrew's cross showed to great advantage in its setting of graceful palms. A great many friends of the College were present, and the spacious hall was taxed to its utmost capacity. On the landing in the main staircase the Highlanders' Band played most acceptably during the afternoon. Among the guests of honor upon the platform were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, President Falconer, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mayor Geary, Archdeacon Coady, Sir Mortimer Clark and others. After the headmaster's address, in which he spoke of the progress of the College during the past year and of the reorganization of the College as an educational trust founded by private endowment, the different prizes were presented.

The list of prize-winners is as follows:

1st General Proficiency, Vogt, who won the Governor-General's medal. Auld succeeded in carrying off the medal awarded by the President of the College. Vogt won the silver and Montgomery the bronze medals awarded by the Lieutenant-Governor. Lash won the prize of books given as a senior reading prize by the Literary Society. Young I. won the rifle presented by the Lieutenant-Governor, and Dunning that presented by the St. George's Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Thompson II. was awarded the rifle given by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I. O. D. E.

After these and the remaining prizes had been awarded, the boys were dismissed and an adjournment was made to the dining-hall for light refreshments. Later an informal dance was held in the gymnasium.

D. W. M.

OLD BOYS' DOINGS.

Fred Johnson, Fernie, was in Toronto for a few days recently. He is with J. B. Long at his extensive sheep ranch in Montana.

Matt Foster, Vancouver, is with the Dunfield Company in Yonge Street.

We had fleeting glimpses of Wes Winans and Jimmy MacNeil in October. Jimmie is still at New Glasgow, while Wes is at the old stand in Winnipeg.

Ned, Budd and Rex Davison are living at the Deke House, 91 Wellesley Street.

Gerald Grant is doing well at Dalhousie University, and Eric is with his father at the German Consulate, Halifax.

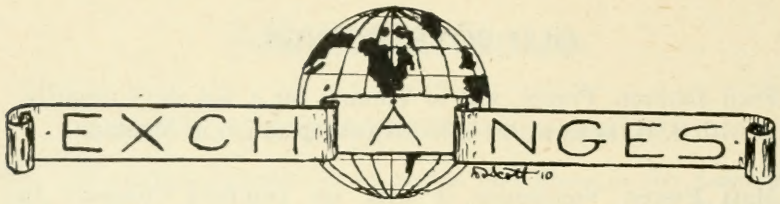
Geordie Campbell is at Dalhousie.

Bung Fleming is progressing favorably from his fractured leg and is out of the hospital.

Joe Wilson is in a law office in Vancouver and much in love with his chosen profession. In a newsy letter he reports having run across several Old Boys. Ted Norris is working with an automobile company in Vancouver, and Horace Fraser is with a land surveyor in the same city. Errol Boyd is floating around also, while Tom Hale is likewise in the West.

The Carver brothers are in Washington Territory, Norm being in the employ of a gravel company.

Geoffrey Boak is with Geo. E. Boak & Son, dealers in coal, with address West India Wharf, Halifax.



THE MIRROR, from the Central High School, maintains the same excellent standing which it has held in the past, the headings and joke column being particularly good.

The Ashburian is good for sporting news, but would be greatly improved by short stories and skits. An exchange column would also be an addition.

The T. C. S. Record. Like *The Ashburian, The Record* is strong in athletics, but lacks short stories and jokes, which tend greatly to improve any college magazine.

The Quill, unlike most papers, does not go in for sports, but the well-written stories, on the other hand, more than fill its place. The exchange criticisms are also clear and well arranged.

The Boone Review and the *College Echoes.* We are always glad to hear from our friends in China in the *Boone Review* and the *College Echoes,* the former being a very neat little paper, while the *College Echoes,* from Tensin, have several interesting stories, of which "A Hard Case" is particularly well written.

The Iris is a well-gotten-up paper. The cover is attractive and they have several clever cuts.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, is very attractive in appearance and interesting as a magazine.

Varsity. One can always find matters of interest in any of the Varsity exchanges, and we are glad to see the *University Monthly, The Varsity* and *The Arbor* again on our list. The latter especially contains some excellent articles, "War" being exceptionally good.

The B. B. C. Magazine has an artistic cover, which encloses many matters of general interest. The "Letter From Japan" is very good.

The Scotch Collegian, from Scotch College, Melbourne, is new to us, but as it is such a good paper we hope always to have it exchange. We recently had a visit from one of the old boys of this college, Rev. Fred Paton, of Malekula, New Hebrides, who gave a most interesting address on his work in the mission field.

The St. Margaret's College Chronicle. We like it, but haven't they perhaps too much of only local interest?

The McGill Daily is the only publication we have from that university, but it is certainly an enterprising paper and reflects great credit on its editors.

The Westminster Hall Magazine is a newcomer. The cover is neat, but wouldn't the advertisements look better towards the back? "Light on a Dark Continent" and others are instructive as well as interesting.

Up to the present the following exchanges have been received. Thanks! *Queen's University Journal,* Kingston, Ont.; *Alt Hiedelberg,* Hiedelberg College, Hiedelberg, Germany; *College Echoes,* Anglo-Chinese College, Tensin, China; *Boone Review,* Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Acadia Athenaeum,* Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Blue and White,* Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Calendar,* Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *The Chronicle,* St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *The Arbor,* Toronto University, Toronto; *The Iris,* Philadelphia High School for Girls, Philadelphia; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Varsity,* Toronto University, Toronto; *The Record,* Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *McGill Daily,* McGill University, Montreal; *The Pharos,* Royal City High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Ashburian,* Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The University Monthly,* University of Toronto, Toronto; *The Argo,* Rutgers Prep. School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *Western Canada College Review,* Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *Westminster Hall Magazine,* Vancouver, B.C.; *The Scotch Collegian,* Scotch College, Melbourne; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, 11½ West 86th St., New York; *The B. B. C. Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Collegian,* Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.

CRIBBED FROM EXCHANGES.

You never hear the bee complain,
  Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish, it can unfold
  A very painful tail.

Though the grass may grow anew each year,
  And seem of tender age,
It's older far than you can be,
  Because it's past-your-age.

Mary sat upon a pin,
  Yet showed no perturbation,
For some of her was genuine,
  But most was imitation.

THE GREAT DIVIDES.

Reno.
The Harem skirt.
The tariff wall.
The fool and his money.
Buda-Pest.
The pearly gates.
Mason and Dixon's line.
Jim Crow laws and
The Rio Grande River.—*Ex.*

Lady (after the tramp finished eating)—It's merely a suggestion—the wood pile is in the back yard.

Tramp—You don't say? What a splendid place for a wood pile.—*Ex.*

The new butler was nervous and was in obvious fear of his ducal employer. He proffered a dish with great ceremony. "Cold grace, your grouse?" he queried.

Little Bobby—Pa, what makes the firefly?
Little Bobby's Papa—The blacksmith, sonny.

Some schoolboy mistakes:

Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale, but she was a stout Protestant.

A plural verb is used when we do two things at once.

Alnwick is the place where the Duke of Northumberland likes to sit (Text-Book has "favorite seat").

The gods of the Indians are chiefly Mahommed and Buddha and in their spare time they do lots of carving.

Everyone needs a holiday from one year's end to another.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterwards.

Septuagint was the name given to the seven Old English kingdoms.

The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual cheek (check).

The Red Indians when hunting carry their lives in their hands, also their revolvers.

"Lord of a barren heritage" means that the man had inherited a baronage.

Venus was the goddess of beauty. She is sometimes called the Morning Star of the Reformation.

According to the Habeas Corpus Act a man cannot be punished twice for the same offence, so if a man steals a pig and is put in prison for it, when he comes out he can steal another pig and not be punished.—*Public Opinion.*

Customer—Waiter, there's two flies in this soup you just brought me.

Waiter—Yes, sir; they're twins—we can't keep 'em apart.

"Papa," said Freddie, "what is a fortification?"

"Why, a big fort," said his father.

"Well, papa, is a ratification a big —"

"I am busy, dear," replied father as he escaped.

She—What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?

He—I suppose that it must be the beams.

Bub—Father, who was Shylock?

Father—Shame on you, Bub; go study your Bible."

Farmer Foddershucks—How do them summer boarders of your'n keep busy?

Reuben Robbins—They play golf.

Farmer Foddershucks—What'n Sam Hill's that?

Reuben Robbins—'S near's I kin figger, it's solitaire shinney.—*Ex.*

If a burglar broke into the cellar of a house, would the coal shute?

No, Clementine, but the kindling wood.

Only Once.

A farmer riding on a certain railroad asked the conductor on a recent trip: "How often do you kill a man on this 'ere line?"

"Just once," replied the conductor.

Philip had gone to bring in the new kittens to show them to a visitor. His mother, hearing a shrill mewing, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Philip!"

From the hall came the reassuring answer, "Oh, no, I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."—*Ex.*

Angry Customer—Waiter, there's a spider in the ice cream.

Waiter—Serves him right; let him freeze to death; he was in the soup yesterday.

An aggrieved mother wrote to her son's elocution teacher as follows:

"Madim you kepe teling my son to breeth with his dierfram I sepose rich boys all has dierframs but how about when their father only makes 2 dollers a day and theres 4 younger I tel you its enuf to make everybody socialists first its one thing and then its another and now its dierframs its too much."

Baker—Joe fell off a forty-foot ladder to-day.

Gooley—Did he get hurt very badly?

Baker—No; he was on the first round when he fell.

Heard in Physics.

Teacher—What is steam?

Pupil—Steam is water crazy with the heat.

He Knows Best.

Doctor (to Pat's wife, after examining Pat, who had been run down by an auto)—Madam, I fear your husband is dead.

Pat (feebly)—No, I ain't dead yit.

Pat's Wife—Hush, Pat, the gentleman knows better than you do.—*Ex.*

That's Peculiar.

Mrs. Hen having performed her oviparous function, took a constitutional around the yard. Returning to her nest she found it empty and clucked angrily.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."

A Good Rule.

The story is told of a man who had great difficulty in spelling words with "ei" and "ie" in them. One day a friend offered him an infallible rule for such cases. "It is a rule," he said, "that in forty-seven years has never failed me."

His friend expressed his delight and waited.

The man resumed: "The rule is simply this: write your 'i' and 'e' exactly alike, and put the dot just between them."

Cigarette Soliloquy.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and discount his chances for success."

Unfair.

"Ma," said the discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school no more."

"Why not, dear?" inquired his indulgent mother, tenderly.

"Because it ain't no use. I can't never learn to spell."

"Oh, yes, you can. Why, you had your lesson beautifully last week."

"I know. But the teacher keeps changin' the words every day, an' it ain't fair."

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish.

Mabel (aged five)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?

Pat's teacher asked him to define an island. "Sure, ma'am," said Pat, "it's a place ye can't lave widout a boat."

IF AT FIRST.

An Irishman named Michael Docherty having been discovered after solemnizing nuptials with four wives, was brought up before the Dublin Assizes charged with bigamy. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner should be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women, whereupon Mike said apologetically: "Sure, your Honor, I was only tryin' to get a good one—an' it's not aisy!"

Pat landed in America with the popular belief that money could be picked up in the streets. Accordingly, seeing a tin tobacco-tag lying on the sidewalk he picked it up and walked into a bar-room. Laying the piece of tin on the bar, he called for a drink. "That's tin," said the bartender. "Oh!" said Pat, hospitably, "have a drink yersilf. I thought it was foive."

A reverend gentleman was addressing a school concert recently, and was trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow, what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a flaxen-haired youngster.

Her husband called upstairs and asked her how soon she would be ready.

"I'll be ready in a minute and a half, dear."

"Oh, thanks! Then I'll be able to finish the rest of this book. There are only six chapters more."

A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a football excursion and meant to have a carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked:

"My good woman, this is a smoking car, don't you know?"

"Well, well," answered the woman, "never mind. I'll mak' it dae." And she took a seat.

As the train started the word was passed round, "Smoke her out." All the windows were closed accordingly, every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. So foul was the air that at last one of the boys began to feel ill. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat the old woman leaned forward to him.

"If ye are dune, sir," she said in a wheedling tone, "wad ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa' in sic a haste I forgot mine."

Skits

MR. MAGEE (to Ingram)—Do the next sentence, Ingram.
Ingram—The potato is a very useful animal.

Dr. Macdonald (in Scripture class)—Where does synopsis appear.

Wallace III.—You see it in the front of theatre programmes, sir.

Dr. Macdonald—Don't accuse me of going to the theatre, Wallace.

Hutchings II.—Oh, gee! I feel sick.

Young VI.—Well, go to bed and eat a comforter.

Hutchings II. has broken a transom. Funny how that family like to hear glass breaking.

Room 23—Saints' Rest.

Mr. Magee—Attention, Dyment.

Dyment—Attention or detention, sir?

Mr. Magee—Well, I'll make it detention.

Davison (to Jimmy Gordon, who is trying to rub the skin off his back)—Y-y-y-you can't skin a manager!"

Room 23 is pretty good. Even when doing mathematics no one may use improper fractions.

Hey, diddle, diddle, for Fat and his fiddle—
We all beat it out of the room,
And when Fattie laughed to see such fun
We hammered his head with a broom.

This morning in Room 23
I said something that starts with a D;
The rest gave a bawl,
"Beat it out in the hall!"
'Twas another ten minutes for me.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When you're at college your fussing begins.

"O, Meredith, shall I call thee fool, or but a wandering mind?"
—*With apologies to* W. W.

Donald is a Yankee,
Donald is a dear;
Donald came to Canada
And stole Snook's heart, I fear.

And when she goes to Donald's land
We hope she will not find
That Donald has been false to her
And left a wife behind.

Found in college hymn book—Length of prayer, 4 min. 18 sec. Sermon, start 7.30, finish 8.02 1-3. Grand total, 32¾ min. Sunday, March 19th, 1911. Official timekeeper, D. W. M.

Dr. Macdonald would like to know who the small boy was.

St. Margaret's girls want to know what angle "Billie" Watson wears his cap at.

Ans.—A-cute angle.

Why did Junor drop out of the cross country?

Ans.—He saw the cakes.

Dunning—If there was an explosion at Meaford, would Owen Sound?

Malone—No, but Collingwood.

Sommerville I.—If Penetang blew up where would Midland?

"Dud" Ross—Say, fellows, couldn't we have a Rugby dance and wear our first team sweaters?"

"Freedie" now makes a noise like a parrot. In that "case" where does he get his lessons?

Nation to McKeague—What are you doing under the bed, 'Cupid'?

McKeague—Looking for my composition.

We are glad to hear that Dutch Nelson has completed his latest novel, "Heart Breaking in Oakville."

Hoeffler—Gee! I can almost fuss as well as Spohn now."

Dyment—When I was in Edmonton — — — — !!! ????

Lindsay—If you stay home, you won't be at school, will you?

Druggist (to Foster, who was buying some soap)—Will you have it scented?

Foster—No, I'll take it with me.

Ferguson (getting up to make a speech at Firstbrook's)—Voice from other end of table: "This will be a *heavy* joke."

Outsider to Malcolm I.—Are you taking a business course at St. Andrew's?

Malcolm I.—No, I'm taking a commercial course.

First Boy (looking at the weather)—It looks like rain.

Second Boy (looking at the soup)—Yes, and it tastes like it, too.

Master (to Ben Allen)—Why didn't you do your Latin last night?

Allen—Please, sir, I had to take a bath.

Overheard in Room 17.

"Because my name is Snowball, that's no reason why you should keep me from the radiator."

Leckie (to Ben Allen)—Have you heard of the latest things in shoes?

Allen—No.

Leckie—Feet!

MacKeen (to Dawson)—Honestly, Freddie, what do you think of my last composition?

Davison—Don't ask me! You are so much bigger than I am.

Rankin (after lights out in Room 6)—Gee! those fellows are *noisy* in the Upper Barn. I guess Young I. must be in there.

Manville has become so filled with the college spirit that he wanted Stone to let him put his pyjamas in his "My Valet" box to have them pressed.

Mr. Bishop (overheard at the phone)—Please send me up some cod C. O. D.

Mr. K. (to Hoeffler)—Your brains are like a watermelon.

Black is the only real St. Andrew's fellow in the school. He is red and white. He might also do for Trinity, being red and Black.

Wallace I.—Why does Brown always laugh up his sleeve?
McIntosh II.—I don't know. Why?
Wallace I.—Because his funny-bone is there.

Boy (on Saturday night)—Well, Cow, what did you do all afternoon?
Hoeffler—Watched them turn pancakes in Child's window.

Initiations, gone but not forgotten.
Wednesday is the Moulton visiting day.
Question—On what day does Paterson I. get his leave?

Fat Ferguson has either been studying too hard or else he's in love.

PATRIOTIC MEMOIRS OF FOOTBALL BATTLE.

The VB boys were confident,
  They had a lot of gall,
They thought that they could beat the sixth
  At that old game, football.

The game was rather shocking;
  Indeed 'twas rather sad!
The VB team pulled, pushed and shoved
  With all the strength they had.

The lower Sixth was steady,
  They ran and bucked so fine
That every time they got the ball
  They smothered VB's line.

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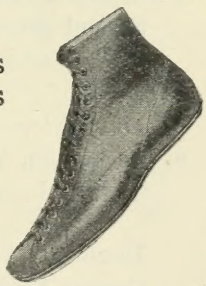
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But when the game was over
The score was five to four,
The Lower Sixth triumphant stood
As in the days of yore.

The VB boys dejected
Went back to second place.
They boast no more to beat the Sixth
In battle face to face.

Ault II. is merely brother Lloyd with modern improvements.

Mr. Duff (in IV. A classroom)—Spreken zie Deutsch?
Small voice from back of room—Oui, oui.

There is a young man called Diver
Who's not much of an auto-car driver.
He ran over a maid,
And a big fine he paid,
Though he tried from the policeman to hide her.

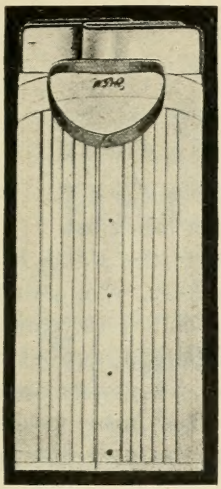
Allen II. (to Crawford)—What are you going through for at Varsity, Hume?
Crawford—Arts.
Allen—What! can you paint?

First Master—I had eight dogs whose tails I cut short and then I had to sell them wholesale.
Second Master—Why?
First Master—Because I couldn't retail them.

Mr. Taylor (to Billy Yuille)—Yuille, name the principal events of the Persian War.
Yuille—I don't know about that, sir.

Davison—We're going to have the first team photo taken Friday.
Gordon I.—Mr. Taylor says we're going to have a holiday.
Davison—You go and ask Mr. Taylor who's running this school.

Fat McKeague (looking in the mirror)—Say, fellows, my complexion is as clear as the College jelly.



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It is shortsighted because the sound risk of to-day may be the unsound risk of to-morrow. One's own determination is not the only thing to be considered, and to-morrow, owing to your illness, or some accidental occurrence, the Company may have to decline to issue a policy on your life.

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Mr.W.—Has anyone seen McMichael's books?
Mosely—They were on top of mine, sir.
Mr. W.—Well, where were yours?
Mosely—Under his, sir.

Once I was witnessing a deciding game of baseball.

I noticed that one of the best players selected a *Black* bat.

When it came his turn to bat he hit the ball to the *Marsh* beyond, where it was recovered by a small *Brown Kerr,* who, acting as a *Porter, Tuckett* back to the pitcher, who continued the game.

After the game, as I was going home in a *Carr,* I noticed a small *Bell* was trying to make *Love* to a *Baker.* They were very *Noisy* and were most too *Young* to make *Love.* The *Baker* looked very *Dusty* after the game, but I noticed that he was very *Sharpe* in the rules of baseball.

John K. Wilson (to Tanner)—Which is the faster, heat or cold?
Tanner—Heat.
Wilson—Why.
Tanner—You can catch a cold quite easily, can't you?

First Junior House Boy—I had an awful fall last night.
Second Junior House Boy—Where did you fall?
First Junior House Boy—I fell asleep.

Mackeen (seeing himself in an old Junior House photo)—My, how one can change!

Cadet Corps in Room 19.

"Tallest on the right, shortest on the left. Number!"
"1! 2! 2½!"

Mr. T.—You're going to the dogs. Come to my room after school.

O, You Football Player.

He used to hold her on his lap,
As happy as could be,
But now it makes her seasick,
'Cause he's water on the knee.

—*To G. M.*

TELEPHONE M. 1269

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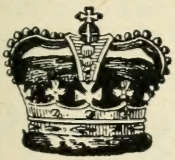
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Cotton (to Howard at the end of Rugby season)—Say, Billie, wake me up again when hockey starts.

New Boy (looking at Davison in last year's Rugby photos)—Who's the kid?

The original Mutt and Jeff of S. A. C.—"Casey" Malcolm and F. H. D.

De Gruchy (of U. C. C.)—Say, Montgomery, what happened to that big fellow on your team?

Monty—Who do you mean, MacKeen?

De Gruchy—Yes.

Monty—He was hit at the base of the brain.

Amongst those who rushed on the field when Monty had his eye cut in the Ridley game were noticed Drs. Hendry, Macdonald and DAVISON.

Junor—When I got my eye hurt the manager wanted to give me a pill.

Cotton (to Hutchings I. in T. C. S. game)—Don't give me any of that firewater.

Gordon—No, it might wake you up.

Freddie wouldn't go down town the day before the U. C. C. game because he thought the newspapers might want a picture of the manager.

At a dance given on the 5th of December the members of Room 22 kept up their reputation of being strong finishers in the supper line.

Room 22 still have their daily squabbles as to who will pay the extra nickel for papering their room.

Room 22's Yell.

"Are we tight? Yes, you bet."

Bicknell says he knows all about the "ne timinere (temere) decree.

Freddie (to Monty during Rugby season)—You go up and tell Junor to get dressed, because if I go I'm apt to get mad and say something and then he won't turn out again this season.

Science Notes.

Mr. K.—Now, take these notes—stop laughing, Ferguson. Take a Florence flash—three quarters, Dunning—put in three grams, Clare!!—sulphuric acid and drop in a little—Rice, stop talking!—a little—listen, Young—I said a *little*—Davison, stop that noise—drop in a little fat—McKenzie, please keep quiet—now, remember this, it has a peculiar name—Herschkowitz!!!—it is called—turn around, Hutchison; it is potassium permanganate. Sommerville, did you that?

Yes, sir, what was it, sir?"

"Snow, take four quarters! Cool it by passing some—Snow, leave the room!! Cool it by——

Burr—rr—rr—ling—ling.

Chorus—Period's over, sir.

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Smart Shoes for Young Men

Mr. K. (to Might and Grant II.)—Two little chaps like you should be seen and not heard in class.

Bicknell (to Montgomery and Davidson)—C-o-m-p-a-n-y. No!!
Freddy—181!! (Binscarth.)
Monty—182!! (Jarvis.)

Overheard at the Tuck Shop on the day after Earl Grey's holiday:
Ken Might—Ah! I know why Monty sent a cablegram to Earl Grey.
Bicknell—Why?
Ken Might—Look who he had at Shea's with him yesterday.

Football is over, but Monty still remembers the signal—x double x.

Foster (to Montgomery)—The phone's broken.
Montgomery—I could have told you that before you went down.

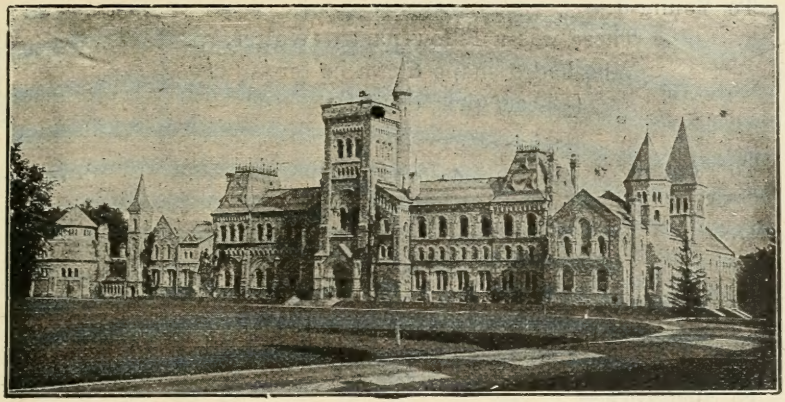
The Happy Hooligan Twins (Grant II. and III.)—Uncle Herbie, will you teach us how to play Rugby?

Nation to Mr. M.—Sir, Thompson is going all to the dogs.
Mr. M.—He must be associating with you, Nation.

CRIBBED FROM LOWER SIXTH GAZETTE.

There was a queer gink named Junor,
Who fished off the end of a schooner.
One day he fell in
And swore like sin,
That queer thing named Junor.

There was a young fellow named Clare,
Whose voice resembled a bear;
One day when he spoke
A transom he broke—
Three Bucks!



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To Young I.—

There was a fellow named Walter,
Who had a shape like a halter—
(Cheer, girls, cheer!)

To Sommerville I.—

There was a vision named Hank,
Who resembled a cedar plank;
Play Rugby he could,
Though his head was of wood.
Tough!

To Snelgrove—

There was a young fellow named Charlie,
He never got here very early,
But, sad to relate,
One day he came late.
Four quarters!

Master (calling roll)—Snelgrove?
Class—Not for another hour yet, sir.

When dukes come to visit us
We always make an awful fuss;
Cadets are marshalled, every one,
And all the fancy drills are done;
Carpets spread along the floor,
Right from prayer hall to the door;
The masters wear their bestest gowns
And stride about with stately frowns,
And all the poor boys have to do
Is sit and listen to them through.

Seen on Upper VI. blackboard after Latin period—The principal parts of Fido: head, hair, body, legs, tail and all other parts that go to make up a doggie.

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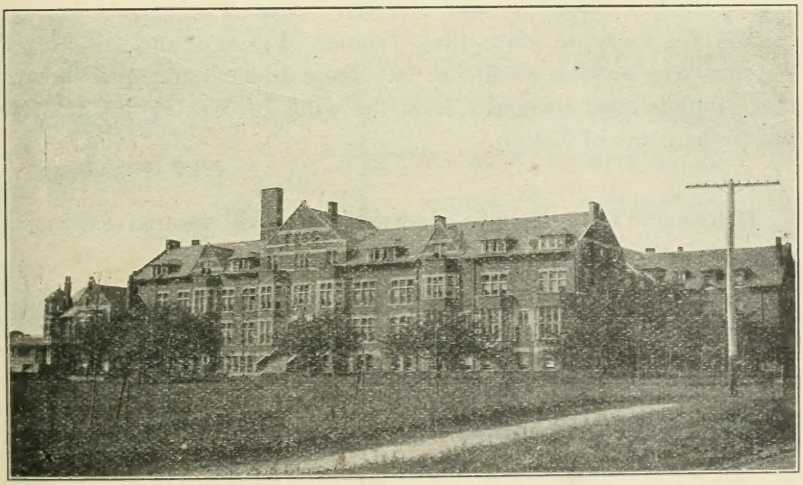


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Paterson I. (to Hoeffler)—I wonder if they would let me in Moulton if I wore my second team colors?

Hoeffler—I don't know; but they let me in Reservoir Park.

Mr. K. (to Hoeffler)—It used to be a bull in the china shop, but now it's a cow in the lab.

We are glad to hear that Messrs. Whittaker III., McIvor and Malcolm III. enjoyed their hunting trip last week. They boarded their private car behind the College and journeyed to Leaside. There they ordered their car to be sidetracked while they talked over the prospect of hunting. They had not quite decided what trail to follow when they saw in the distance three figures which they thought were bears. They immediately took to their heels through the bush, followed swiftly by the bears. An exciting chase of an hour ensued, but the gentlemen, at last out of breath, waited for the bears to come up. These ferocious animals turned out to be nothing more than the head prefect, Malcolm I., and McClinton, who escorted them back to Dr. Macdonald, where they were welcomed cordially and treated to some *hot* refreshments.

We are sorry to state that Trainer Williams and his clever "Monk" are no longer with us, but Room 18 have managed to capture another good specimen from the wilds of Westmount answering to the name of Nelson.

If Room 18 keep up their good work they will soon have a zoo.

Waiter (in Baltimore Lunch) to Nelson—Was it coffee you ordered?

Nelson—No, water.

Bicknell (to Junor, going out to play Ridley)—I wonder who's watching me now?

Freddie, hearing that Monty was copying out the skits, came in and tried to say all the funny things he knew.

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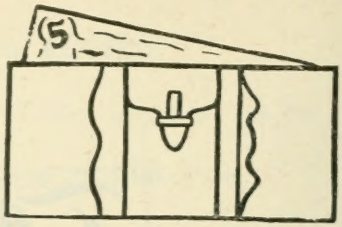
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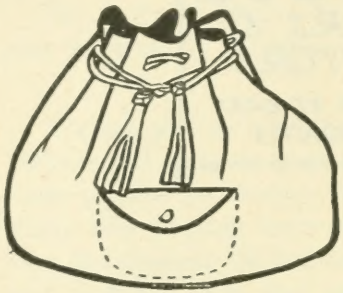
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The Saint Andrew's College Review

Easter
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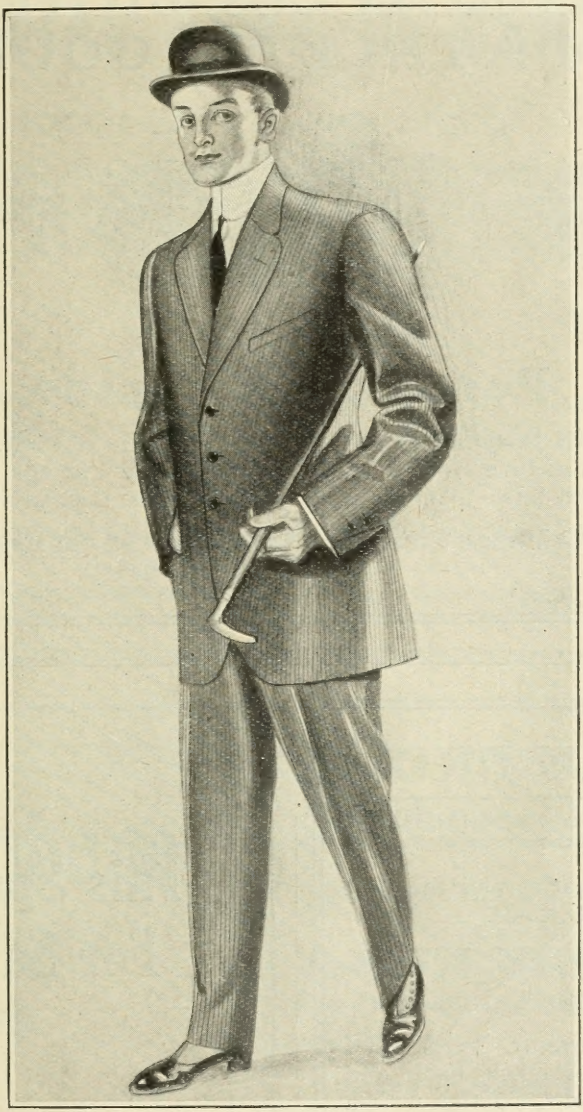


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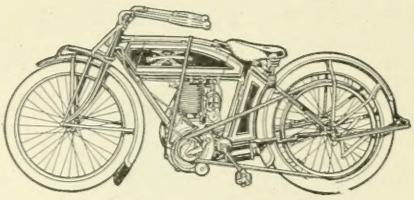
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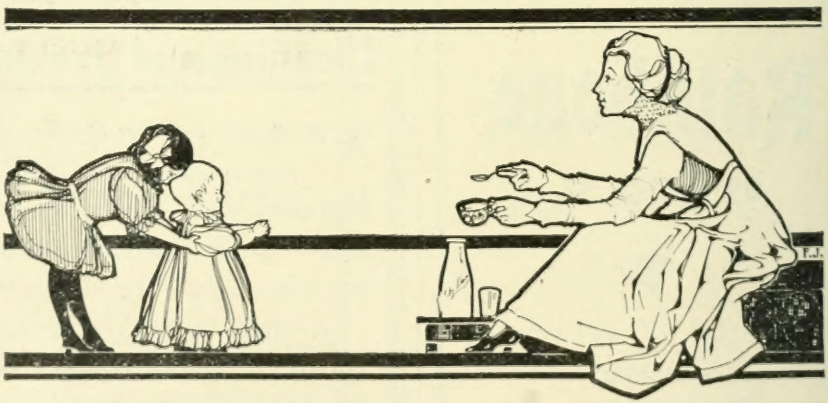
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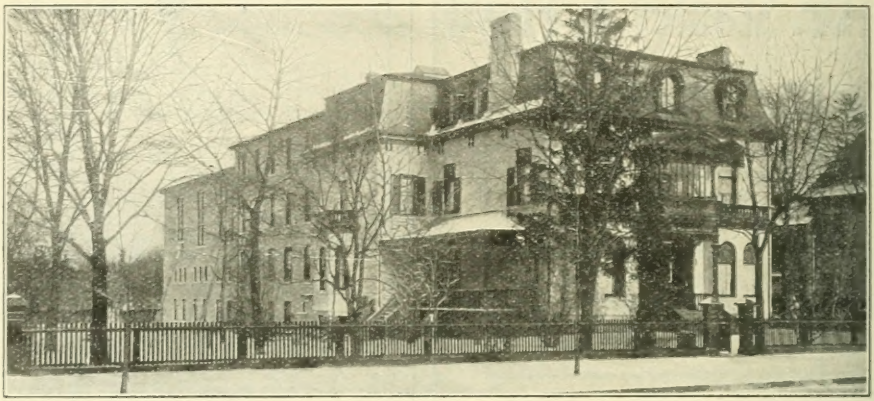
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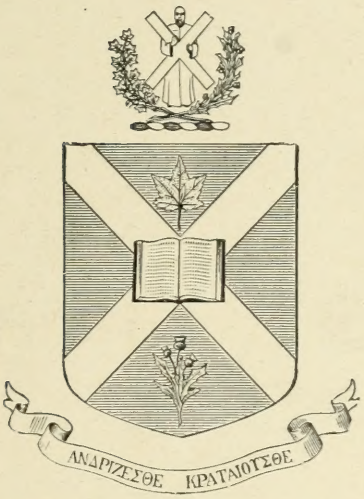


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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1912

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St. Andrew's College Review

EASTER, 1912

THE CRY OF THE FREED.

Through the faint sea-life surge of bronze-tipped firs
Wails the spent spirit of decay and death,
The silent places thrill, a new power stirs
Earth's inmost soul with life-imparting breath.

On-rushing streams, in 'wildering ecstasy
Of unpent strength, fling wide their tawny spray;
O'er ice-fringed banks they dash derisively
Then purl with full-mouthed gurglings on their way.

With lightsome touch the South-wind sweeps aground
Or shakes impatiently each laggard tree;
Fast on her trail the clear far-reaching sound
And herald call of feathered minstrelsy.

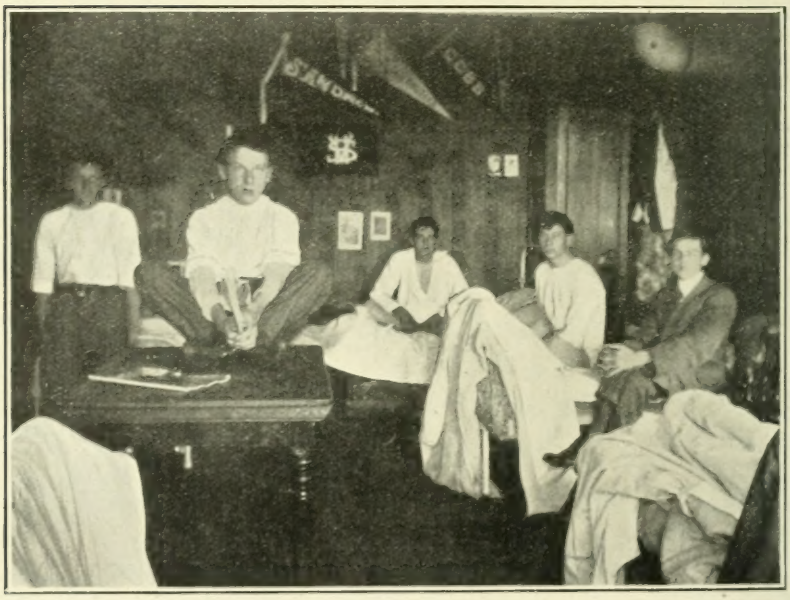
A moist earth teems with latent agony
In promise of a travail yearly blessed,
Yielding the wealth of her maternity
To those who clamor helpless at her breast.

Amid the marts of toil and fretful care,
Of ruthless greed and mundane lottery;
To work-worn drudge and him whose features bear
The bondage-mark borne uncomplainingly,

From some vast-hearted region rings the cry
Of Nature freed. New courage springs to life
In daunted will; new fire to earth-chilled eye
And strength all purposeful to aimless strife.

O Miracle of each renascent year,
On dormant souls thy quickening touch bestow!
With freshening breath of dreams fulfilled draw near
And set each pulseless human heart aglow!

C. N. W.



Rising in Room Twenty-Seven

Contributed Articles

THE IDOL'S EYE.

IT was nearly twelve o'clock and I was making ready for bed, when a violent ringing of the door bell startled me. Hastily throwing off my smoking jacket and slipping on a coat, I hurried downstairs. To my intense astonishment my midnight visitor was no less a person than Sir John Barrington, President of the National Antique Society. I ushered him in and, inwardly wondering, led the way upstairs.

As soon as we were seated, Sir John began. "You will wonder, Weston," he said in a nervous manner, "why I am here at this time of night. But first of all I want to know if you are free to take a case?" "One moment, Sir John," I interrupted. "I never work alone. I will call my partner." A few minutes later Stanley Langman burst into the room. I introduced him to Sir John and said: "Stan, Sir John has a case for us. I have decided to take it on. Do you agree?" "Perfectly," he cried, turning to Sir John, who recommenced.

"You have, no doubt, heard of the magnificent jewel so recently acquired by our Society. We purchased it for £2,500. Not caring to hand it over to a bank and not having a suitable place to deposit it, it was decided to leave it in my hands for the time being.

"Accordingly, I took it home and placed it with the rest of my wife's jewels in her case, thinking it perfectly safe. It was safe until last night when the case was opened, the diamond stolen and the rest of the contents left untouched." He stood up and paced the floor nervously. "A glass of wine, sir," I asked, pouring out a tumberful. "Thanks," he said, draining it off.

"The past history of the jewel?" inquired Langman; "has it any?" The wine seemed to have steadied our visitor. He sat down. "Ten or fifteen years ago," he said, "it was stolen from a heathen idol in a temple in India. A soldier who formed one of a raiding party stole it. On his deathbed, a short time later, he gave it to his Colonel, who, unknown to anyone, sent it to his

solicitors at Calcutta. A week later he was murdered, and his heirs, not wishing to have such a white elephant on their hands, sold it to an Amsterdam firm of goldsmiths for £1,500, and now it's gone. I am disgraced! Ruined! Ruined!" As he concluded he arose hastily and paced the room in great agitation.

"Never bother, Sir John," said Langman, kindly, placing his hand on Sir John's shoulder. "How long have we to find it before the deposit is ready?" "Two weeks," answered the old man. "All right, we'll find it. All we ask of you is to say nothing about it. Be absolutely quiet about the matter. Now we will bid you good-night as we wish to go over the matter."

Late that night we went over the criminal records. Langman was to take control and to let me know what to do. At four o'clock in the morning the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver. "Hello, Weston; it is I, Langman. We take the morning boat for France. Bring what you need. The usual boat." He rang off. I tumbled into bed for a brief sleep.

The next day we were on board the boat for the continent. As we stood on deck a man sauntered past us. Langman nudged me and I looked up. He was a tall man, dark, with black hair and moustache. The clean cut of the features and the thin lips seemed familiar. "Monsieur Mallett?" I asked, looking at Langman. "The same," he answered, "but come below and I will tell you all. Now," he continued, when we were seated; "this fellow Mallett is one of the cleverest and most unscrupulous criminals that ever saw the inside of a jail. He is the head of a large band of jewel thieves, who have been operating successfully for two or three years. Knowing the immense value of this jewel they laid plans to secure it. The former history of the jewel was the base on which they worked. Mallett, who looks much like an Indian himself, proceeded to carry out the scheme. By a judicious use of bribes he induced Lady Barrington's maid to show him the box. For an accomplished thief like Mallett, it was a comparatively easy job to open the case and remove the diamond. To further the belief that the thief was an Indian, and to direct suspicion to India, he did not touch the other jewels and also dropped an Indian coin on the floor. He stayed a day in London and left this morning for France on this boat."

"But how did you trace the theft to him?" I asked. "By an

entirely accidental piece of luck," replied Langdon. "Mallett, I suppose, grew careless and left a very distinct thumb mark on the box. This I took, and at my room I went over all the finger prints I could lay my hands on. It exactly corresponded to the thumb-print of Gentleman Dan, who five years ago, escaped from jail, dressed as a warder. At headquarters I found that a man suspected to be this Gentleman Dan was living at a boarding house not far away. It was our friend Mallett. From this I soon traced his movements. Now let us go on deck. First, here is a warrant I have, should we have any trouble with the police."

We went on deck and strolled forward. "I suppose I had better let the Captain know," I said, and went in search of him. I found him in the wheel-house. "May I see you a moment, Captain Brent?" I asked. He came outside. "I have here a warrant for the arrest of one of your passengers; there he is," and I pointed out Mallet. The Captain started. "Why, that is our French Count," I smiled. "Sorry to bother the French nobility, but ——." "Well, you have thirty-five minutes before we arrive in French waters," said the Captain, consulting his watch.

I returned to Langman and told him what the Captain had said. "You follow me, I'll give you the nod." I walked slowly forward. "Good morning, Count," I observed as I neared Mallett. He turned sharp. "Good morning," he returned. "You have the advantage, Monsieur." I laughed. "You do not remember my face?" I asked. "If Monsieur will mention the place," he suggested, "I have a bad memory." "Lady Barrington's," I replied. I could see Bob behind the Count. I winked at him. "Perhaps," I said to Mallett, "this will help you," and I held out a brooch. He reached out his hand and I snapped the handcuff on it. He sprang back, but Langman was on him and he submitted quietly. "Unfair," he said, "two to one." "Why, Monsieur Mallett ought to be honored that it was deemed necessary to have two men to detain him," I cried. "True," said Mallett, coolly; "here, fasten this too." He held up his free hand. Langman bent to handcuff it, when quick as a thought, Mallett swung his manacled hand and brought the steel handcuff with crushing force on Langman's head. Then before I could stop him he sprang to the side and dived overboard.

Langman lay like a log. I knelt beside him. "Lower a boat!" cried the Captain; "full steam astern!" Langman was only stunned, and leaving him I sprang into the waiting boat. "Pull, men!" I cried. The men pulled lustily. Mallett, far astern, was making a desperate attempt to swim towards France. We soon neared him. As we did so, he raised a revolver and fired. The bullet went wide, but the men dropped the oars. "You cowards, row!" I yelled, and, pulling my revolver, took a pot shot at Mallett. The revolver flew from his hand and sank. With a curse he turned and dived under water. I sprang up, tore off my coat and dived after him. A few strokes brought me to him, and I clinched. He tried to draw me under, and, tired as he was, it was almost more than I could do to resist. Finally we came to the top. His free hand clutched my throat, and as I struggled to free myself, he brought the handcuff down on my head. I remembered no more."

When I came to I was lying on the deck of the boat. Langman was bending over me. "How do you feel, old chap?" he asked, as I sat up. "Fine," I replied, "but my head does ache," and I felt my bandaged head. "But how are you," I said, "didn't he get you?" Langman pointed to his plastered head and smiled. "And Mallett?" I asked. "There," answered Langman, pointing to a long, still object, covered with a sheet. "He was choking you to death, when one of the men shot him with your revolver. The idol's eye was in his pocket."

So ended the mystery of the Idol's eye, which was returned safely to Sir John Barrington. And in the criminal record, against the record of "Gentleman" Dan Dunlop, alias Monsieur Mallett, was written—"Killed at sea while resisting arrest."

H. G. Spohn.

A CHINAMAN I HAVE KNOWN.

IT was a dark and stormy night. The rain pattered down incessantly on the rudely thatched roof of our cabin. And what a cabin! A delightful old-time shack, the personification of picturesque beauty, full of woodland suggestiveness and chinks, of pungent odors of cedar and decaying leaves. What a cabin!

Without, the soughing of the wind through the interminable vastness of the pine forest, stretching towards the north, mingled with the monotonous beating of choppy waves on the rocky shore.

Within, the fire crackled merrily. A red-hot stovepipe charred the rough-hewn joists of the roof, driving all manner of animalculae from their long unmolested lairs in the decaying wood. One and all they scuttled for the dark recesses of the hovel.

About a blackened and battered table which poised uneasily on three very uncertain legs, sat Bill Mulligan and myself. The interest in our card game had gradually waned and eventually disappeared, and we sat lounging in the full contentment of a last evening pipe. For some moments we sat thus, and then with an effort my companion roused himself from his lethargy.

"If it wasn't for the fact that we are going on an all-fired dangerous trip and some chance there is of one of us not returning, I shouldn't tell you about this. But I don't see that any harm can come of confession at this time of my life, especially to you," he said. "It's just eighteen years ago to-night that I gave them the slip at Sing-Sing. I had just eight days to live, according to the Governor, and I wasn't taking any chances when I laid that warden out. I was afraid for a long time that I had hit him too hard, but I found out later that he had recovered."

This was all very astonishing to me. I knew Bill only as the most trustworthy guide in the country, and while I knew nothing of his past, I had not the slightest suspicion of its having been anything but an honorable one.

"Eighteen years haven't added grey hairs to my head without leaving me richer in common sense than when I was a young ne'er-do-well about my home town, sowing my wild oats and spending my slim patrimony on riotous living. Slim patrimony indeed, but I came to the end of my tether too late to stop an

excellent start on the primrose way to the Everlasting Bonfire. I drifted from bad to worse. When my resources came to an end I lived at the expense of my brother until he grew tired of my vagaries and closed his doors upon me.

"I was at that time twenty-four years of age. The next two years saw me successively clerk, time-keeper, teamster, printer's devil and cook, and at last, in the deepest depths of destitution and degradation, I sought a position in a Chinese laundry. I was accepted. For my services I was to receive munificent remuneration at the rate of five dollars a month, with board. But that board!" His face was certainly expressive enough. "Upon my word, I wouldn't offer that stuff to a dog I hated. I lived in a space—I hate to call it a room—about ten by fourteen, without any ventilation." Mulligan paused and went over to the door and opened it as if the thought of those days and nights still suffocated him.

"You think you know something of sin, and deceit, and absolute rottenness of soul, but you don't know the tenth part of the introduction to a Chinese laundryman's Catechism. Those fellows could knife a man and bury him in a slough in about the time it takes to tell it. I tell you I lived in a wholesome fear of Mar Song, for so my boss was called. When he was drunk he could put away two or three cops, and when he was sober he was good for a dozen. Any dirty work that he didn't know of in scrapping wasn't in any man's repertoire.

"What he did in the daytime I don't know, but every evening, as regularly as the clock, he would slink into his miserable abode by the back door. His time from about eight till ten was occupied in running his laundry and cursing—mostly cursing.

"But the laundry was only a sham. His real business began about ten. The iniquitous son of Satan ran one of the best appointed dives in Chinatown, and in those days San Francisco was not at all behindhand in such things. Among his many schemes for filching superfluous currency from the wealthy young fops who chose to frequent this district, he had a modern roulette wheel. Hour after hour I had spent small sums from my scant earnings in the attempt to win from Song some of his ill-gotten gains. Goodness knows I needed them badly enough.

"One day when the room was almost deserted and I had been studying with more intentness than usual the movement of the

aforesaid wheel, I noticed that at each turn, one of Song's accomplices placed his foot on a certain spot on the floor at a slight sign from the man running the wheel. Doubtless this sent a current through a magnet which regulated the stopping of the wheel. In an unguarded moment of astonishment I in some way betrayed the discovery. Instantly Song's attention was focused on me with a look so sinister that I could not easily mistake its meaning.

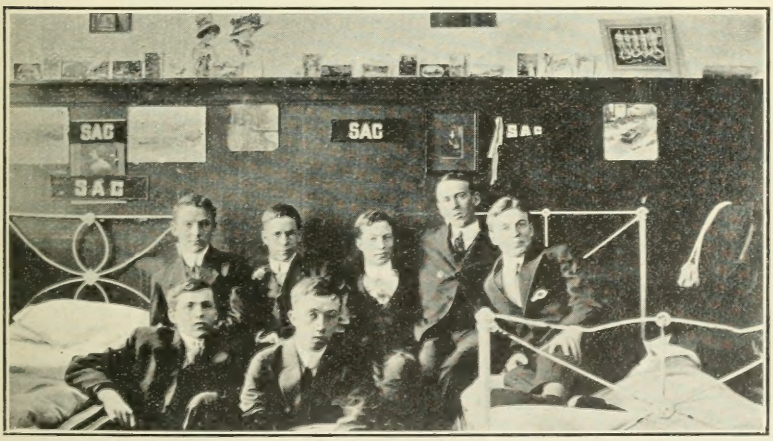
"He moved towards the door and placed his bulk against it, without attracting the notice of anyone in the room. It was the last thing he ever did. I shot him through the heart. I had to. The next day I saw for the first time the inhospitable interior of a substantial prison."

Mulligan paused. Outside the wind had ceased and the rain was intermittingly renewing its attacks on our shelter. The fire had died to a bed of coals, which glowed and faded as little eddies of air, sprung from nowhere, gently stirred the feathery ashes about the coals.

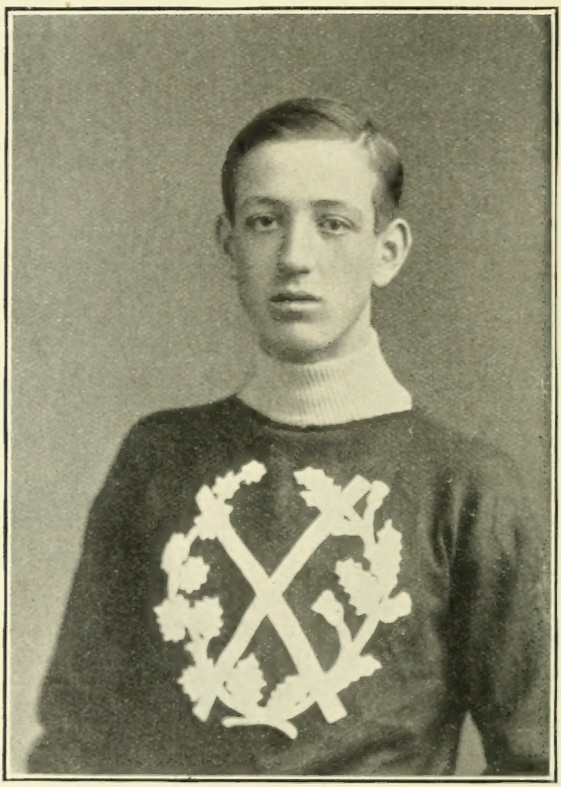
We both stared at the dying embers for minutes before either spoke. Then the guide broke the silence.

"You know what happened then," he said, "about my trial, conviction and escape. Then I joined the rush to this mining camp and since that time I have led a decent life. And if this little prospecting trip comes to anything, it's me for the simple life and the straight and narrow path hereafter."

DeNois.



Athletics.



McCarter, Captain.

PERSONNEL.

McCARTER (Mac) centre, Captain, an old color; played his position well, but was too light to check back effectively; a fair skater and shot. Played well in the second Simcoe game.

Montgomery (Monty), goal, also an old color; a good reliable goal-tender; always kept cool, stopping the most difficult of shots and clearing well. Starred in the first Varsity game.

Bicknell (Jimmy), point, a big surprise; a splendid defence man, rushed brilliantly, relieving the forwards many times He won the final St. Michael's game.

Grange (George), cover-point; a new boy; one of the best fence men in the history of the College; played sensational hockey all season. Showed up to great advantage in the first Upper Canada game.

Howard (Billy), rover; a new boy, the best all-round man on the team, was very elusive; a neat, clean player, played a stellar game in the first Upper Canada match.

Cotton (Happy), left wing, an old color; the fastest skater in the district, a clever stick-handler and a deadly shot; the premier goal getter of the season. Played his best game in the second Simcoe match.

Cantley (Don), right wing. Another new boy, a hard worker, checked back well, but was a little too inclined to rough it, but on the whole was a good consistent player; will be a valuable asset to next year's team.

The team wishes to thank Junor and Gordon I. for their able management.



ST. ANDREW'S vs. ST. MICHAELS.

FOR the first time since "Dub" Sale's team were runners-up for the junior championship of Ontario in 1905, St. Andrew's College entered a team in the junior series of the Ontario Hockey Association. We were grouped in district four, with Toronto University, Simcoe Hockey Club, St. Michael's College, and Upper Canada College, and many splendid matches resulted before the Toronto University III.'s won the right to compete in the first round of the semi-finals.

The school got off for a good start when, on Friday, January 10th, they defeated St. Michael's College by a score of 9-4. Although the College were weakened by the absence of Howard, Cotton and Grange, yet the boys who filled their places played good hockey. Owing to Hatch losing his way to the rink, St. Michael's very kindly dropped a man to even up. This is an example of the fine sportsmanship shown by both teams throughout the game.

Five minutes after the puck was faced off McCarter netted the Saint's first goal. A few minutes later Cantley scored. A few minutes before half time St. Michael's beat Monty, leaving the half-time count S.A.C., 2; St. Michael's, 1.

In the second half the Saints seemed to pull away from their opponents, and before full time netted seven goals, Cantley (2), McCarter (3), Bicknell (1), Sharpe (1), to three against them.

For St. Andrew's McCarter played a splendid game at centre, being always in front of the net when a pass was sent in. Bicknell also played a splendid game, his lone rushes being a feature. Referee, Allen. Penalties, St. Michael's, 2 min.; S.A.C. 0.

VARSITY vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

THE second O.H.A. game was played at the Excelsior Rink on Monday afternoon, January 15th, with the University of Toronto juniors. Our line up was slightly changed, Cotton replacing Findley at right wing and Howard playing rover. The University team had the advantage over the College boys, as regards weight, speed and condition, but as far as individual playing goes the Saints were without doubt their equal.

The game started at 4.30, and after three minutes of play Captain Reynolds of Varsity netted the first goal for his team. Five

minutes of strenuous play resulted before Sinclair poked in another from a scuffle in front of the net. The Saints were playing a splendid defence game, especially Montgomery, who put up a brilliant exhibition of goal tending, and it was fifteen minutes before Hutchins slipped one by him. Reynolds repeated a minute later. Cantley made a brilliant rush and succeeded in tallying the first count for St. Andrew's. Armstrong let an easy shot of Cotton's go in before Reynolds scored again for Blue and White. A minute before half time Mathews bulged the net again, making the count at the end of the first period, Varsity 6; S.A.C., 2. The second half opened fast, but Varsity having better condition than the Saints, netted three in quick succession, Mathews, Guinlock and Sinclair doing the trick. When the gong rang for full time Reynolds, Sinclair and Mathews had one each to their credit, making the final score Varsity, 12; S.A.C., 2.

The teams—Varsity: Goal, Armstrong; point, Boulder; cover, Hutchins; rover, Reynolds (captain); centre, Mathews; left wing, Guinlock; right wing, Sinclair.

St. Andrew's: Goal, Montgomery; point, Bicknell; cover, Sharpe; rover, Howard; centre, McCarter (captain); left wing, Cotton; right wing, Cantley. Referee, Allen. Penalties, Varsity, 13 min.; S.A.C., 7 min.

H. Lash.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. SIMCOES.

TEDDY MARRIOTT'S junior O.H.A. team fought a hard battle with the St. Andrew's College juniors at the Ravina Rink on Thursday night, January 18th. The game was scheduled to start at 7.45, but when Referee Waghorn threw in the puck the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes past eight. The game started off with a rush, and before the Simcoes knew what had happened Howard had scored the first goal for St. Andrew's. Five minutes of fast hockey ensued before Cantley hit the twine for the Saints' second count.

The boys in the red and grey jerseys now began to wake up and play hockey, and Clarke—who won the game with U.C.C. from us last year—evened up the score by slipping two past Monty in as many minutes. Both teams, now tied, put all the energy they possessed into the game, and it took Ellis fifteen minutes

before he put his team in the lead. Two minutes later he repeated. Shortly after Warwick bulged the net for the Simcoe's fifth tally. McCarter, who had been taking a little two-minute rest in the penalty box, jumped into the game and put the disc between the posts. A few minutes before half time Clarke retaliated on a nice lone rush.

The teams in the second half did not play nearly as good hockey as they did in the first period. They resorted too much to individual play instead of using combination. The College boys were sadly lacking in this style of play, a fact to which they can attribute not only this defeat but practically all the others. Five minutes after the bell rang for the second half Ellis scored. Later Clarke repeated. Ten minutes later Sharpe bored one past Howe, to be followed in two minutes by one from McCarter's stick. Ellis and Warwick each added one more to their credit before Sharpe marked up the Saints' final count. A minute before full time Henderson netted another for the garnet and grey septette, leaving the score at the close of the game—Simcoe Hockey Club, 11; St. Andrew's, 6. Referee, Waghorn.

Simcoes: Goal, Howe; point, Larvey; cover, Clarke; rover, Henderson; centre, Ellis (captain); right wing, Warwick; left wing, Heintzman.

St. Andrew's: Goal, Montgomery; point, Grange; cover, Sharpe; rover, Howard; centre, McCarter (captain); right wing, Cantley; left wing, Cotton. Penalties: Simcoes, 9 min.; S.A.C., 7 min. H. L.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. VARSITY.

THE return game with the Toronto University juniors was played at the Excelsior Rink on Monday afternoon, Jan. 22nd. As usual, the teams were late in starting, it being 4.55 instead of 3.30, when Referee Allen threw in the puck for the initial face off.

The game began fast, St. Andrew's rushing the rubber to their opponents' end and bombarding Armstrong with a fusilade of shots, all of which he cleverly turned aside. At last Reynolds got the disc and went through the Saints' team for a score. He repeated a minute later. Clarkson, who replaced Hutchins at cover point, placed the rubber safely in the meshes behind Montgomery.

McCarter and Guinlock, not content with playing hockey, decided to give a little quarter staff exhibition, and Allen, believing the fast play had injured their mental faculties, ordered them to take a two-minute rest in the penalty box. McCarter resented the interference, and Allen, believing him to be a little worse than Guinlock, kindly gave him a five-minute sojourn among the timekeepers. While McCarter was off, Guinlock, Matthews and Reynolds each scored one. McCarter, coming on again, proceeded to continue his fencing exhibition, and he and Guinlock cooled their heels and their ardor while Matthews put in two in quick succession.

You have all heard that little song, "You'll do the same thing over, over and over again." Well, that's just what Varsity did. Freshened by their ten-minute rest they came out and in fifteen minutes Reynolds and Sinclair had two each, while Guinlock had one to his credit. Then St. Andrew's awoke from their lethargy, and it was only Armstrong's wonderful goal tending that prevented them from having five or six goals to their credit. However, in the last few minutes they weakened, and Reynolds scored twice and Guinlock once, leaving the final count, Varsity, 15; S.A.C., 0. Referee, Allen.

Varsity: Goal, Armstrong; point, Boulder; cover, Clarkson; rover, Matthews; centre, Reynolds (captain); left wing, Guinlock; right wing, Sinclair.

St. Andrew's: Goal, Montgomery; point, Grange; cover, Sharpe; rover, Howard; centre, McCarter (captain); left wing, Cotton; right wing, Cantley. Penalties—Varsity, 5 min.; St. Andrew's, 8 min. H. L.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA.

REPLETE with all the brilliancy of Canada's great winter game, St. Andrew's and Upper Canada Colleges battled for sixty minutes at the Excelsior Rink on Wednesday afternoon, January 24th. Fifteen minutes before the start of the game the rink was filled with the ardent supporters of both teams. Upper Canada, led by Captain Day, were the first to appear, being treated to a tremendous ovation by their supporters, and St. Andrew's, appearing five minutes later, were treated to a like reception by their enthusiastic followers.

Amid the ringing cheers of each college, Waghorn, at 3.50, threw in the puck, and the game was on. Within two minutes of play De Gruchy—the hero of the Upper Canada Rugby team of 1911—made a splendid rush and scored the first goal for the blue and white. Cotton evened up in a few minutes with a nice shot from the left boards. The puck had no sooner been faced off than Howard placed it safely in the net behind Pepler. After that U.C.C. got down to business, and within ten minutes Day had netted two. With fifteen seconds of play left in the first half Beck by a neat rush beat Monty, making the count at half time, U.C.C., 4; S.A.C., 2.

A few minutes after the commencement of the second period Burden bulged the net for the blue and white's fifth goal. Then the most spectacular rush of the game was made by Howard. Receiving the puck in front of his own goal he zig-zagged his way through the whole Upper Canada team for a score. Two minutes later he again hit the twine for the Saints' fourth point. Day and Beck added two more to Upper Canada's total before Cotton bored one past the posts for the crimson and white's final tally. Day and Beck repeated their trick of a few minutes before, and the game ended with Upper Canada victorious by a score of 9-5.

Three minutes before the conclusion of the game, De Gruchy, who had played a splendid game at cover point for the blue and white, received a nasty crack on the shoulder, which necessitated his retiring for the remaining minutes. He, with Day and Beck, played splendid hockey for Upper Canada.

Grange, the Saints' cover point, was the best man on the ice. He checked hard and played his position faultlessly, and it is only due him to say that had he not played as he did we would have been defeated by a much larger score. Howard played a splendid game as rover, making many brilliant rushes and shooting straight and effectively. Referee, Waghorn.

Upper Canada: Goal, Pepler; point, O'Gorman; cover, De Gruchy; rover, Day (captain); centre, Burden; left wing, Tudhope; right wing, Beck.

St. Andrew's: Goal; Montgomery; point, Sharpe; cover, Grange; rover, Howard; centre, McCarter (captain); left wing, Cotton; right wing, Cantley. Penalties: U.C.C., 21 min.; S.A.C., 23 min.

H. L.

SIMCOES vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

THE brand of hockey that sends the fan's heart down into his boots one minute and then raises it to the zenith of enthusiasm the next, abounding in thrills from start to finish, characterized the second St. Andrew's-Simcoe game at the Excelsior Rink, Friday night, January 26th.

Two minutes after Waghorn threw in the puck, at 8.30, Warick netted the first goal for the garnet and grey. Heintzman added two more in five minutes. Then Howard, while trying to get the puck away from the goal post, accidentally poked it in, helping the Simcoes up another notch. A few minutes later Ellis and Heintzman scored in quick succession. With the count standing six to nothing against them, the Saints' got busy, and rushing the rubber to the Simcoe end it was not long before McCarter scooped one in from a scuffle in front of the net. A few minutes later Cotton bored one past Melville for the crimson and white's second tally. Clarke put a lucky one past Monty before Cantley placed the disc in the meshes behind Melville, making the half time score, Simcoe's 7; St. Andrew's, 3.

The second half was a battle royal, our boys working like Trojans, and it was only Melville's wonderful game in goal that saved Teddy Marriott's seven from a trimming. Bicknell started the fireworks by fooling Melville after a nice individual rush. Henderson gave Ellis' septette their four goal lead again a few minutes later. Cotton got away for one of those long, winding rushes of his, which inevitably end in scores, and this one was no exception. Then Clarke made a lone rush, and the Simcoes' total went up another point. Cantley getting in on the rebound of one of Cotton's shots, placed the disc safely in the net. Warick got a lucky one past Monty by lifting it in from a melee in front of the goal. The Saints rushed the puck to the Simcoe end, and Howard, receiving a pass from McCarter, put in St. Andrew's seventh count. Three minutes later McCarter, playing combination with Cotton, fooled Melville. With the excitement at fever heat and only one minute to play Howard retrieved himself by going through the Simcoe team, to hit the twine behind Melville, leaving the score at the expiration of time, Simcoes, 10, St. Andrew's, 9. Referee, Waghorn.

Simcoes: Goal, Melville; point, Lavery; cover, Clarke; rover,

Henderson; centre, Ellis (captain); left wing, Warwick; right wing, Heintzman.

St. Andrew's: Goal, Montgomery; point, Bicknell; cover, Grange; rover, Howard; centre, McCarter (captain); left wing, Cotton; right wing, Cantley. Penalties: Simcoes, 4 min.; St. Andrew's, 6 min. H. L.

UPPER CANADA vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

SOMEONE who knows has said, "Revenge is sweet," and all the followers of St. Andrew's College who attended the game at the Excelsior Rink on Wednesday night, January 31st, fully realized that fact. By defeating Upper Canada by a score of 6 to 4, the pall of gloom which hung over the school for so long was rent, and once more we can write in the college archives a victory over our old honored rivals, Upper Canada.

The contest was a splendid exhibition of the great winter game of Canada, there being not a minute's cessation of play from the starting bell to the final gong. Both teams played fast, clean hockey, the penalties being very slight, and in almost all cases for unintentional tripping. The fast, gruelling play was very hard on both teams, especially on the forward lines, as was evident in the dressing room at the conclusion of the game, to all who saw the exhausted condition of the wing men. However, while on the ice neither team showed signs of lagging, and great credit is due to them both for the spirit they showed by still playing lightning hockey, when they were ready then and there to lay down their sticks and stop.

It is very hard to pick the best men in a game such as that one, when all starred so much, but in Pepler, O'Gorman and Day Upper Canada has three men of whom even though defeated, she should be proud. In goal Pepler played a marvellous game, stopping dozens of sure scores, while O'Gorman repeatedly slipped through our defence for a shot. Day captained his team well, and worked hard, himself scoring two of Upper Canada's four. For St. Andrew's, if the best men can be picked, to Howard, McCarter and Bicknell the credit must go. Howard, though the smallest man on the ice, played a sensational game, checking back well and rushing brilliantly. McCarter played centre faultlessly, and it was only Pepler's beautiful game that prevented him scor-

ing many times for his team. Bicknell put up a fine game at point, nearly always getting his man, and making many rushes, relieving the forwards of the great strain upon them.

The game was scheduled to commence at 7.45, but it was 8.00 when Burden and McCarter placed their sticks upon the ice for the initial face off. St. Andrew's took the lead after half a minute of play, when Bicknell made a sensational rush for a score. McCarter added another in four minutes on the rebound of Cantley's shot. Then Day, by a nice individual rush, netted Upper Canada's first goal. Eight minutes before half time Bicknell made another rush, beating Pepler again. Three minutes later Howard, on a pass from Cotton, fooled Pepler. Two minutes later Cotton, on a nice shot from the left boards, bulged the net, leaving St. Andrew's at the end of the first half with a comfortable margin of four goals, the score being, S.A.C., 5; U.C.C., 1.

From the first tingle of Waghorne's bell, the second half was nothing but a succession of thrills. Hockey of the best variety was put up by both teams, and it took Burden ten minutes before he sent an easy one rolling in between Monty's skates. Day, five minutes later scored on a lucky shot, from the rights boards. Three minutes later, O'Gorman, the Blue and White's elusive cover point, slipped one by Monty, making the score five to four in favor of the Crimson and White. With the teams so nearly tied, the excitement was intense, and it gave vent in a mighty roar on the Saints' side, when four minutes before time, Cotton, on a pass from Cantley, put the rubber safely in the net behind Pepler, making up the Saints' sixth point, and leaving them victorious at the conclusion of the game, by a score of 6-4. Waghorne, as usual, refereed to the satisfaction of both teams.

Upper Canada—Goal, Pepler; Point, De Gruchy; Cover, O'Gorman; Rover, Day (capt.); Centre, Burden; L. Wing, Tudhope; R. Wing, Beck.

St. Andrew's—Goal, Montgomery; Point, Bicknell; Cover, Grange; Rover, Howard; Centre, McCarter (capt.); L. Wing, Cotton; R. Wing, Cantley.

Penalties, U.C.C., 5 minutes; S.A.C., 11 minutes.

H. L.

ST. MICHAEL'S vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

IF the old adage: "All's well that ends well" is true, then we may conclude that we have had a successful season. District four, comprising Toronto University, Simcoe Hockey Club, St. Michael's College, Upper Canada College and St. Andrew's College, was no mean group, and Varsity, the winners, are deserving of congratulations. We by defeating St. Michael's College, on Saturday afternoon, February 3rd, finished in third position.

The game was a fair exhibition of hockey, but the Saints were never really in danger of being beaten, though the score would seem to indicate otherwise. Fifteen minutes after the initial face off, Culliton scored the first goal for St. Mike's. Howard evened up in fifteen seconds. Two minutes passed before Buorgault netted the second goal for the Irishmen. McCarter tied the score shortly after. Then Cotton got one on a pretty shot from the left boards, following it in a few minutes with another on a pass from Howard, making the count at the end of the first half: S.A.C., 4; S.M.C., 2.

A few minutes after the beginning of the second half, Cotton scored one in from a scuffle in front of the net. Then St. Mike's got to work and O'Neil and Hamilton each added one, before Howard, on a pass from Cotton, placed the rubber safely behind Gorman. Five minutes before full time, Nealon tied the score on a long shot. Two minutes before the final gong, Bicknell made a splendid rush to put in the winning goal, leaving the tally at the conclusion of the game, S.A.C., 7; S.M.C., 6.

Culliton and O'Neil played the best games for St. Mike's, while, for St. Andrew's, Cotton as usual played good hockey, shooting hard and accurately. Cantley played a steady, hard checking game.

Livingstone was not very satisfactory as a referee.

The Teams:—

St. Michael's—Goal, Gorman; Point, Nealon; Cover, Culliton (capt.); Rover, O'Neil; Centre, Hamilton; L. Wing, Buorgault; R. Wing, Duggan.

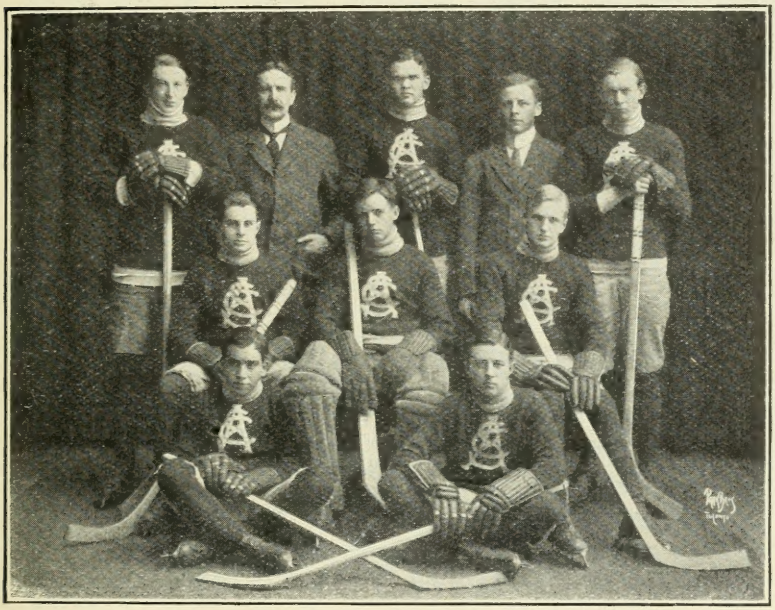
St. Andrew's—Goal, Montgomery; Point, Bicknell; Cover, Grange; Rover, Howard; Centre, McCarter (capt.); L. Wing, Cotton; R. Wing, Cantley.

Penalties, S.A.C., 10 minutes; S.M.C.,10 minutes.

H. L.

THE SECOND TEAM.

THE programme of games for the second team was a long one this year, and the outlook was exceptionally bright for a very successful season, but as the old adage goes, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," so when the mumps made their appearance, all the scheduled games had to be cancelled.



St. Andrew's College Second Team.

However, before hockey was suspended the team played the University High School seconds, and defeated them in a well-contested game by a score of 4—0. For the visitors, Large played a good game, while Munn I., Ross II., and Findley starred for the College.

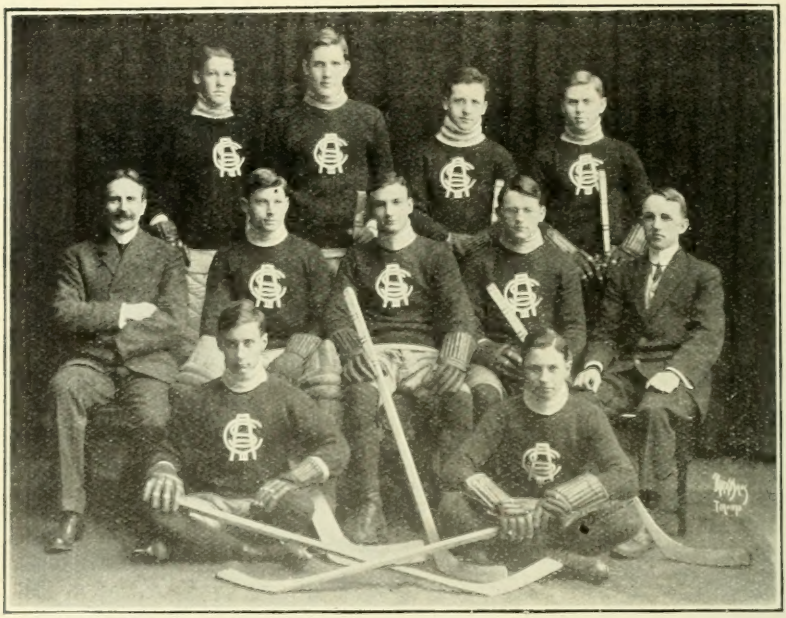
Those who received second team colors were: Malone (Capt.), Ross II., Munn I., Findley, Parsons, Nation, Bell I., Sharpe.

The team desires to thank Gordon I., for his able management.

H. L.

THE THIRD TEAM.

Like the seconds, the thirds would in all probability have had a good hockey year, but the same reasons denied them even a game. However, as no one can say they were not a good team,



St. Andrew's College Third Team.

for no one saw them play, we can call the following players, who received colors, the members of a first-class third team: Travis, Hoeffler, McClinton, Wright I., Yuille, Paterson II., Malcolm I., Dyment and Richardson.

H. L.

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

THE cricket prospects for this season are exceptionally bright and a successful season is anticipated.

Of last year's first eleven we have five old colors back; Ross I., Ross II., Thomson I., Hatch and Cassels I., while those available of last year's second team are: Stephen, Bradley, Montgomery, Malone, McClinton, Bicknell, Dimock II., and Paterson I.

In the bowling department we are strong, having as well as Thomson of last year's team, some promising material from last year's seconds, Bradley and Paterson having met with considerable success in this department of the game.

We have been exceedingly fortunate this year in securing as professional, Mr. Grace, formerly coach at one of the large schools in England, and it will not be for want of good coaching if the team does not turn out a success.



Lower School First Team.



Lower School Second Team



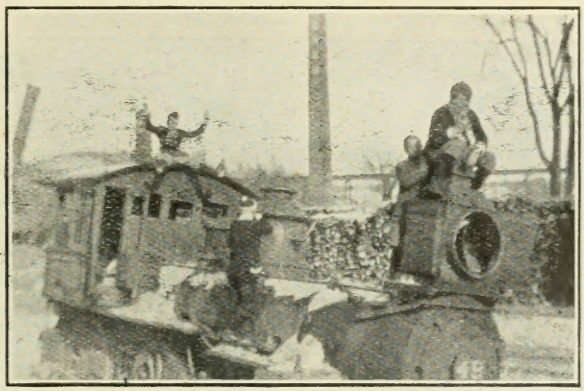
Lower School Third Team

Miscellany.

THE FOOTBALL DINNER.

THE annual football dinner was held on the evening of December twelfth. At 7.30 those who were lucky enough to be on the first and second teams, and to obtain a place in the cross-country, accompanied by as many members of the staff as could be present, and the ex-captains, who were in the city, entered the dining-room where a great spread awaited them.

The room looked very pretty, having been carefully decorated by Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum. Due justice was done



to the meal by everybody, except perhaps those who found that their names had been put down for a speech.

The following was the toast list: "The King," Dr. Macdonald; "Canada and the Empire," Mackeen and Mr. James; "The College," Hope and Dr. Macdonald; "The Staff," Malone and Mr. Robinson; "The Athletic Association," Bicknell and Mr. Knighton, "The First Team," Young I. and Montgomery; "The Second Team," Somerville I. and Nation; "The Cross-Country," Davison and Beasley; "The Ladies," Ross II. and Foster; "The Ex-Captains," Dr. Macdonald and Housser, Sale and Allan.

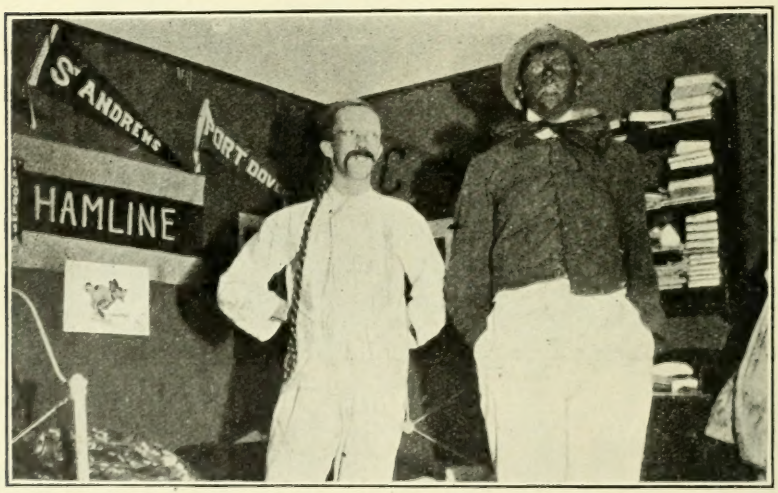
At the conclusion of the toasts Dr. Macdonald, on behalf of the Athletic Association, presented "Herbie" Allan with a silver

pudding-dish, upon which was engraved the first team crest. Fobs were also presented to Davison, Gordon and Hatch by members of the first and second teams. After this "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and the gathering broke up, after one of the most enjoyable dinners in the history of the College.

F. H. D.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

LIKE every other school activity, the Literary Society has suffered to some extent both in attendance and programme from the ravages of the mumps. Owing to this all the outside talent that had been engaged was of necessity cancelled. In a way this resulted beneficially to the members of the Society, as it



gave them more than the usual practice in speaking, debating and the display of musical talent.

Our thanks for a very successful term are due not only to the vice-president and committee, but to all the members who so willingly helped in the general entertainment. Especial tribute should be paid to the really high-class programme provided on two occasions by the famous Hobo Band. While the ear was enchanted with their delicate rendering of the most intricate

classical passages, the eye was charmed with the diversity and splendour of their uniforms.

Junior House night was a decided success; the school was delighted with their brilliant oratory and musical numbers.

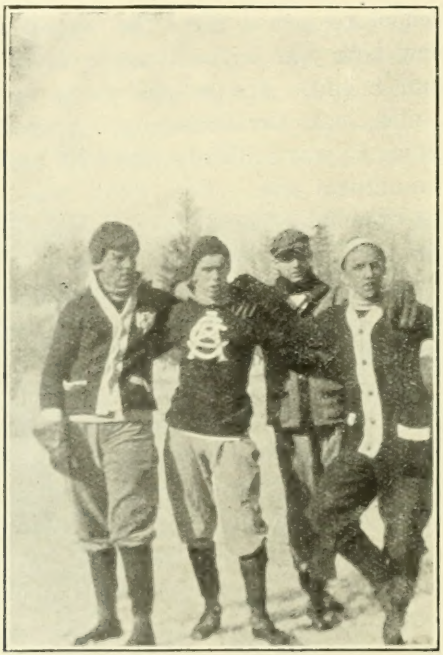
THE MUMPS.

WHEN school re-opened after the Xmas vacation, among the new boys who arrived was a fair-haired fellow of medium height. He seemed to be enjoying the best of health; but, alas, looks are deceiving. After dwelling in our midst for five days, he was suddenly taken ill, and his face began to assume an unnatural size. The doctor was summoned, and the swelling was pronounced mumps. The poor unfortunate was soon hustled away from school to a hospital down-town, and nothing more was thought of the matter.

He had sown the seed, however, and ten days after he had departed, two more fellows succumbed to the dread disease. They, too, were hustled away, only to be followed the next day by three more. How the rest of the fellows envied these lucky ones getting off for three weeks' holidays. The plan of rubbing faces with those who already had them was tried, but it did not always meet with success. Each morning for the remainder of the week, two or three "mumpites" would be whisked away in the doctor's automobile. This was kept up until the college was minus fifteen of her scholars.

If anyone had cared to visit the hospital, they would have seen these same fellows looking far from scholars. Some were really sick, while others were only hampered by having their faces bandaged up. The sick ones were kept in bed while the others were allowed to roam about the house. One morning somebody was passing a window, and on looking out he discovered that they were next door to a girls' school. This joyful news was soon spread abroad, and many hours were spent gazing out of the above mentioned window. It might here be stated that the occupants of the school did much to relieve the suffering of these poor "mumpites" by sending them such contributions as pickles, magazines and poetry.

By the second Sunday in quarantine everyone was able to be up and about, and towards the middle of the forenoon word went around that unless hymns were sung there would be no dinner served. This would be a terrible punishment, as the meals, which were of the best, formed the chief part of the day's programme. No second warning was necessary; from then on the house resounded with Presbyterian hymns. Needless to say, the dinner appeared.



On the third Monday the first arrivals were notified that their time of rest and holidays was up, and after having carbolic baths they were sent back to hard work and plain meals. Each day the number dwindled down, until on Saturday the last member of the jolly party was given his bath and sent back to school, feeling that perhaps after all there were many other diseases worse than mumps.

AENEIDOS, LIBER X.

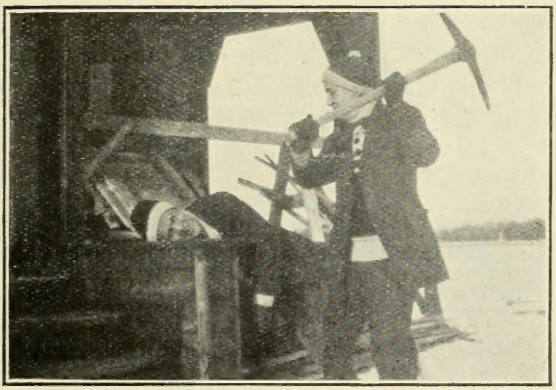
ALL became silent and in their eagerness
Fixed their gaze upon him. Then Father
Hutchison from his lofty couch began thus:—
"Unspeakable grief, O, fellows, you bid me
Recall. How the mumps overthrew the
College routine and its unfortunate hockey
Team, and in which most tragic plague
I myself played a great part. Exhausted
By study and borne down by detention, the
Father of the mumps, Richardson, as the
Term was already passing by, caught the
Deadly Plague, on both sides, by the celestial
Skill of Pallas, and he spread it broadcast,
So that when ten days were past, one
Hughie Johnston was stricken. Before all,
With a great crowd following, Hughie is
Rushed to the sick room and at a distance
Cries out 'Gee Whiz, I've got the Mumps!'
O unfortunate ones, what so great madness is
This? Do you believe the mumps to have
Departed? Do you think that any gifts
Of Richardson are without treachery? Is
He thus known? I fear the mumps even
When only on one side."

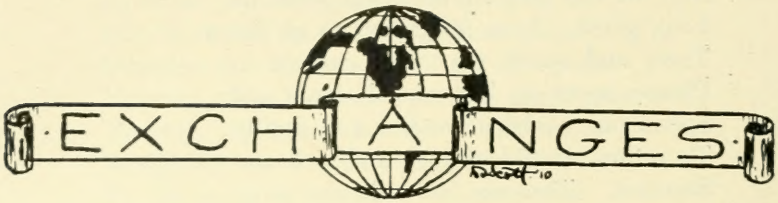
Meanwhile behold the nurse with great
Outcry come dragging to the King a young
Man with the Scarlet Fever who voluntarily
Had presented himself as a stranger to her.
For when as he stood in his gaze perplexed
And unarmed and as he cast his gaze
Around him "Alack," said he, "what bed
Now or what hospital can receive me?
Or, at last, what is left for unfortunate me,
For whom there is nowhere a place in the
School? and besides the hostile boarders
Demand punishment with a gating.
But why recall this unfortunate thing. If
You judge all the scarlet fevers of the one
Kind, strike punishment immediately."

By these tears we grant him life and we
Pity him and he is sent in quarantine—
Likewise the whole school. At this point
Another and much more terrible misfortune
Presents itself and further disturbs our
Benighted hearts. Dave McKeen is seized
By the con., and is seen no more (for
Four days). Then indeed, a new fear
Creeps in through all our trembling hearts,
For it was rumored that the day boys should
Stay home and enjoy themselves whilst
We, unfortunate ones, should receive
Extra tuition. *Mirabile dictu,* it comes
True, and there is much moaning and gnashing
Of teeth. And now the dewy night drops
From the heavens and setting stars
Invite our slumber. It was the time
When the first slumber comes upon weary
Mortals, and by the gift of the gods dwells
Most welcome. In my slumbers behold
Charlie McKeague seemed to be presented to
Me before my eyes, most sad and to pour
Forth floods of tears, dragged as once
Upon a time by Red Black through the bloody dust
And thongs thrust around his swollen
Stomach. Moreover, weeping, I myself
Seem to address the hero and utter "Light
Of Room XVI, O most trusted support of the
Tuck shop. What so great delays have
Kept you? From what room do you come?"
Finally he speaks and mutters
"For the love of Mike have you got any grub?"
Thus he speaks and with his hands
He bears forth from the inner shrine the
Fillets and departs to bed. Two weeks
Having passed by there appeared at
Our door those snatched by the frightful
Plague and we welcome them as returned
From the tuck shops. The quarantine is
Set loose, the gates are thrown open

And all the school frees itself from its
Long grief. It is delightful to go down
Town and watch the street cars, it
Pleases us to go into nickel shows and
Spend our hoarded wealth, and finally
To return devoid of cash and sick at
Stomach. Thus we had a happy issue
From our misfortunes.

M. E. Malone.





WE are not only glad to record several new exchanges, but also to see our old contemporaries again on our list. It seems a pity that so comparatively few school magazines keep an exchange column, and it may also be noted that those who do, usually rank among the best papers.

The *Iris,* from Philadelphia High School, is in every way an entertaining paper; your stories are clever and jokes good—so much so, that you seem to have been criticized regarding their number. Rest assured that the January issue is not unduly humorous.

The Bishop's College School Magazine misses many opportunities to make the paper more interesting, by confining themselves almost entirely to athletics; a subject, which at best, is mostly only of local interest. Why not publish short stories and skits? The same can be said of several other papers, including the *T.C.S. Record.*

Varsity. Need we say that all the Varsity papers are of a very high standard, and we are pleased to see so many from the University among our exchanges.

Acta Ridleiana. We want to congratulate the *Acta* on her Christmas number. It is very interesting throughout; the article on Japan is of exceptional worth.

The Stranger from the King Edward High School. Your cover and literary matter is good, but isn't your substance rather confused, and your jokes too much mxed up with the advertisements?

The School Magazine is rather on the small side for a school the size of Lower Canada.

The February *Mirror* from Philadelphia High School is quite as good as the Christmas number, which was beyond criticism.

The Daedalian Monthly, of the College of Industrial Arts, Texas, has made its first appearance. The cover is artistic and the exchanges among the best we have seen. But wouldn't a few stories improve your already interesting paper?

The Branksome Slogan is in every way a first-class production. Your stories, poetry, and cuts (the poetry in particular), are above the usual standard.

The following is a list of exchanges received. We acknowledge same with thanks:

The Collegiate Outlook, Moosejaw; *The Lux Columbia,* Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The B.B.C. Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College. Oshawa, Ont.; *The Collegian,* St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.; *The Argo,* Ruthger's Prep. School, New Brunswick, New Jersey; *St. Hilda's Chronicle,* Toronto University; *The Arbor,* Toronto University; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *St. Margaret's Chronicle,* St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *The Pharos,* Royal City High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Calendar,* Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *The Lemon and Black,* Randolph, Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va.; *The Blue and White,* Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Branksome Slogan,* Branksome Hall, Toronto; *Western Canada College Review,* Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *Acta Ridleiana,* Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; *The T.C.S. Record,* Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *The Iris,* Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Daedalian Monthly,* The College of Ind. Arts, Denton, Texas; *The Bishop's College School Magazine,* Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.; *The Ashburian,* Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, 11½ West 86th Street, N.Y.; *The Acadia Athenæum,* Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Stranger,* King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.; *The University Monthly,* University of Toronto; *The School*

Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal; *The McGill Daily,* McGill University, Montreal, P.Q.; *The Varsity,* Toronto University, Toronto, Ont.; *The Journal,* Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

D. W. MacKeen.

CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

An advertisement for feeding-bottles in a country paper ran thus: "When the baby has done, it must be unscrewed and put in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive, it must be boiled."

"I call to see Monsieur Rollard," announced the French visitor.

"You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet," replied the English maid.

"Vat you tell?" indignantly demanded the caller. "I com' yesterday, and you say: 'Can't see him because he is not down.' Now you say: 'Can't see him because he not up.' Vat you mean? Ven will he be in ze middle?"

Pat had gone back to Ireland, and was telling about New York.

"Have they such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings ye ask, sorr?" replied Pat. "Faith, sorr, the last one I worked on we had to lie on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

If the Mauretania sank would a safety razor?

"Oh, hang! The boss says he won't send me any more coin until after Christmas. What kind of love do you call that?"

"Unremitting love, I guess."—*Ex.*

There once was a man named Ignatius
Who lived in a garret quite spacious;
When he went to a dance
He always wore pants
But when in the garret, my gracious!

It was Sambo who was bemoaning the fact that he had forgotten to fasten the door of his chicken house the night before.

"Were they stolen?" he was asked.

"No, they went home."

A new discovery.—A young Iowa doctor made the discovery that the ankle is placed between the foot and the knee in order to keep the calf away from the corn. Looks reasonable, don't it?"

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If Cæsar don't kill us,
Geometry must.—*Ex.*

A lunatic was beating his head madly and when asked why by a visitor, answered, "Why? Because it feels so nice when I stop."

Excited lad—"Oh, mommer, come quick, the baby's eating all the currants off the fly-paper."—*Ex.*

If the rain falls on the little flowers and makes them beautiful why doesn't it rain on—?

Only good looking people are to read this:
·pəɹʇɐǝɹɔuoɔ os əq ʇ,upʃuoM I

Willie—Granny, can't I go out in the street for a little walk? Teacher says there's a comet to be seen.

Granny—Well, yes; but don't go too near.

A pretty teacher noticing one of her little charges idle, said sharply: "John, the devil will always find work for idle hands to do. Come here and let me give you some work."

He wore his first long trousers,
Which dawning manhood grants;
His dog still yelped behind him,
In short and labored pants.

He—How would you like to have a pet monkey?
She—Oh, this is so sudden.

No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back."
Editor—"Why don't you get a porous plaster?"

"Have you frogs' legs?" asked Sclater.
"No sir," replied the waitress, as she flushed and drew herself up. "It's rheumatism makes me walk like that."

"I fell off a sixty-foot ladder to-day."
"It's a miracle you weren't killed."
"Oh, I only fell off the first round."

Two old maids while out driving were caught in a shower. A farmer whom they passed noticed that while one drove the other was leaning forward over the dashboard, holding an umbrella over the horse. "What are you doing that for?" he asked. "Why," was the reply, "the liveryman said if the rein got under the horse's tail he would kick."

A Jew, on his first visit to the office of an eminent physician, inquired of a fellow patient, "How much does Doctor M—— charge?"
The fellow patient replied, "He charges five dollars for the first visit and two dollars thereafter."
When it came the Jew's turn to consult with the doctor, he very cordially extended his hand, saying, "Well, here I am again, doctor."

An inquisitive maiden named Myrtle,
Stuck her hand in the mouth of a turtle,
In a piece of dry land
They buried the hand,
Which helped make the soil very fyrtle.

He: "I was born on the second of April."
She: "Late, as usual."

A gay social lion named Ahl,
Once attended a fancy dress ball;
In the midst of the dance,
He fractured his pance,
And had to come home in a shahl.

O, Cicero was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
For he lived a life of merry strife,
And he died in '43.

He had two wives, such very fine wives,
The first, a peach was she,
He might have had four other wives,
But he died in '43.

He was courageous, he was brave,
He had Cataline up a tree,
And he might have been holding him up there yet,
But he died in '43.

Despite his greatness, I have a wish
That works with you and me;
I wish that Cicero hadn't been born
'Till nineteen '43.

Kind Old Party—"Why do you kick that dog?"
Boy—"Because he is mad."
Kind Old Party—"How do you know that?"
Boy—"Wouldn't you be mad if someone kicked you?"—*Ex.*

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his small son in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown, the son cried out—"You keep on preaching, pop! I'll keep 'em awake!"

Mistress—If you want eggs to keep, they must be laid in a cool place.
Bridget—Oi'll mention it to the hens at wanst, mum.

If a single car weighs several tons, how much does the whole subway?

Can a scavenger be a cheerful man, when he's always in the dumps?

If the water pipes in a dance hall burst, would the dancers use their pumps?

If a Harvard oarsman rows in a shell, in what does the salmon roe?

If no grass is grown in the frozen North, what then does the Eskimo?

If a gun missed fire would a parachute? This stuff gives me a pain.

A teacher was reading to her class and came across the word "unaware." She asked if any of the class knew the meaning. A small girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"Unaware is the last thing you take off before you take your nightie on."

Boy—I can't understand this wireless telegraphy.

Scout—Why it's quite plain. They just send the messages through the air instead of over poles.

Boy—I know that, but how do they fasten the air to the poles?

"Black, a white man, and White, a black man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green, and tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown was well read, and he deceived them both—in fact, he got all the money they had."

"And now?"

"And now Black and White are blue."

"I see you put up a sign, 'No mosquitoes'?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Conrtassel, "but the mosquitoes don't pay any more attention to it than gunners pay to the sign 'No trespassing.'"

"It was fine," whispered Willie's teacher, as the lad concluded speaking his piece, "but, dear, where did you get those splendid gestures?"

"'Tain't gestures," replied the young genius, with a twist, "it's mosquito bites."

Junior (sadly)—" Yes, they buried the poor little dog three feet under the ground."

Freshman—" What did they do with the other foot?"

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly gentleman arose to give her his seat.

" Thank you very much, sir," she said; " but I've been skating all afternoon, and I'm tired of sitting down."

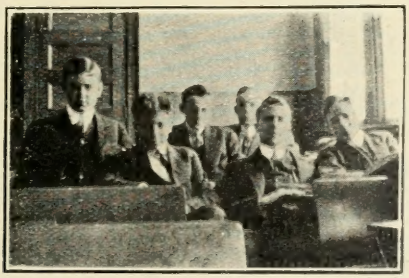
In a certain school in the South of Ireland a school boy of tender years is said to have produced the following essay on the camel:

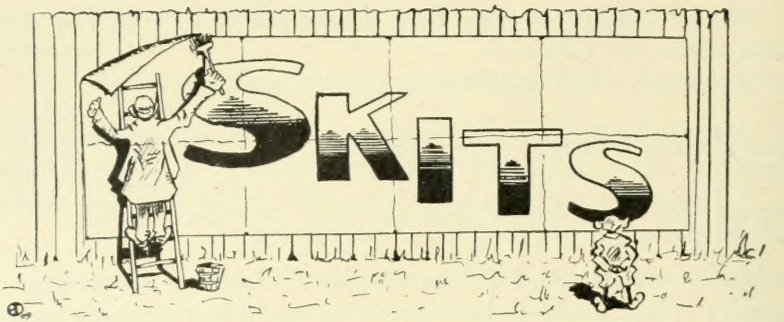
" The cannimal is a sheep of the desert. It is called a bacteria because it has a hump on its back. The cannimal is very patient and will lie down and die without a groan, but when it is angry it gets its back up, which is called making the hump. The Shepherds of cannimals is called Arabs. When they live in towns they are called street Arabs. When the cannimal goes on a journey it drinks as much as it can to last for many days. Such cannimal are called acquiducks. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebrates."

A traveller stopped at a hotel in Greenland where the nights are six months long, and as he registered, asked the clerk: " What time do you have breakfast?"

" From half-past March to quarter to May."

A gentleman called at the address where a donkey was advertised for sale. The door was opened by a small boy, and the caller said: " I have come to inquire about the donkey for sale." The small boy went to the foot of the stairs and called out: " Father, you're wanted."





McCLINTON (coming into the office)—"Miss Brooks, have any glasses come for me to-day?"

Mr. Harris—"Why, you're not getting blind are you, McClinton? Have you been to see an *Optimist?*"

Dyment (after cracking a joke)—"My, I bit my lip!"
McClinton—"Hurrah! you won't have so much lip now."

Ben Allen, in his sleep—"Goderich! Goderich, forever!"

Junor to Mackeen—"Gee! you have a good face for a pie."
Mackeen to Junor—"Gee! you have a good pie for a face."

Get the latest book from your dealer, entitled, "How to get married twenty-four hours after you have fallen in love," by James W. Bicknell. Mr. Bicknell tells of his many trying and sad experiences, in some of which the gentle heart of maiden has been overcome by the author's fickle tongue, and in most of which James W. has been hurried down a long flight of stairs by the gentle hand of "father."

Mr. Taylor (reading Shakespeare in III. B.)—"In his damned quarry smiling—Allen, what is the meaning of damned quarry?"

Allen—"Sir, it's a place where the convicts work."

"Offie" Ross, the fire fighter, has not been to any fires lately, owing to an attack of mumps.

Dr. Macdonald, walking into Room 32—"What's the matter with your eye, Blair? If you and Richardson have been fighting again I will settle you."

Richardson—"Never mind about Blair, sir, he's had his."

Mr. Tudball in III. B to Scott, making a noise—"Stand up in the corner, and if you don't keep still, I'll put you in the box with the rest of the rubbish."

Lower Sixth Literature: Mr. Findlay—"Who was the wife of Orpheus?"

Samson (intelligently)—"Mrs. Orpheus."

Mr. Tudball—"Who's making that noise?"

Copeland—"It sounds like a fool, sir."

Blair—"Well, it isn't me, sir."

"Casey" Malcolm—"I could go to sleep dancing with a nice girl."

If Mr. Duff hit Mr. Taylor, would Mr. Tud-ball?

No, but "Kenny" might.

"Freddy's" favorite song is "My little baby Rose."

Room 20 can't help being tight.

Room 22 can't help being brainy.

As this is leap year, "Freddy" is afraid to go to the rink.

Freddy sat on a tack and then he "Rose."

Dyment (who has been murdering the piano)—"I guess that was some rag!"

McClinton—"Yes, that was pretty ragged all right."

Cribbed from Sixth Form Gazette—Mr. David Mackeen has returned to our midst after a severe illness. (Doctor's report: Measles, mumps, and combination of pneumonia and hydrophobia.)

SCHOOL ALPHABET.

A is the word the managers use
When "Happy" and Billy they start to abuse.

B stands for Billy, in hockey he shines,
When the manager's not looking, in Huyler's he dines.

C stands for Cantley, a fat little tub,
A nice cream-puff he never can snub.

D stands for Davison of managerial fame,
For fear of libel we but mention his name.

E stands for England, departed from hence,
The blamed old rummy owes us 25 cents.

F stands for the flute that Sandy bust,
They say "Becky" cracked it over his crust.

G stands for Gordon, who's yet but a youth,
But has all the instinct of a Pinkerton sleuth.

H stands for Henry, who plays the piano,
And his voice has a pitch like a muffled soprano.

I stands for Ingram, who suffered from mumps,
Now the poor fellow is quite in the dumps.

J is for Johnston, Hugh is his name,
He caught the mumps, henceforth his fame.

K is for Kenneth, who manages the team,
When he gets enraged, things soon start to steam,

L is for Lorne, he stops every shot,
Although they sometimes come in mighty hot.

M is for Mumps, we've had a fine dose,
We got all we could, but the school will not close.

N is for Nation, his motto is clear,
"Hurrah for the Irish and down with the beer."

O is for Olinger, his love for "wee snooks"
Could not be explained in volumes of books.

P is for Parsons, a regular bum,
When asked to play hockey, he shows a sore thumb.

Q is for something, always so queer
It's not in the school, so don't look here.

R is for Rice, of pudding-dish fame,
He comes to the College, but what's in a name?

S is for Salts, the nurse's delight,
After you take them you can't eat a bite.

T is for Thompson, we call him "Cocknie,"
He has fallen in love with dear "Marjorie."

U is a letter by custom made queer,
There's nobody by that name to be had around here.

V is for Virgil, he wrote mighty bad,
But his stuff was all that the old Romans had.

W is for Whitefield, "Cupid" by name,
The way that he eats is really a shame.

X is always considered to be,
In Algebra, the unknown quantity.

Y is for You when you read all this rot,
We don't care a rap if you like it or not.

Z is for something which can't be defined,
The last of this job really cannot be rhymed.

Mike Hallam (referring to the sale of our last number)—"We did a rushing (Russian) business, even though we were all Canadians."

Mr. M.—"Where have you been, Hamilton?"
Hamilton—"I was down to see Miss Brooks."

The poor old Saint, carved out of stone,
Stands o'er the doorway all alone,
And seems to say, "Now look here, Boss,
You've gone and made St. Andrew's Cross."

Private Drill Instruction.—"Sandy" Blair will supply particulars.

For this is the law of the land, and anyone who obeys it not, shall be thrust into detention and there slowly die of writer's cramp.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

I. Thou shalt not come late to school, for verily it costeth two quarters.

II. Thou shalt not cuss, for if perchance thou shouldst be heard by a master, sore wouldst be the place where ye are wont to sit.

III. Thou shalt not fight for fear ye are apt to receive a darkened orb. Even as Roy Lowndes.

IV. Thou shalt not wear a "tough mug."

V. Thou shalt not smile, for such is Firstbrook's lot.

VI. Thou shalt love the masters as thyself, for it helpeth much when it comes to Exams.

VII. Thou shalt plug hard, for there is no royal road to learning.

VIII. Thou shalt not rough-house, for dire is the punishment thereof.

IX. Thou shalt not sling chalk, for it causeth the college much needless expenditure.

X. Thou shalt be present at Cadet Corps drill, or peradventure six quarters shall be added to thy present accumulation.

Joe Taylor, during Geography class in III. A—"Please, sir, who is king of Greenland?"

Sharpe (trying to borrow an eraser from Howard)—"Say, Billy, have you a rubber?"

Howard—"Yes, Beath rubs me."

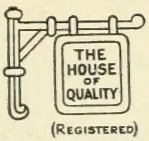
Ault (to Freddy)—"We aren't getting enough to eat. Go out and scrap Mr. Bishop."

Freddy—"We-e-e-e-ll I just got out of the sick-room."

Montgomery to Bicknell—"Are you going down town to-day?"

Bicknell—"Yes, why?"

Montgomery—"Here's a nickel, buy some soap, and bring back the change."



(REGISTERED)

St. Andrew's College Caps

THE Fairweathers designs for St. Andrew's College Caps, are pronounced by the boys to be the best models. Good appearance and fit.

GLOVES AND COLLEGE COLORS

Wet-and-Fair-Weather Coats that keep out rain, yet are self-ventilating. They are genuine Aquascutum Coats, made by Royal Warrant.

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED
84-86 YONGE ST. ∴ ∴ TORONTO

Music is a worrying thing
That most boys never deal in,
It's hard on guys to have to learn,
Das Klavier zu Speilen.

Of course some other branches are,
As violins and singing,
And playing flutes and melodies
On mandolins a-tinkling.

But since we're studying German songs,
The German class now thinks
Of getting up a German band
To play the college rinks.

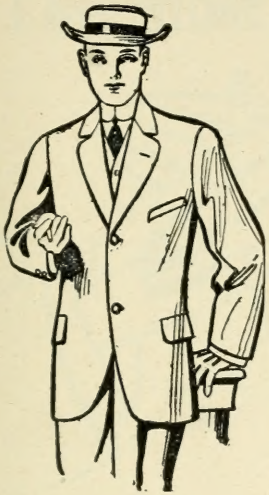
THE NOON HOUR.

In a large, low-ceilinged room of brown,
With windows of small, square panes,
With panels high and massive hearth,
Each day a bedlam reigns.

There are tables here and there about,
Surrounded by little chairs,
And thence in the spares of a busy day
The happy school boy repairs.

And every day at noon recess
The boys come rushing in
And buy their lunches, sit and talk—
They raise a merry din.

With cocoa, tea and sandwiches,
Hot scones and rich cream puffs
And charlotte russes, fancy cakes,
Each one his stomach stuffs.



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It is shortsighted because an Endowment Policy is an excellent means of saving money, and a man cannot start too soon to accumulate for his old age.

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But let us leave this happy band—
  Up in his class room bare
Is one poor boy who sits alone,
  His fingers in his hair.

His healthy lunch is eaten and
  He soon is hard at work;
He scorns our recreation and
  His studies will not shirk.

It's bad for his digestion, but
  He must put in the time;
While other boys refresh themselves,
  And merry voices chime,

He works in this forsaken room.
  But say, who can it be?
One of the boys of Lower Sixth,
  Plugging up for R. M. C.

Marshall—"I believe I am getting a little hair on my chin."

Black—"Yes, and if you wait a few months, you may have another one."

Wright to Copeland—"If I hit you where would Copeland?"

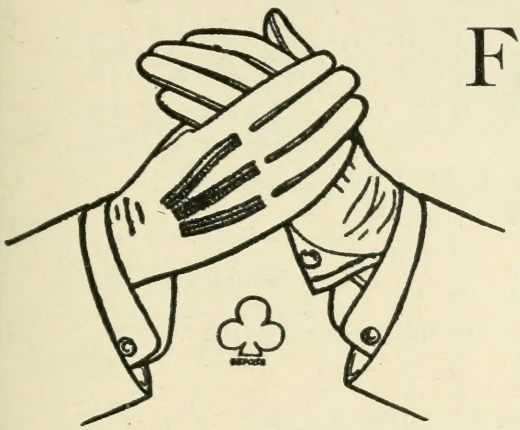
Copeland—"I would land Wright.

McEachren—"Goodness, it's hard to wash yourself here, no soap, no towel or anything. Why, when I was home I used to wash *ONCE* a day."

Bell (at the table)—"I wonder where Nick is? I haven't seen him in the tuck for a long time?"

Just then the maid brought in the sausages.

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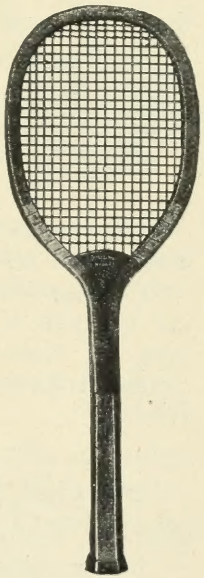
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Master—"Chewing gum?"
Boy—"Yes, sir."
Master—"Drop it in the box."
Boy—"Then it's a gum-drop."

Boy (interrupting)—"May I do a *sentence,* sir?"
Mr. Duff—"Yes, do three hours."

Nation—"Pass the milk."
Parsons—"Take water. It's the same undiluted."

Bicknell (to maid)—"Is this water filtered?"
Maid—"No; Mr. Bishop said it couldn't stand the strain."

Mr. Taylor to Rice II.—"Rice, what's your name?"

The members of the Toronto fire department wish to thank the St. Andrew's College boys who assisted in putting out the fire at the lumber yard last term.

Juno (smelling ruefully at one of the college sausages)—"Alas! my poor daughter."

Baker—"Say fellows, lend me a match. It's dark here, and I can't find my shoes."
Cocking—"Use a feather. That's *light* enough."

Room 22 speaking of Room 20—"Yes, they are our *closest* friends."

Mr. Findlay (to Black returning from the headmaster's office)—"You look very cheerful, Black."
Black—"Appearances are very deceiving, sir."

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Heard in Lower School. De Sherbinin III.—"Say, fellows, don't call me dirty-shirt; call me Billy."

Father Hutcheson (at breakfast table)—" The glory of man is in his strength, the pride of woman in her hair, and we have both in the butter."

Mr. Macdonnell (entering Room 33 after lights)—"Sharpe, what are you doing out of bed?"
Sharpe—"I am just tucking my feet in, sir."

McClinton (handing Wilson the seventh letter he had received in two days, all posted in the city)—"Chapter 7, Volume 3."

Master—" You boys say the food is no good here. Why, the food here is fit for a king."
Voice (from back of the class)—"God Save the King."

Olinger (soliloquizing)—"It must feel queer to be a fusser."
Wilson I.—"Yes, it must."

Master—"Allen, where is the most important Naval station?"
Allen II.—"Goderich, sir."

Mr. Tudball—"Wallace, what have you in your mouth?"
Wallace II.—"My tongue, sir."
Mr. Tudball (from force of habit)—"Take it out and throw it in the box."

Master—"When did the revival of learning take place?"
Henry I.—" Before the exams."

Bradley—"Did I get soaked, sir?"
Mr. Laidlaw—"No, but you should have been drowned."

A. Lochore

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Mr. Tudball (to Moseley)—"You can have two quarters."
Moseley—"Why, sir, you're more generous than Mr. Mills."

Young II.—"Have you any Tona Cola, Mrs. Code?"
Mrs. Code—"Yes."
Young II.—"Well, wait till I get someone to buy it for me."

Ross II.—"Wake up, Hughie! Here comes Monty with the collection plate."
Johnston I.—"Shut up, you silly; that's why I'm asleep."

"Noisy" Young at one end of table, to Black at the other end—"Do my feet bother you, Red?"

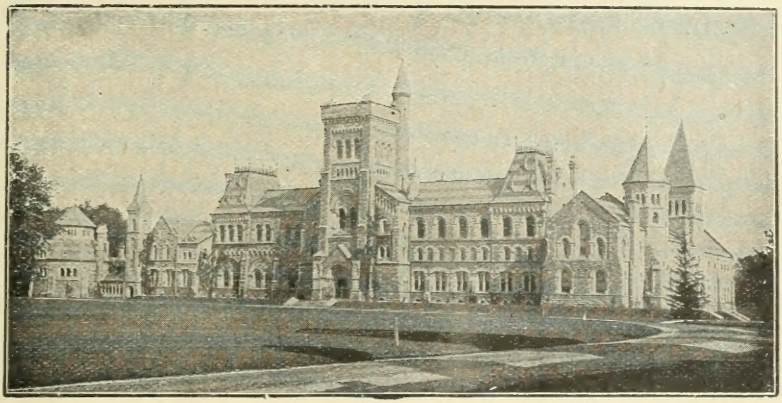
Diver—"I come from Toronto. I am a Torontonian."
Olinger—"Suppose I come from Maine, what am I?
Diver—"A Maniac, of course."

"Hughie" Johnston (who has just finished the pie the maid brought him)—"Thanks very much for the *sample,* Katie, now bring me some pie."

Shaw—"Have you a talking machine in your room?"
Blair—"Sure."
Shaw—"What kind?"
Blair—"Hutcheson."

Mat Foster—"Are there any of my old friends in 34 this year?"
Prefect—"Sure, Mr. Taylor has that room now."

Mr. Magee (to Leckie, who is studying out)—"See here, Leckie, you report to me at the end of the period. I'll see that you don't skip home."
Leckie—"No, Sir, I come from Vancouver."



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Mr. Laidlaw—"What was the 'black hole' of Calcutta?"
Boy—"Room 27 is now."

Spohn (getting on very crowded car with a girl after hockey match)—"Can't we squeeze in here, someway?"
Conductor—"Can't you wait till you get home?"

What an awful degradation
For this youthful generation
To be stuck on this plantation
Where with almost no vacation
We with useless indignation
Learn the laws of mensuration
Or the ancient legislation
Of some long-forgotten nation.
There's no hope of our salvation,
Even our imagination
Cannot hope for recreation,
For, with but one violation
Of some wretched regulation,
A master shouts out in vexation.
Gated for a term's duration,
Crowded rooms, no ventilation,
Once a term, examination.
Gated for an imprecation,
Caned for but an imitation
Of the master's INHALATION—
Here we'll end our sad oration.

W. McC.

Overheard in Hockey Committee meeting—"Upper Canada have men to shovel their rinks."
Bicknell—"Yes; but this is a Scotch school."

Dr. Macdonald—"Bicknell, what happened to your prefect's pin?"
Jimmy—"Well-er-er-sir, I lost it playing tennis."

Coles

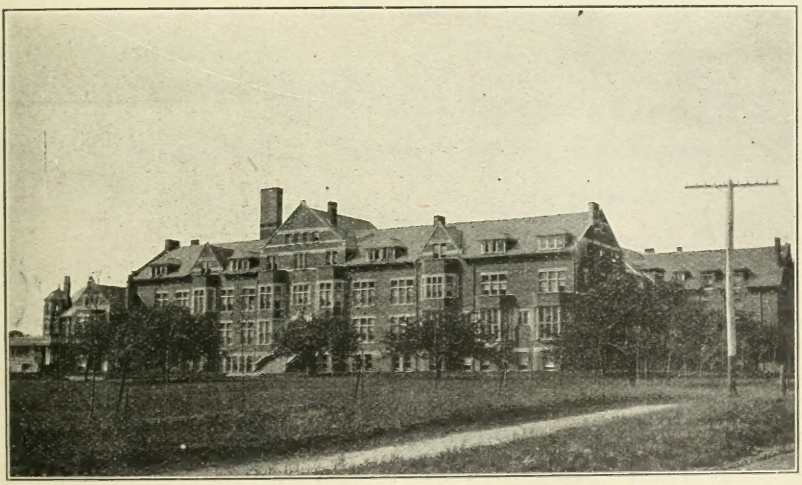
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Headmaster.

"Casey" slept on a railroad track,
The engine gave a squeal;
The engineer stepped slowly down,
And scraped him off the wheel.

Freddie—"Monty, you should start the skit column with my name. They have a big F down at the printing place."

Monty (to Wallace III., whom he has caught matching)—"Say, are you trying to start a Monte Carlo going around here?"

Wallace III.—"No, but I have a Monty Montgomery going now."

Hutcheson (debating)—"Did I make myself plain, gentlemen?"

Voice—"No, you just grew that way."

Freddie (to "Stew" Henry, who has tripped over piano leg)—"Did you hurt yourself?"

Henry—"No, I hit the soft pedal."

Condescending "Wicknell"—"I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I met you here before."

Nervous Hostess—"Quite likely; it's my house."

Laugh and the class laughs with you,
Study and you study alone.

Olinger—"What does "Red" Black put you in mind of?"

Diver—"A cigar lighter."

McClinton (to Hutcheson)—"Shake, I have had scarlet fever, too."

"Father"—"No; I might give you the grip."

Ross II. (arriving at the "mumpers" hospital)—"Joy! O joy! we're next Branksome Hall."

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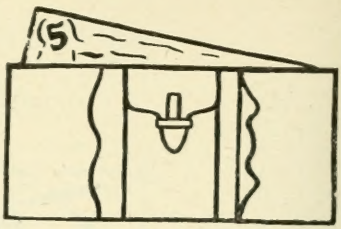
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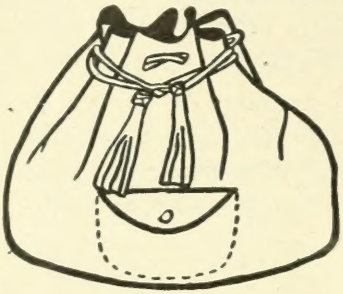
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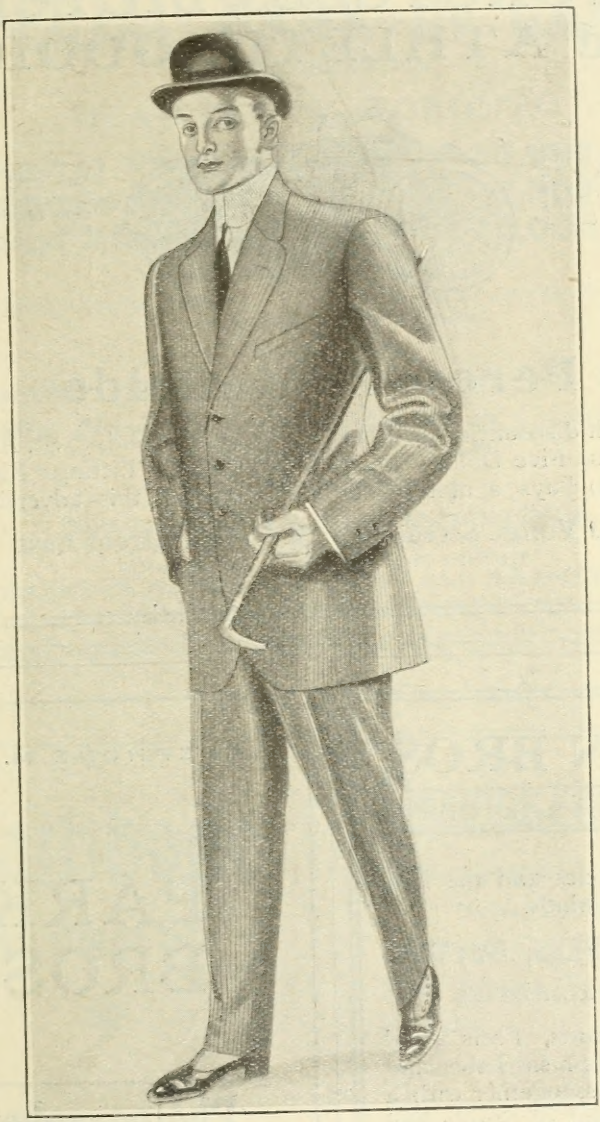


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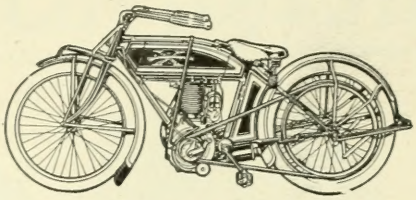


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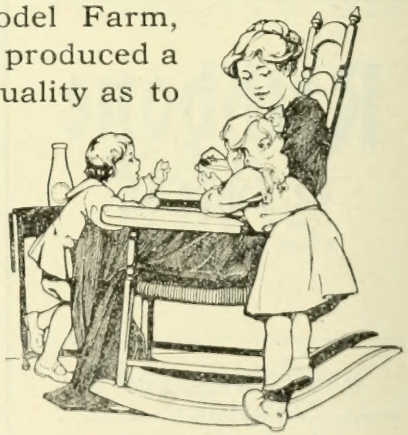
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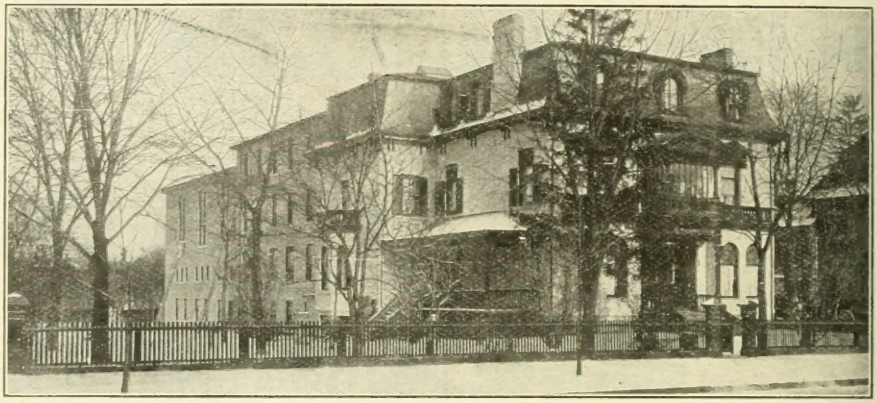
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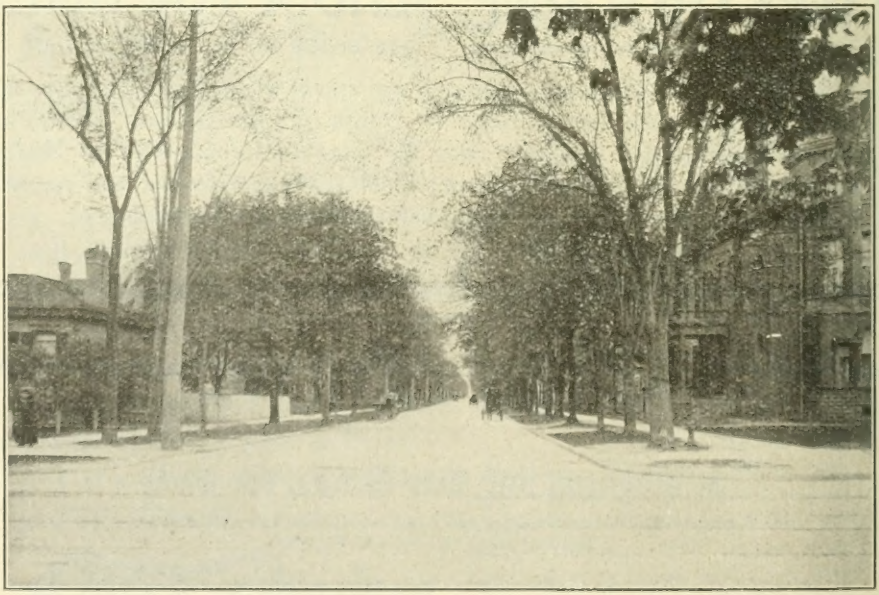
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Mrs. George Dickson, President.
Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A., Principal.

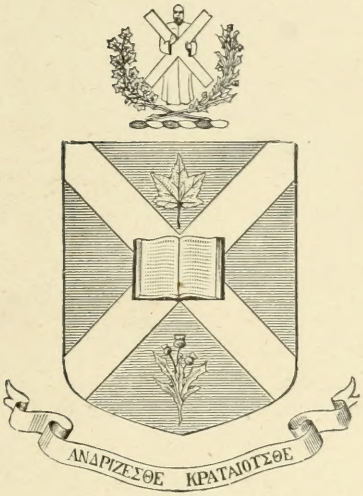


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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1912

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St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1912

MOUNT EREBUS

BY E. H. SHACKLETON.

KEEPER of the Southern Gateway, grim, rugged, gloomy and grand;
Warden of these wastes uncharted, as the years sweep on, you stand.
At your head the swinging smoke-cloud; at your feet the grinding floes;
Racked and seared by the inner fires, gripped close by the outer snows.
Proud, unconquered and unyielding, whilst the untold æons passed,
Inviolate through the ages, your ramparts spurning the blast,
Till men, impelled by a strong desire, broke through your icy bars;
Fierce was the fight to gain that height where your stern peak dares the stars.
You called your vassals to aid you, and the leaping blizzard rose,
Driving in furious eddies, blinding, stifling, cruel snows.
The grasp of the numbing frost clutched hard at their hands and faces,
And the weird gloom made darker still dim seen perilous places.
They, weary, wayworn, and sleepless, through the long withering night,
Grimly clung to your iron sides till with laggard Dawn came the light;
Both heart and brain upheld them, till the long-drawn strain was o'er,
Victors then on your crown they stood and gazed at the Western Shore;
The distant glory of that land in broad splendor lay unrolled,
With icefield, cape, and mountain height, flame rose in a sea of gold.
Oh! Herald of returning Suns to the waiting lands below;
Beacon to their home-seeking feet, far across the Southern snow.
In the Northland in the years to be, pale Winter's first white sign
Will turn again their thoughts to thee, and the glamor that is thine.

Editorials

AFTER a summer term that, owing to the protracted spring, has seemed unusually brief, we are once more on the threshold of our long vacation. Plans for that blissful era are already formed or are simmering in eager brains bent on making the most of every glorious minute. But underneath all the planning, all the happiness, lies the vague feeling of sadness that inevitably besets us when we realize that the parting from good friends is in many cases more than a temporary one. However, such is life, and in time one grows used to this unhappy fact in school life. THE REVIEW extends its best wishes to those who are writing on the approaching exams. To each member of the staff, as well as to every S. A. C. boy, she gives the glad hand, with the hope that the vacation for each and all may be a truly happy and beneficial one.

IT is with real regret that THE REVIEW announces the departure of Mr. R. A. E. Harris, who is severing his connection with the college to return to England. During his residence with us Mr. Harris has been very popular, and his interest in all college concerns has been productive of much good. He will carry with him the best wishes of his colleagues and of the boys, and THE REVIEW trusts that in his new activities he will find much happiness and all success.

IN response to the Short Story Competition instituted by THE REVIEW a considerable number of manuscripts were submitted to the judges. All were more or less meritorious, and in the final

decision it was somewhat difficult to make a definite choice. After very careful reading, however, it was agreed that Towers was well entitled to first prize, Spohn to second, and Herschowitz to third. We congratulate the winners, and have pleasure in publishing the successful stories, with one or two others which will doubtless prove of interest. THE REVIEW wishes to thank Mr. Findlay, Mr. Laidlaw, and Mr. Macdonnell for their kindness and trouble in reading and passing judgment upon so large a number of manuscripts.

MANY friends heard with sorrow of the death of Mr. A. E. Hamilton, which occurred during the spring term. Mr. Hamilton was on the College staff for two years, and all who were with him must recall his faithful endeavors, his conscientious care, and his unfailing devotion to duty. After leaving St. Andrew's he entered upon a most successful field of labor in the States, and it was only his long and trying illness which ended a life of unusual promise and usefulness. He made a brave fight for life, but despite all that could be done, passed into the great beyond on March 26th. To his bereaved family and friends the REVIEW extends deepest sympathy.

IN second year Medicine, Staunton Wishart obtained second place, winning a scholarship. In third year Arts, J. H. Pedley came second in his course, obtaining honors in English and History. Kenneth MacLaren, Edward Evans and A. R. Riddell receive their B.A. degree. Almon Fletcher also distinguished himself, and after a year's sessional appointment at the University, Gibbs Blackstock has gone to Manchester University for post-graduate work and is receiving his degree of M.A.

To each of these the REVIEW extends congratulations.

NO contribution to our columns has been more appreciated than the graphic and beautiful poem, Mount Erebus, kindly sent to us by Sir Ernest Shackleton. It is indeed an honor to have the great explorer's name on our pages, and the exquisite verses, with their vivid picture of nature in the vast Antarctic regions, will serve to recall most pleasantly the virile and charming personality of the author-explorer, whose too brief visit to St. Andrew's still lingers in our memory. That we may again have the pleasure of seeing and hearing Sir Ernest Shackleton is the sincere wish of all at S. A. C.

IN the results of the final examination in the University faculty of medicine, F. M. McPhedran succeeded in carrying off the gold medal and also the Chappell prize in clinical surgery. As one of our old boys, the REVIEW offers very hearty congratulations and best wishes for his continued success.

Contributed Articles

IN THE DAYS OF OLD

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

IT was on my last evening in Quebec that I met Jules Clarencie. He is dead now, I have heard. Even two years ago he was very, very old—as old as a man may be and live. I came upon him on the terrace. His grandson had left him for a moment, and we spoke by chance. In a minute I found myself listening to one of the strangest tales of old Canada I have ever heard. It was the story of his great-great-grandfather, and I will relate it to you much as the old man told it to me on that autumn night in old Quebec.

"M'sieu, I speak of things men cannot understand now, for they are the happenings of a hundred and fifty years past. Who can say whether the world has improved? Without doubt those days bred strong men and women, as you will see by my tale. At that time Bigot, the wicked Intendant, was flourishing on the people's produce, and Vaudreuil, the Commandant, was using the soldiery to serve his own ends. So they were to fall, and it must have been from fear of some such thing that they were so careful to silence any intruder. The name of the intruder of whom I would speak was the Comte D'Orleans. His family—one of the oldest in France—had not been in favor at court, hence their heir was in Canada with his wife. It was known now, however, that the Orleans might be reinstated at court, and the young count had recently joined one of the French regiments stationed at Quebec.

"He was a man, this count, and his wife was a fit mate for him. He had seen through all the trickeries of Bigot, all the vanities of Vaudreuil, and they feared him and hated him. Ah! m'sieu, how they hated him! The trouble came when he was ordered to take some soldiers and execute a poor peasant, who had broken one of Bigot's regulations. Just imagine! They ordered a kindly man like the Count to obey orders of that nature. A father himself, could he turn even a poor peasant's family out to starve? I ask you, m'sieu, could even discipline force him to do that? But, of course not. Perhaps those fiends knew it when they gave him his commands. They were waiting for some such chance to make away

with him. I have often heard of the night he received his orders. It was one like this. They say he did not tell his wife at once, but went out, perhaps to decide what to do. It must have been hard. He knew what would happen if he disobeyed. Some would say his action was foolish, quixotic. I say it was noble. Better far for him to suffer a brave death than to live with the image of the dying peasant forever on his mind. But I am not defending him, m'sieu. I leave you to judge him as you will.

"He decided out there in the darkness. Perhaps took his last look as a free man at the great river—calm and peaceful—flowing past the city where his happiest days had been spent. You see it now as it was then. Is it not a fair sight? I love it, for I have lived by it all my life."

As I listened to him the hotel behind me seemed to dissolve into the night air, and I saw instead the palace of the Intendant; understood the intrigues, the jealousies, and the crimes of these people, and reverenced the brave Count. The old man continued in his patois:

"He told his wife when he came back, and she agreed with him, for she was a brave woman. The next morning he bade farewell to wife and child and set out to see the Marquis de Vaudreuil. He found the Intendant and the Marquis together. No one knows what was said. Only in half an hour the soldiers were called, and took the Count away. There was no trial, not even a long imprisonment. The next morning he was taken out on the ramparts and shot. His last view was of the river flowing on to the sea; of the dwellings of the simple, oppressed fisherfolk; and, standing out behind it all, the citadel. So died the Comte D'Orleans."

Someone was calling the old man. "This is late for me, m'sieu. I must bid you good-night," he said.

"Good-night, Jules," I replied, abstractedly, "and thank you for your story."

The moon was sinking, casting across the clear waters of that great river a path of silver. It seemed to pause on the brink, and a ray of blood-red light shone for a moment on a spot on the ramparts. Was it only in my imagination that I saw a tall, straight figure, with bound arms, standing up there to meet his death? It must have been. All was in darkness now, save for the lights of the hotel, which seemed to shine out with increased brilliance.—G. A. Towers.

THE LAST RACE OF BRIGADIER

SECOND PRIZE.

THE Windermere stables were full of gloom. Even the smallest stable-boy was downcast. Marlboro, the pride of the stables and their only hope for the Derby, was sick. The great Marlboro, on whom rested the fate of the stables, was down and out. And the Derby only two days off.

For twenty-four hours Martin, the owner of Windermere; Tim, the stable boss, and two veterinary surgeons had worked over the great black stallion, who lay moaning in his stall. All the other horses were moved to the next wing. The stables were strangely quiet. The quick tattoo of the big black's heels on the wall and his shrill neigh answering the high-pitched challenge of Brigadier, the old chestnut stallion, were stilled. The stablemen moved on tiptoe and spoke in whispers.

At length the great doctor arrived. For half an hour he minutely examined the sick horse. Marlboro lay quiet, his breath coming in great gasps, his eyes dull and heavy, and his great muscles sagging loosely under his skin. It seemed hours to Martin and his son before the doctor spoke. "An acute case of double pneumonia," he said. "No hope of him racing for the next six months. A pity, too, magnificent horse, but it will be a job to save his life."

Martin was worried. The Derby meant everything to him. If he lost it he would lose Windermere. Marlboro had shown such speed in his trials that the Derby was almost a certainty. No other horse had developed the same speed and staying powers. Molly, the bay colt, was every bit as fast for a short distance, but she could not hold the pace. The little mare was game *to a finish,* but the race would kill her. All the others were too slow to gain even a place.

"Bring the bay out to the track and see what she can do, Tim." said Martin. Then, turning to his son, "Tom, do you want to get a horse and pace her? Waverly or Commodore will do." "How about Brigadier? He's been used to pace Marlboro for a lap." "All right, go ahead," and, followed by the veterinaries, Martin walked over to the track.

A few minutes later Molly, the bay, with her spider-like jockey on her back, appeared, closely followed by the chestnut stallion

Brigadier, with Tom riding. The old sixteen-year-old looked more like six. His light mane and tail were flowing in the wind and his skin shone like satin. "By Jove, what a beauty!" exclaimed the doctor. "Is that Brigadier, who won the Derby five years ago?" Martin nodded. "Tom, bring him here." Tom rode him at the fence and the big horse rose easily and cleared it by a foot. An involuntary exclamation of applause burst from the men. Martin took a lump of sugar from his pocket and held it out. Brigadier shoved out his velvety nose and took it. "Good old boy," said Martin, patting him. "There, Tom, Tim's waiting for you."

Tom cleared the fence at a canter and reined up alongside of the colt, who was chafing at the delay. At the word they sprang off. Molly driving to the lead. She was as fast as a deer and ran like a flash for the first lap, winning by two lengths. Then on the second lap Tom spoke to the chestnut. The little mare was still running gamely, but the short race was her specialty, and she was tiring fast. Slowly Tom gained, and as they came to half way he forged ahead. "Pull her up," he yelled to the little jockey. "She's all in." The boy nodded and began to pull up. Brigadier was far ahead, running strongly. Down past the stand he flashed, ten seconds slower than Marlboro's record. Martin sprang down. "By Jove, Tim, the old horse can run. If he were only younger!" Tim grinned. "He'll do, sir, and young Mr. Tom is the best rider in the land." Tom came up, leading the horse. "How's that for a race!" he cried, his face flushed with excitement. "Here's the horse for the Derby. The old horse can save Windermere." Martin thought. "We have to win it, but who can ride him?" "I can," cried Tom; "he knows me and will do better for me than anyone else." Martin knew it was true. For no one else but Tom would Brigadier do his best. He knew his step a hundred yards away. "Can he do it, Tim?" he asked. "Yes, sir," answered the stable boss. "Well, put him in."

The next day Windermere was in an uproar. Excited groups of horsemen and bookies visited the stables, only to be turned away by Tim. "The big stallion is to rest till the morrow." "Yes, Marlboro was on his feet." "No, he will not race," and so on. The crimson and white was hung over the doors and each stable boy boasted a red and white ribbon in his buttonhole.

On the morning of the race the Windermere horses, hooded and

blanketed, were taken to the big track. Tom took sole charge of Brigadier. Molly was to run in the mile. Her race was just before the Derby, and the little jockey was instructed to get well away in front and stay there.

The races passed off slowly. Then the open mile. Molly got the coveted pole and was well away at the start. At the half way she shot to the front and held it all the way in spite of the efforts of Kentucky Jane, a fleet grey, who finished half a length behind.

Then the Derby was called. Barnaby B., a great black, with powerful quarters, was favorite. As he came on the track a great shout went up. Then Brigadier appeared. All eyes turned to him questioningly. The crimson and white was to be carried by Marlboro. Where was he? Then someone said, "Brigadier." An incredulous murmur, then a shout, "Old Brigadier! Old Brigadier!" went up.

The horses lined up at the starting place. Brigadier was fourth. Tom pulled him back a bit, then as the starter raised his hand he drove him forward, getting off with an almost flying start.

Tom swung in behind Barnaby. A lanky grey mare, Flying Nancy, was making the pace—an impossible pace to hold. She was known as Crazy Nan on account of her erratic racing. As they swept past the stand for the first round she began to stagger. Immediately Barnaby moved to the front. Brigadier attempted to follow, but a bay horse ranged alongside and pocketed him. It was Charles Keswick, Barnaby's stable mate. At the three-quarters Keswick circled wide. Quick as a flash the old horse drove into the opening and shot ahead.

Barnaby was leading, with Flying Nancy running a beaten race behind. Slowly the chestnut drew up. If Barnaby kept the lead at the home stretch he would win. Very gradually the old horse lessened the distance. The grey had dropped to third, and only three feet lay between Barnaby and the chestnut. Tom was lying low in the saddle, letting hs horse do the running. "Now, boy," he whispered. The gallant old horse responded nobly. The chestnut muzzle crept up on the black's quarters. Then past his shoulders, and Tom saw the outstretched frothy black muzzle even with his knee. Then a blur and a confused roar as they flashed under the wire, and then the old horse stumbled, struggled a moment and fell, throwing Tom over his head. Martin sprang over the fence

and ran up to Tom. "Hurt, boy?" he asked anxiously. Tom shook his head. Sitting on the ground, he gathered the brave old horse's head into his lap and forced some whisky down his throat. For a few minutes Brigadier lay still, then, with a convulsive heave, he staggered to his feet and gazed around. A great cry went up from the people. "Oh, Brigadier, you beauty!" whispered Tom. The old horse rubbed his nose against the boy's coat and, followed by an admiring crowd, they moved across to the judge's stand to receive their prize. Brigadier had run his race and won. Windermere was saved.

H. G. Spohn.

THE ABYSS

THIRD PRIZE.

"LUIS, will you come with me this afternoon?" asked Juan González.

"Where?" asked Luis, a strongly built young man about nineteen years old.

"Eagle hunting. I've discovered a nest in the Abyss, where there are two eaglets. The mother eagle being away most of the time, we will have an excellent chance. She left about an hour ago and will not be back till sunset."

"All right, I'll meet you at the Abyss right after dinner. Be ready with a rope of sufficient length and strength."

The Abyss was a deep cut made by an earthquake centuries before, and its walls were almost perpendicular, making the climbing very hazardous.

Luis, after getting the permission of his parents, and after procuring a sharp knife, started towards the place of meeting, where he found Juan ready with a long, stout rope, one end of which he had tied around his waist. They greeted each other, and after Luis had tied the other end to his waist Juan said to him:

"When you reach the nest or want to stop give one long whistle or a pull on the rope. Two if you want to come up, and three if you want me to pull in faster."

"Correct," answered Luis. They shook hands and Luis took a step towards the Abyss. His heart stopped beating for a minute

as the thought that he might lose his life in the enterprise flashed through his brain. He put all his fears aside, crossed himself devoutly and, taking another step, disappeared over the brink.

Fifty yards he descended between the two granite walls, shuddering every little while, till he reached a ledge. Here he walked to a hole about four yards square and, after placing his knife between his teeth, he dropped into it.

As he descended the light grew dimmer. Now fear had given place to intense excitement. Soon he distinguished the nest and he gave a sharp whistle. A thousand echoes answered him. As the rope did not tighten he gave it a pull and was immediately brought to a standstill. He swung himself towards the nest, which he reached after a few tries, and then stood immovable, listening. He heard the murmur of a river far below him, and the moving of the eaglets, which had noticed his intrusion.

He advanced towards the helpless little birds, but was bravely confronted by the two, who aimed at him with their beaks and talons, but they were unable to fly, and he easily caught them both. With their wings and feet tied, he fastened them to his belt and gave the signal to be taken up.

He looked up and watched the hole by which he had entered growing larger as he neared it. Suddenly a shadow passed across it, blocking out the light for a moment. A minute later the same thing happened again.

It was the male eagle, which Juan had thought was dead, returning. In slow circles it descended towards the entry where the rope penetrated the cave. After the first moment of terror had passed Luis drew his knife, ready for the fray.

The eagle, with wings outspread and eyes glittering, flew towards the poor boy. As it passed him it aimed a blow at his face with its wing, but the knife met it and pulled out a few feathers. Giving a shriek of rage, it began to circle as fast as it could around him, aiming blow after blow, ripping his clothes and tearing his flesh. He was fighting bravely and the bird was bleeding profusely from a wound in the neck.

He had given the signal to stop and was getting pretty tired of the struggle, when suddenly both the eaglets began to cry. The huge bird heard it and, enraged by the sight of its young ones, charged with increased fury, using wings, beak and talons.

It was the last struggle. Luis was wounded in the shoulder, the

iron beak gashing it horribly. The excitement and the pain both helped him. As it came at him again he raised his knife and with all his strength plunged it into the heart of the bird. With a last cackle the eagle closed its wings and dropped down the abyss. He gave the two pulls at the rope and immediately began to go up.

He passed through the hole and naturally looked at the blue sky. Terror was painted in his face, and his eyes kept staring at the rope a few inches above his head. It was no longer a strong cord. In the fight he had aimed a blow at the bird and had almost severed the rope. Only a few strands were holding him from a drop of a thousand feet.

He took the eaglets from his belt and threw them after their father. He tried to whistle, but his lips wouldn't move. He thought of climbing up to the safe part of the rope, but if the other broke—. He waited for the second that the rope would refuse to stand the strain and give way. This was worse than a thousand deaths. He stared at the mutilated cord and coiled up in a heap, tortured by the slowness of his ascension.

* * * * *

When Juan pulled him up he wasn't the same youth he had lowered. His hair was as white as if he had lived a hundred years; his eyes had no expression; he trembled like a leaf and he was covered with blood from head to foot. His voice rang out broken and terrible: "The Abyss!—eagles—mother—" and he fell in a swoon.

Juan, terrified, took him in his strong arms to take him with the terrible news to his father and mother, to whom that same afternoon he had been a loving son, but was now a poor insane boy.

This story is founded on fact.

H. Herschkowitz.

A FAST RIDE

IN September, 1910, the Chicago Motor Association held a race meet at Elgin, Illinois. Elgin is a small town a few miles from Chicago. The races were held on a course composed of ordinary country roads in the form of a triangle, the length of a lap being approximately eight and one-quarter miles.

The victory was won by Mulford in a Lozier car, which averaged 62.5 miles an hour for the distance of 305 miles.

I am not going to write an account of the race, but wish to tell you of an experience I had.

For two weeks before the date set for the contest the pilots of the different makes of cars had been practising with their speedy mounts.

From five till seven each morning, the time set apart for practice, there was a continual noise, which might have been likened to the reports of a quick-firing gun, but which was really the roar from the exhausts of the big racing cars as they tore by at rates of speed far exceeding that of the fastest express train.

As I was staying in Chicago, I used to go out to the course every morning and watch the practice.

One morning I came upon a man whom I knew, namely, Alfred Livingstone, the pilot of a National "40." He asked me if I wished to take a ride, and I replied that I should like nothing better. As practice was nearly over for that morning, I decided that I would take advantage of the invitation next day.

Accordingly I was at the National Racing Camp early next morning. I put on a greasy old jumper, a pair of goggles, and a headguard similar to that used in football, only that it covered the whole head with the exception of the eyes and mouth. The reason for wearing that is that the rear wheels of passing cars often throw stones with sufficient force to crush a man's skull were it not protected.

Livingstone told me that I was to keep a sharp lookout behind for cars overtaking us, and also that I was to pump oil continually by means of a small brass pump located at my right hand.

My friend asked me to see if I could "Turn her over." I grasped the crank and could not turn the motor over compression. He then seized it and spun it as easily as one would crank the smallest runabout. Immediately I was nearly deafened by the unmuffled reports of the exhaust. We jumped into the two small seats, set so low on the frame that it was difficult to see over the top of the hood. He let in the clutch with a jerk that made the big car jump forward so quickly that I was nearly unseated.

We were the first out that morning, so for some time I did not have to look for cars overtaking us.

There is one very sharp turn on the course, known as the Hornbeck Turn. When about one hundred yards from it I noticed that we were travelling about 58 miles per hour, and I wondered if he

would shut down. To my amazement he actually increased the speed, steering for the outside of the turn. Just as we struck the bend he violently applied the brakes, at the same time cramping the front wheels to the left. We skidded about thirty feet and were around that turn and headed down the straightaway past the grandstand. The back stretch is about three miles long, and we lost no time in covering it. Once I glanced at the Warner speedometer and saw that we were travelling a trifle less than seventy-seven miles an hour.

As we were approaching the Hornbeck Turn on the next lap I was startled to hear a loud explosion. For a moment I was at a loss to account for it. However, the bumping soon told me that the right rear tire had blown out. Although the big car ricochetted down the course like a giant serpent, Livingstone, by a skilful bit of driving, managed to hold it on the road until he was able to bring it to a standstill, when he replaced the defective tire.

Other drivers were out by this time, familiarizing themselves with the course. It is most exciting to pass or be passed by another car travelling at high speed, although it is very dangerous. At times it was so dusty that it was impossible to see three feet ahead of the radiator. Even though the track is deluged with oil and said to be dustless, the wheels of the fast moving cars tear up dust and throw gravel and stones indiscriminately behind them.

When at last the two hours of practice were over and we drew up at the pits I found myself to be so nervous that I could barely stand up. I had not noticed it when we were running, as the excitement was so great, but, being a novice, the reaction had left me very weak.

My friend Livingstone won his class, the Illinois Trophy, though I was not there to see him do so.

A month later he added one more to his long list of victories, by being one of the first five to finish in the world's greatest road contest, the Vanderbilt Cup race, held on Long Island.

About eighteen months ago Livingstone was trying to break a record on the Indianapolis Speedway. While travelling at eighty miles an hour the car was seen to swerve dangerously and then to plunge through the fence and turn over, imprisoning both driver and mechanic beneath it. A steering knuckle had broken. The mechanician was instantly killed. Livingstone was removed to the hospital, where, twenty-four hours later, he died of his injuries.

N. Eric Wallace.

Athletics



G. Cassells, Captain

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST ELEVEN

Cassells (Gord.) captain.—The most experienced cricketer on the team. A keen captain, and did well in spite of unavoidable absence earlier in the season. A good right-hand bat, patient and orthodox, commanding a number of strokes. Although capable of making a lot of runs has hardly done himself justice.

Ross I. (Gord).—Of last year's first eleven. A good left-hand bat, a strong bowler, and excellent field.

Ross II. (Dud.)—Second year on team. A fair bat; inclined to block too much. A good medium pace bowler, and one of the best fielders on the team.

Thompson I. (Stew).—An old color. A fair bat, but inclined to pull. Bowls a fast, well-pitched ball.

Wright I. (Lin).—Worked his way up from the Junior House eleven. Is a valuable, fast bowler. Had hard luck in his batting at the first of the season.

Dyment (Unc).—Played on the Junior House team three years ago. Is a good, hard-hitting bat. A fair wicket-keeper.

Stephen (Jack).—Of last year's second eleven. A good bat when set, but inclined to play around the ball at first.

Rolph I. (Gren.).—Graduate of last year's seconds. A good, useful bat and fair fielder.

Malone (Morris).—Captain of last year's seconds. A fair left-hand bat. Kept wicket.

Montgomery (Monty.).—Of last year's seconds. A fair bat, but inclined to pull. An excellent field.

Hayes (Jimmy).—The only new boy on the team. Bats with good form. Has shown decided improvement of late. H. LASH.



On the Campus.

ROSEDALE at ST. ANDREW'S

"EVERYTHING comes to him who waits," says the old adage. So, after having waited for a number of years to score a victory over the Rosedale Cricket Club, the St. Andrew's eleven were finally rewarded on Saturday afternoon, May 4th, when they succeeded in defeating that club by a score of 81—72.

It certainly was a very impressive manner to open the season, and the team are deserving of congratulations for having accomplished such a feat.

Wright, bowling for the College, was in splendid form, four wickets being credited to him. Reid was the best bowler for Rosedale, taking two wickets and having five catches made off his delivery.

At bat Cassels was the premier scorer for the College, making a total of 19 not out. For Rosedale, Reid was high man with 26, being followed closely by T. Swan with 22.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Wright, c. and b. Reid	0
Ross I., c. Smith, b. Reid	10
Stephen, c. Swan, b. Reid	2
Ross II., b. Swan	2
Cassels, not out	19
Bicknell, b. Reid	9
Dyment, c. Bell, b. Reid	3
Malone, b. Reid	0
Thompson II., b. Swan	9
Thompson I., c. Reid, b. Swan	1
Montgomery, c. Swan, b. Reid	3
Extras	23
Total	81

ROSEDALE.

Reid, run out	26
Bell, c. and b. Ross II	10
Greene, b. Wright	0
W. Swan, b. Wright	4
Williams, b. Wright	0
Dunbar, hit wicket	2

Pillow, b. Thompson I	3
T. Swan, c. Thompson, b. Dyment	22
Smith, not out	1
McIntosh, b. Wright	0
Catto, c. Stephen, b. Thompson	0
Extras	4
Total	72

H. LASH.

VETERANS vs. ST. ANDREW'S

"Pride goes before a fall," is a very old saying, but it still holds true, as was effectively demonstrated on the Wednesday afternoon of May 8th, when the Saints played the Veterans. Puffed by their signal success of the previous Saturday, they entered the game with an unprecedented zeal. Then they fell. Oh, how they fell! They bumped and rolled and bounced and turned double and triple somersaults. At last they landed. Yes, they landed. And they landed hard. The Rosedale Ravine echoed and re-echoed with the shock of their landing. In fact they lit so hard that they haven't yet succeeded in regaining their equilibrium, and have gone down to defeat in two successive games.

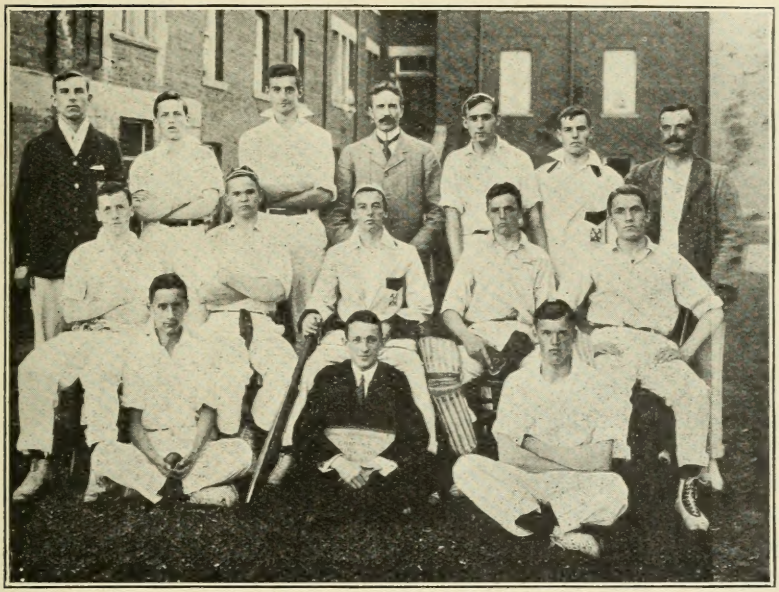
The Veterans, and Veterans they surely were, entered the fray as strong and as confident as Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo. They proceeded to show the recruits how to play cricket. And they succeeded. When the last wicket fell the College had but 45 to their credit.

Then the Veterans went in to bat. If General Brock could have had those veterans playing cricket on the top of Queenston Heights the Yankees would never have reached the summit.

They cut and sliced and hammered until at last, when the side was retired in some lucky manner, it was found that they had accumulated 71.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Wright, b. Lyon	5
Stephen, b. Lyon	9
Hays, not out	8
Dyment, b. Crawford	4
Thompson II., b. Lyon	2



First Cricket Team.



Prefects.

Ross II., run out, b. Lyon	2
Bicknell, c. and b. Mr. James	3
Rennie, b. Lyon	1
Malone, b. Lyon	2
Montgomery, l.b.w., b. Mr. James	2
Thompson I., c. Foster, b. Mr. James	4
Extras	3
Total	45

VETERANS.

Crawford, c. Wright, b. Thompson 1	6
Smith, b. Wright	8
Fergusson, c. Bicknell, b. Ross II	2
Lyon, b. Ross II	9
Knighton, b. Wright	32
James, c. Dyment, b. Wright	2
Foster, b. Wright	0
Harris, b. Ross II	0
Laidlaw, not out	4
Wood, b. Wright	0
Rolph, l.b.w., b. Thompson I	2
Extras	6
Total	71

H. LASH.

ST. ANDREW'S AT MIMICO

WEDNESDAY morning, May 15th, the first cricket team, accompanied by Mr. Knighton, Mr. Grace, Mr. Frederick Davison, and the REVIEW's quill-pusher, took the nine o'clock car to the Mimico Asylum to play their annual match with that institution.

The day was fine, but a nasty little breeze from the lake made conditions a trifle too cool to call it ideal cricket weather.

At half-past nine we reached Mimico, where Dr. Beemer met us and escorted us to the dressing room.

While the team was dressing, Mr. Grace, accompanied by the scribe, went out and inspected the pitch, which was found to be in excellent condition.

Meanwhile the team had dressed and come out on the field. Some of the members, instead of getting in a little practice before the game, wandered over and interviewed a few of the inmates who were out taking a little exercise on the lake shore. One old Irishwoman became so attached to Malone and Dyment—probably she had some intuition that they had Irish blood in them—that we are still wondering how they ever got back. The only reason we can assigne that they *did* get back is that towards the close of the day she began to believe they were not as Irish as she would have liked them to be. So she "slammed" them and "slammed" them hard.

It happened this way. They were talking to her, when suddenly she said: "Say, do you know what I'd do if I were you?" "No. What?" they asked. "Well," she said, "if I were you I would go over to that wharf there"—pointing to a pier projecting into the lake—"and say, 'Here goes nothin',' and jump in." And yet they said she was crazy. Such a mistake on the part of the Government should be investigated.

The game commenced at 10.15, with Shannon and Rutton batting for Mimico. They made a long stand, the latter finally being caught by Dyment off Crawford. Thompson II. caught Shannon off Crawford a few minutes later, and his thirteen, coupled with Rutton's twelve, gave the Asylum a neat total of twenty-five for two wickets. Crawford, Ross II. and Wright now got down to business, and five men fell before their bowling for nineteen. Things looked fairly bright for St. Andrew's at this stage, but when Maxwell was caught by Malone off Thompson I. it was found that he had swelled the total to fifty-four. White added fourteen more before being bowled by Wright. The remainder went out for four, Mimico retiring with a score of 82.

Mr. Knighton and Ross I. batted first for the College, with White and Davis the opposing bowlers. Mr. Knighton made a splendid stand, marking up eleven to his credit before having his wickets taken by a tricky ball of White's.

At this juncture someone suggested luncheon, so both teams repaired to a nice secluded spot between two buildings, where, as one official explained, a light repast was to be served.

If what we had is termed a light repast at the Asylum, we would like very much to know what they call an ordinary meal. The heaping platesful of delectable sandwiches and biscuits were avariciously consumed by the hungry cricketers.

The College boys upheld the schoolboy reputation in this respect to such an extent that their batting was greatly impaired upon the resumption of the game, and the side was quickly retired for a total of 30, of which Mr. Kighton made eleven and Ross I. seven.

Dr. Beemer's eleven went to bat again, but as the captain of our team has promised the sporting editor a treat at the tuck if the second innings is not accounted for, and because our boys had only a part of their second batting, a veil will be drawn over and the reader left to imagine the result of the second period.

We took the six-twenty car for the city, after having spent with Dr. Beemer and the officials of the Asylum as pleasant a day as one would wish to spend.

H. Lash.

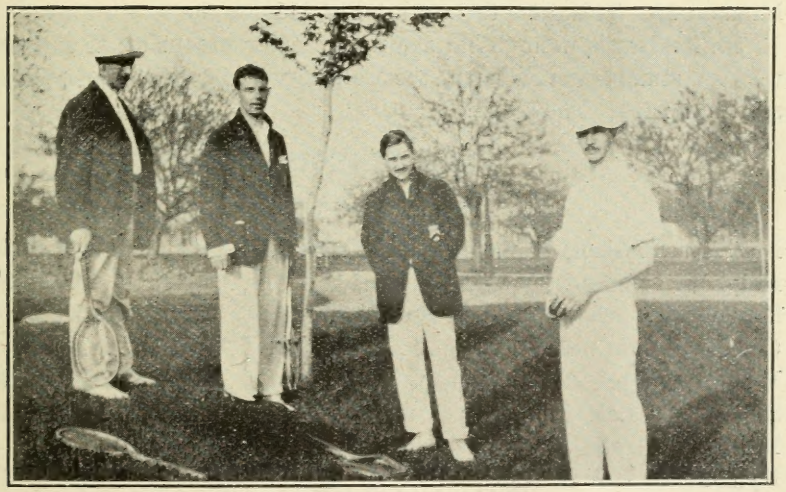
TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL AT ST. ANDREW'S

SATURDAY, June 1st, the first cricket eleven of Trinity College School, Port Hope, came here to engage with our eleven in the first of the school games. The day was an ideal one for cricket, and the crease, which had had careful attention, was in a splendid condition.

The visitors arrived at the College shortly after ten o'clock, and came on the field and had a short practice. Cassels won the toss and elected to bat. The game commenced at eleven, with Ross I. and Rolph I. batting for the College and Tucker and Saunders the opposing bowlers. Ross I. played a good, straight bat, and succeeded in getting 10 runs before being caught by Fisken off Tucker. Sharpe took Ross' place and hit a two, when, in an endeavor to get a short-pitched ball, he stepped out of his block and was stumped by Dennistoun. Rolph, who was playing a splendid game, was caught by Fisken off Symons, a few minutes later. He made 22 runs, including three fours. Cassels and Wright were at bat, and, with the score standing 42 for three wickets, things looked pretty cheerful for the College, when Cassels was run out. There is no doubt that had not this happened he would have made a large score, for he was batting carefully and well. Stephen, who went in next, made 16 before being caught by LeMeseurier off Tucker. It was a splendid catch, LeMeseurier getting it with one



Athletic Directorate.



Tennis Fiends.

hand when it was almost out of his reach. Like Sharpe, Wright was stumped by Dennistoun shortly after Stephen was dismissed; but he had batted well, and had 14 to his credit when put out. Hayes, who took Stephens' place, showed a great improvement in his batting. He made four runs on a boundary hit before being caught by Grylls off LeMeseurier. Dyment was the first man to have his wickets taken, LeMeseurier being responsible. However, that did not happen until he had made 15. The innings were closed by Malone being bowled by Tucker and Montgomery by LeMeseurier for five, and with Thompson not out for three, giving the College on their first batting a total of 101.

Tucker and Symons, of Port Hope, then took their place at bat, facing Wright I. and Thompson I., the College bowlers. Neither of the bowlers were taking any chances, and consequently it was not long before Symons had his wicket taken by Wright for 5. The wickets then began to fall fast, Tuckers falling to Thompson for 12. The remaining men were easy for Wright and Thompson, the nine of them being retired for 7 runs, Wright getting five wickets and Thompson three. T. C. S. closed their innings with 27 runs, to which Tucker, who batted splendidly, contributed 12.

T. C. S. being more than 60 behind, followed on. They did much better this time, making 84, of which Saunders made 25 and Mitchell 14. This gave them a total of 111 for the two innings.

St. Andrew's went to bat again and, after procuring 15 for two wickets, stumps were drawn, the College winning by eight wickets and four runs. The score:

FIRST INNINGS.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Ross I., c. Fisken, b. Tucker	10
Rolph I., c. Fisken, b. Symons	22
Sharpe, stpd. Dennistoun, b. Symons	2
Cassels I., run out	1
Wright I., stpd. Dennistoun, b. Tucker	14
Stephen, c. LeMeseurier, b. Tucker	16
Hayes, c. Grylls, b. LeMeseurier	4
Dyment, b. LeMeseurier	15
Malone, b. Tucker	0
Montgomery, b. LeMeseurier	5

Thompson I., not out 3
Extras 9

Total 101

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Tucker, b. Thompson I. 12
Symons, b. Wright I. 5
Grier, c. and b. Wright I. 0
Mitchell, b. Wright I. 1
Fisken, c. Sharpe, b. Wright I. 2
Pearce, c. Hayes, b. Thompson 0
Saunders, c. Ross I. b. Thompson 0
LeMeseurier, lbw., b. Thompson 4
Dennistoun, not out 1
Mathers, b. Wright I. 0
Grylls, c. Ross I., b. Wright I. 0
Extras 2

Total 27

SECOND INNINGS.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Tucker, b. Wright I. 9
Symons, b. Wright I. 0
Mitchell, b. Wright I. 14
Fisken, b. Wright I. 0
Pearce, b. Ross I. 8
Dennistoun, b. Ross I. 0
LeMeseurier, c. Hayes, b. Ross I. 0
Saunders, b. Wright I. 25
Grier, c. Dyment, b. Thompson I. 11
Mathers, c. Hayes, b. Thompson I. 1
Grylls, not out 7
Extras 9

Total 84

ST. ANDREW'S.

Rolph, c. Fisken, b. Tucker 1

Sharpe, stpd. Dennistoun, b. Tucker 4
Ross I., not out 4
Stephen, not out 1
Extras 2

Total 15

H. LASH.

ST. ANDREW'S AT RIDLEY

WEDNESDAY, June 5th, the first eleven journeyed to St. Catharines to engage in the annual school match with Ridley College.

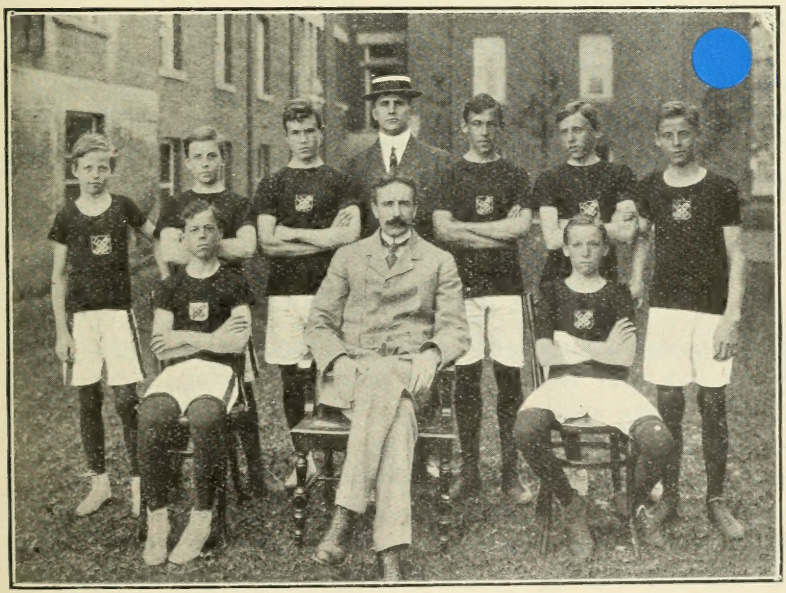
We left Toronto on the nine o'clock train, arriving in St. Catharines at eleven. Mr. Powell and Captain Jarvis met us and escorted us to the School, where, after a short fielding practice, the match commenced at 11.30, with Rolph and Ross I. batting for the College and with Jarvis and Mix the opposing bowlers.

Neither Ross I. nor Rolph made their usual stand, Ross I. being bowled by Jarvis for 1, and Rolph being caught by Jarvis off Mix for 7. Ross II. succeeded in making 12 before being given out leg before. Stephen made a good stand, marking up 15 to his credit before being bowled by Gordon. Cassels was the next to go, being bowled by Gordon for 11. Dyment was caught by Irvine for 2. Irvine made a splendid catch. He bowled the ball and, following up quickly, caught it a few inches off the ground. Wright was caught by Trench off Irvine a few minutes later. Bradley made a fair stand, being finally run out for 4. The innings closed with Hayes, who had made a splendid stand, being caught by Martin off Jarvis for 14. First innings: S. A. C. 71.

The teams then adjourned for lunch, after which the Ridley boys showed us around the grounds and buildings. The game was recommenced at 2 o'clock, with Wood and Irvine of B. R. C. facing Ross II. and Wright bowling for the College. Irvine forgot to make his call on Wood's hit to leg and was run out. Martin, who took Irvine's place, was bowled by Wright shortly after for 8. Marani made a splendid stand, getting 25 before being given out l.b.w. off Thompson. Wood was finally caught by Ross I. off Bradley for 18. Manley, who took Wood's place, was caught by Hayes



Junior Cricket Team.



Junior Leaders.

off Wright for 16. Jarvis, who went in when Marani was dismissed, was finally bowled by Wright for 26. The next three men were quickly dismissed by Wright and Ross I. for 12. B. R. C. closed their innings with 117 runs, a majority of 46 over the College on the first innings.

For St. Andrew's Wright bowled well, getting six wickets. Stephen was high man with 16 runs. For Ridley, Jarvis and Marani were high men, with 26 and 25 respectively.

In the second innings the College had to make a large score and dismiss their opponents within two hours. They went to bat and succeeded in making 72 in one hour, a total of 143 for the two innings.

Ridley then went to bat confident of making the 26 necessary to win very easily. A very old adage says, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," and B. R. C. might have done much better had they remembered that old saying and not been so confident. But they didn't, and consequently eight wickets fell for 15, leaving them still 11 to procure to win. Marani, however, won the game for them by getting two boundaries and a three and a two. Stumps were then drawn, leaving B. R. C. the victors of a very exciting cricket match by three wickets and three runs.

After the game we repaired to the Welland House, where we once more played against time, and again did well enough to catch the 8 o'clock train for Toronto, arriving at the College about ten-thirty, tired but happy and confident of giving Upper Canada the game of their lives on Saturday, June 8th.

H. Lash.

THE SECOND TEAM

THE second team has had rather a disappointing season. Two games with Highfield were postponed, owing to the rainy condition of the weather. Then at Port Hope, on Saturday, June 1st, they lost a closely contested game to Trinity College School seconds by 13 runs, the score being T. C. S. 86, S. A. C. 73.

They have, however, still one more game to play, that being with Upper Canada seconds on U. C. C. grounds, on Saturday, June 8th. As the team is much stronger this season than it has been for some years, we are hoping to see them return with a vic-

tory over the Blue and White eleven. If they lose it will not be because they lack cricketing science, for Mr. Knighton and Mr. Grace have given them a great deal of attention, and have succeeded in putting out a first-class second eleven.

The following players constitute the team: Rennie (captain), Bradley, Thompson II., Paterson I., Paterson II., Copeland, Leckie, Coatsworth, Hatch, Bicknell, Whitaker I., Johnston I. (scorer).

H. Lash.

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET—ST. ANDREW'S vs. LAKE LODGE

On Wednesday, May 29th, 1912, St. Andrew's Lower School cricket team journeyed to Grimsby to play Lake Lodge School, of that town. We left the Union Station at 9.10 and, after one hour's wait in Hamilton, reached our destination about 12 o'clock. We had lunch immediately upon our arrival, and at 2.15 tossed for innings. Lake Lodge won the toss and chose to bat. The weather was anything but favorable, rain falling heavily all day.

After a very wet innings, Lake Lodge were retired for 83 runs, of which Stuart contributed 36, not out. St. Andrew's then tried to overcome this lead, but failed by 26 runs, their total being 57. Scott made 22, and Carr did well, with 16, McMichael knocking up 10. Everybody was glad to get into dry clothes again, and we were then treated to supper.

We then went direct to the station, and, after two hours' run, found ourselves once more at the Union Depot. Mr. James kindly allowed us to pay a visit to McConkey's. At 9.15 we arrived at the school again, all very tired and wet.

The team wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. James for the trouble they took for us; and, although we were beaten, we enjoyed the holiday immensely.

R. G.

BASEBALL

FOR the first time in the history of the College we, the students of this celestial hall of learning, were allowed to become patrons of the far-famed Mr. Chadwick. And how did such a revolution take place? It was this way. The turf, which is, I think, a cricket term for grass, was not in a fit condition to permit the

playing of that 16th century pastime, so those in authority followed the example of the ground and softened their natures, and the régime of the "pill sluggers" began.

Immediately scores of baseballs, bats, fielding gloves, and hand mattresses of all shapes and descriptions made their appearance. Every space that was not prohibited from being used (and sometimes places that "were" prohibited from being used) were covered with would-be ball tossers, who, after going through various alarming motions and tying themselves up into knots that would puzzle the ablest seaman, would suddenly straighten out and send deceptive curves, gentle floaters and sizzling liners to their respective "caged" receivers, who were safely ensconced behind a piece of board, a sweater, or anything they could designate a "pan."

The Athletic Association granted a lot near the stable, and there a diamond was constructed, with the home plate facing the stable. This was, of course, of great value to the backstops, as the balls that they missed were stopped by the building. Though this was very nice for the catchers, it was not so for a horse that was stabled there, and consequently the quadruped became so nervous that even Beacham's Pills would have no effect upon it. Then orders from headquarters caused the diamond to be moved to another and final position, and for two whole weeks the followers of America's national game were in their glory.

Two leagues were drawn up, each being composed of four teams. The American League, made up of teams captained by Sharpe, Montgomery, Malcolm and Nation, was won by Sharpe. The National League, consisting of teams captained by Malone, Bicknell, McClinton and Lash, was won by Malone.

To decide which was the premier team of the College, Sharpe and Malone played a post-season game. Who won? Sharpe. The score? Ask of the winds that all around, etc. Sharpe's players fell upon Malone's team like a horde of cannibals upon a tender missionary. They swatted home runs; they walloped "Texas Leaguers"; they whipped out "lawn trimmers" until at last they became tired of trotting around the circuit, and allowed Malone to come to bat. Then DeBeck, with his mystic curves, fooled the Irishman's aggregation completely and retired the side 1, 2, 3. After this slaughter had extended five innings the umpire (who belonged to the National League) called the game on account of darkness, ending the first and very successful baseball season of St. Andrew's College.

H. Lash.

THE TOURNAMENT

THE annual tournament took place on Monday and Tuesday, the 15th and 16th of April. Considering the fact that the Easter holidays had just concluded, the large number of participants were in very good condition, and with one or two exceptions the bouts were as good, and in some cases better, than in previous years.

The preliminaries were settled on Monday afternoon. The following is the result of the preliminaries:

WRESTLING.

85 lbs.—Whitney vs. Denton III. Won by Whitney. Falls, 1.15 and 2.00.

85 lbs.—Somers vs. Munn II. Won by Munn. Falls, 6.37.

125 lbs.—Johnston I. vs. Yuille. Won by Johnston. Falls, 8.37.

125 lbs.—Herschkowitz vs. Leckie. Won by Herschkowitz. Falls, 9.25.

Heavyweight—Mackeen vs. McKeague. Won by Mackeen. Falls, 1.25 and 1.17.

BOXING.

95 lbs.—Marks vs. Wemyss. Won by Wemyss.

125 lbs.—Lowndes vs. Baker. Won by Lowndes.

125 lbs.—McClinton vs. Auld. Won by McClinton.

135 lbs.—Hume vs. Nation. Hume won by default.

Oxley vs. Hutcheson. Won by Hutcheson.

FENCING.

Junior—

McClinton (4) vs. Ault (5).

Ault (3) vs. Allan I. (5).

Allan I. won the junior championship.

Senior—

Hutcheson (2) vs. Lowndes (5).

Grant I. (5) vs. Herschkowitz (2).

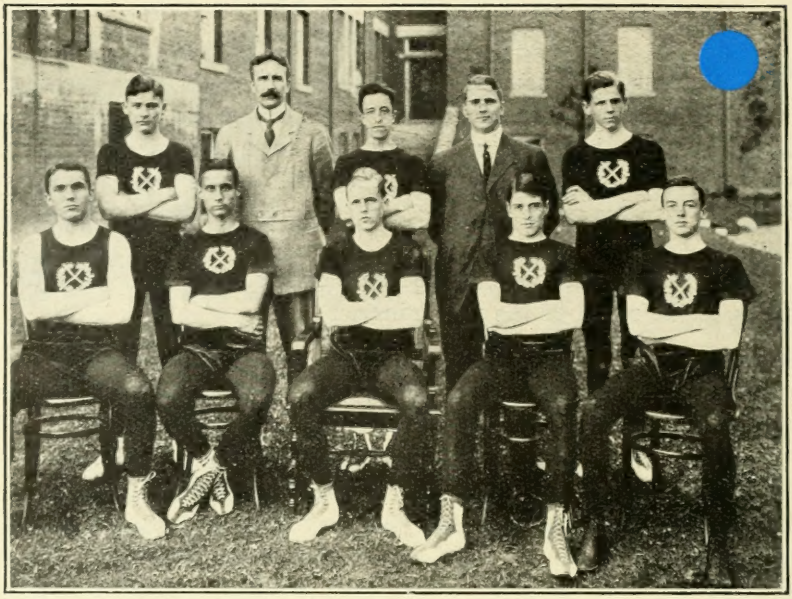
Lowndes (4) vs. Grant (2).

Senior championship won by Lowndes.

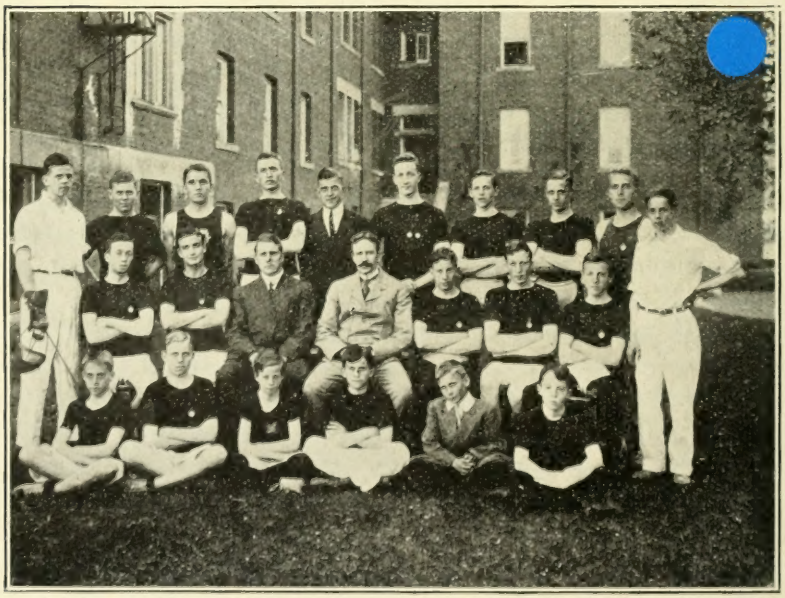
FINALS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

WRESTLING.

75 lbs.—Home vs. Morgan. Won by Home for aggressiveness.



First Gymnasium Team.



Winners of Boxing, Fencing and Wrestling.

85 lbs.—Whitney vs. Munn II. Won by Munn. Falls, 1.00 and 2.35.

105 lbs.—Davidson vs. Cassels. Won by Cassels. Falls, 11.00.

125 lbs.—Johnston I. vs. Herschkowitz. Won by Herschkowitz. Falls—1st, Johnston, .45; 2nd, Herschkowitz, .35; 3rd, Herschkowitz, 3.47.

135 lbs.—Malone vs. Hayes. Won by Hayes. Falls, 1.45 and 2.38.

143 lbs.—Dyment vs. Richardson. Won by Richardson. Falls, .40 and .50.

158 lbs.—Bicknell vs. McKeague. Won by Bicknell. Falls, .50 and .40.

Heavyweight—MacKeen vs. Henry I. Won by MacKeen. Falls, 8.45.

BOXING.

75 lbs.—Harris vs. Simpson. Simpson, a much smaller fellow than Harris, pluckily took the place of another boy against Harris, and he deserves much praise for the way he boxed. Harris got the decision.

85 lbs.—Whitney vs. Kerr. This bout was good, the youngsters going to it hammer and tongs from start to finish. Whitney's blows were well timed and effective. Consequently he got the decision.

95 lbs.—Wemyss vs. Rolph II. Both these lads showed speed and science and went to it like two bantam roosters. Rolph got the decision.

115 lbs.—Young II. vs. De Sherbinin II. Young had his way too much in this bout to make it very interesting. His blows were very hard and effective, and he won by a good margin.

125 lbs.—McClinton vs. Lowndes. Both these boys are excellent boxers and when they got together the fur flew. Lowndes attacked and had the better of the first round. McClinton slugged hard and had the better of the second period; but Lowndes showed more science, and consequently at the conclusion of the third go he was awarded the decision.

135 lbs.—Hume vs. Hutcheson. "Daddy" Hutcheson, who surprised the College the day before by defeating Oxley, was badly

worsted in three whirlwind rounds with Hume. The Huntsville Terror clinched too much and seemed to have lost a great deal of his vigor and so the Westerner, using more science and caution, easily captured the bout.

145 lbs.—Spohn vs. Montgomery. Montgomery easily won this contest, defeating his opponent at every turn. Spohn, however, deserves great credit for having the pluck to enter against Monty. Monty is the champion boxer of the College and as that he is certainly no mean antagonist, and, as was said before, a great deal of credit is due Spohn.

158 lbs.—Bicknell vs. Junor. This bout was a very laughable one from the spectacular view. Neither boy showed much science, but the movements they went through in attacking and guarding were a revelation. Junor won.

Heavyweight—Ross II. vs. MacKeen. This contest was another of the cyclonic variety, both boys going to it with all their might from start to finish. MacKeen, however, landed very heavy blows, and at the conclusion of the third round was the victor and had earned the right to challenge Montgomery for the boxing championship and Bicknell for the wrestling.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The following week MacKeen and Montgomery met to decide the pugilistic supremacy of the College. The fight was a splendid exhibition. MacKeen, having the advantage of the reach, punished his opponent very severely about the face. Montgomery retaliated, however, by landing some very powerful blows in the region of the solar plexus. After four rounds of the hardest kind of fighting Montgomery was given the decision by a small margin, thereby earning the right to wear the belt for the second year in succession.

MacKeen also challenged for the wrestling championship. He and Bicknell had to compete twice before the honor could be awarded to Bicknell.

THE CHAMPIONS.

Fencing—Junior, Allan I.; Senior, Lowndes.
Boxing—Montgomery.
Wrestling—Bicknell.

H. Lash.

THE ANNUAL SPORTS

TUESDAY afternoon, May the 14th, the day set apart for the annual games, was bright and clear, though a northwesterly breeze made things a trifle uncomfortable, and perhaps proved a detriment to a record attendance. However, the splendid crowd which was present was well sheltered from the wind by a large tent placed at the south end of the field.

The events were well contested and were fully enjoyed by all. Upon the conclusion of the games the prizes were presented by Lady Gibson, after which the younger set repaired to the building where refreshments were served and an informal dance held.

Hamilton I. won the school championship with 30 points. Sharpe



Obstacle Race.

captured the Boarders' Trophy with 8 points, while Johnston III., with 19 points, and Bennett II., with 13 points, divided the Junior honors.

FRIDAY, MAY 10TH.

One mile run—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Johnston I. Time, 5.15 flat.

SATURDAY, MAY 11TH.

880 yards—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Dimmock I. Time, 2.23½.

440 yards run—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Dimmock I.; 3rd, Dimmock II. Time, 57.4.

MONDAY, MAY 13TH.

Throwing the cricket ball (senior)—1st, Blair; 2nd, DeBeck; 3rd, Malcolm, R. Distance, 304 ft. 4 in. Record.

Throwing cricket ball (Junior)—1st, McIvor; 2nd, Malcolm III. Distance, 227 ft. 3 in.

Running high jump (Junior)—1st, Bennett II.; 2nd, Whitaker II.; 3rd, Risteen. Height, 4 ft. 4 in.

Running broad jump (Junior)—1st, Johnston III.; 2nd, Gibson; 3rd, Whitaker II. Distance, 15 ft. 6 in. Record.

Putting shot—1st, Blair; 2nd, Montgomery. Distance, 33 ft. 6 in.

Standing broad jump (Senior)—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Hayes; 3rd, Dimmock I. Distance, 9 ft. 1 in.

Standing broad jump (Junior)—1st, Whitaker II.; 2nd, Risteen; 3rd, Johnston III. Distance, 7 ft. 8 in.

Running broad jump (Senior)—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Sharpe; 3rd, Cocking. Distance, 18 ft. 10 in.

TUESDAY, MAY 14TH.

50 yards dash, Preparatory Form—1st, Kent; 2nd, Morgan; 3rd, Simpson. Time, .07 3-5.

100 yards dash (Senior)—1st, Hamilton; 2nd, Johnston I.; 3rd, Sharpe. Time, .11 1-5.

100 yards dash (under 13)—1st, Whitney; 2nd, Davis II.; 3rd, Kerr. Time, .15.

Three-legged race—1st, Gibson and Willoughby. Time, .08 3-5.

220 yards (Senior)—1st, Bicknell; 2nd, Sharpe; 3rd, Dimmock II. Time, .25 2-5.

Lower School race (handicap)—1st, Cronyn II.; 2nd, King; 3rd, Findley.

100 yards dash (Junior)—1st, Johnston III.; 2nd, Bennett II.; 3rd, Whitaker II. Time, .12.

Hurdle race (Senior)—1st, Dimmock I.; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Sharpe. Time, .21 4-5.

220 yards dash (Junior)—1st, Bennett II.; 2nd, Johnston III.; 3, Whitaker II. Time, .28 2-5.

Sack race—1st, Brown; 2nd, Herschowitz; 3rd, Munn.

Obstacle race—1st, Munn II.; 2nd, Cronyn II.; 3rd, Holms.

Running high jump (Senior)—1st, Dimmock II.; 2nd, Dimmock I. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Hurdle race (Junior)—1st, Johnston III.; 2nd, Whitaker II.; 3rd, Gibson. Time, .19 1-5.

Old boys' race—1st, Munroe; 2nd, Edmunds; 3rd, Skinner.

220 yards (under 17)—1st, Dimmock I.; 2nd, Dimmock II.; 3rd, Ingram. Time, .26.

Special race, 150 yards (handicap, under 16)—1st, Mosely; 2nd, Whitaker II.; 3rd, Rolph III. Time, .19.

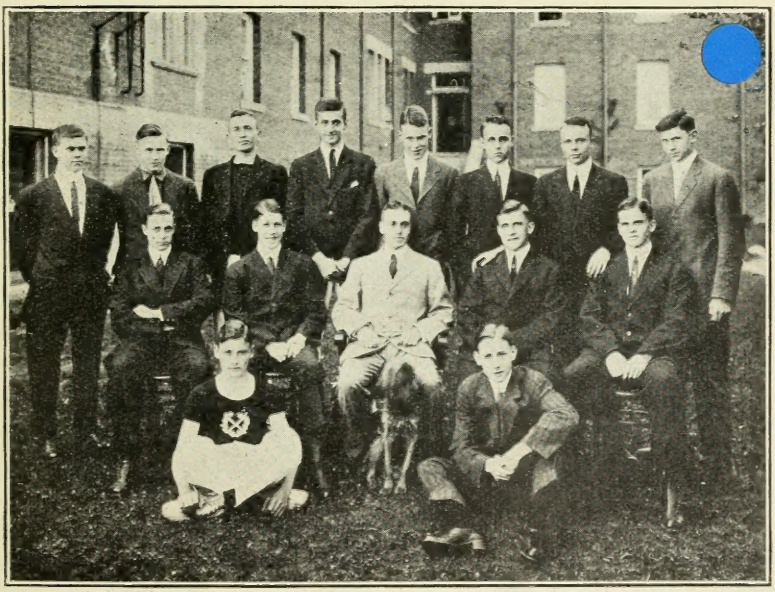
Special race, 75 yards (Lower Flat and 3rd Forms)—1st, Herschkowitz; 2nd, Ingram; 3rd, Rolph III. Time, .09.

Consolation race (Junior)—1st, Smith III.

Consolation race (Senior)—1st, Paterson I.

Table relay race—1st, Bicknell's table. Bicknell's team: Bicknell, Young II., Richardson, Auld. Time, 3.05.

HERB LASH.



The King and Nobility of 1912, and Madam Juno.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

ON Friday evening, March 28th, the sixth annual assault-at-arms was held. The gymnasium, which was very prettily decorated with flags, pennants and pictures, was described by one boy, who, upon seeing the transformation wrought by the decorating committee, exclaimed: "Gee! the old barn looks like a stable."

As eight o'clock, the time set for the exhibition to commence, drew near, the chairs that had been placed around the walls of the building were rapidly filled, and the officers were assured of another successful assault-at-arms.

Shortly after the appointed hour the exhibition was opened by the lads of the Lower School. The intricate marches done by them occasioned long applause.

The Junior Leaders on the German horse performed very creditably, while the wand drill by Form IIIA showed signs of long and careful training.

The first gymnasium team was loudly applauded upon the completion of their exhibition. Each boy went through his movements with an agility and suppleness that speaks highly for the merit of Mr. Chapman, the physical director of the College. Lockhart and Thompson II. merited a hearty reception from the spectators for the neat manner in which they performed the "giant's swing" and the "fly away."

The tumbling of the combined gymnasium teams created a pleasing diversion after the sensational feats of the First Team on the high bar.

The First and Second Teams showed themselves to be masters of the parallel bars when they performed on that apparatus, while the Junior Leaders on the low bar gave a modified exhibition of the feats performed by the First Team a few minutes before.

Ontario's Junior Champion Gymnasium Team next made their appearance with the dumb bells. Working in unison, they presented a pleasing sight, at once commanding the attention and appreciation of all present.

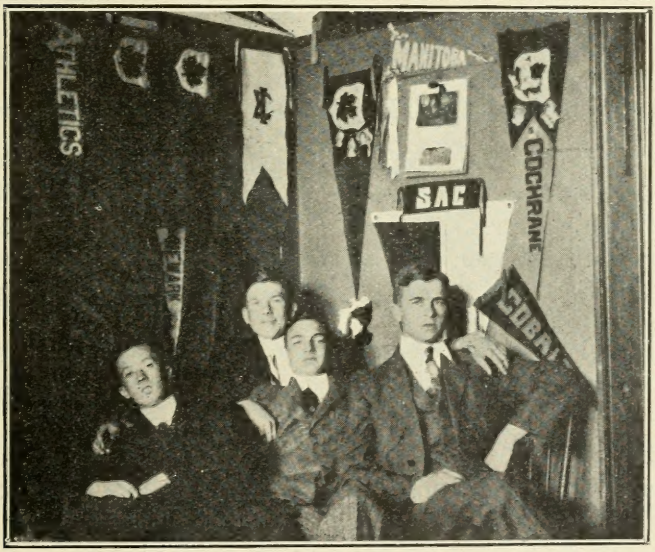
The second part of the programme, which was given over to exhibitions by members of the Isthmian Club, was opened by Grant I. and Herschkowitz, who showed their skill with the foils. Bicknell and Henry I. provided a fast and exciting wrestling bout,

while Montgomery and Lowndes, Carson and Stewart, in the exhibition with the mitts, gave one the idea that there are still a few "white hopes" left.

Stew. Henry's hobo band provided the music of the evening. Their splendid interpretation of "Freddie, Bring the Hammer, Dear, There's a Cow on Hoeffler's Nose," was so vividly rendered that the audience were in tears before the completion of the masterpiece.

Paterson I., Gordon I., and Lash as clowns provided fun for all; much to the delight of the Lower School boys and some of the parents, but much to the consternation of one day boy and a prefect, whose names we would like to mention but cannot.

The National Anthem brought that very pleasant and successful evening to a close.



Room 23.



Shield Team, Winners of Ontario Championship.

CANADIAN JUNIOR CHAMPIONS' PERSONNEL

LOCKHART (Reg.), captain. Second year on team. Also captain of first gymnasium team. Was in every way fitted to captain the team. A great deal of credit is due him for the honor that the team has won. As captain of the first gymnasium team his two "giant's swing, fly away, and back somersault" are deserving of a great deal of praise.

CASSELS I. (Gord.). Graduated from Junior Leaders to Second Team to Shield Team. A neat gymnast. At his best on the parallel bars.

THOMPSON II. (Tommy). Second year on First and Shield Teams. The best all-round gymnast in the College. Masters with ease the most difficult movements. His "cast" on the high bar at the assault commanded the appreciation of all present.

COPELAND (Cope). Second year on team. Was a member of last year's Seconds. Has the ability to make the First Team, but is a little too much inclined to be indifferent. A clean, strong gymnast on the parallel bars.

WRIGHT I. (Lin). First year on Shield Team. Worked his way from the Junior Leaders to the First Team. Was a member of the First Team last year. Is a willing and enthusiastic worker.

RICE II. (Herb.). New boy. Was with Jarvis C. I. last year. Made both First and Shield Teams by hard, consistent work. Is to be congratulated on his achievement and for his stick-to-itiveness.

MONTGOMERY (Monty). Second year on both teams. Has made teams only by the hardest kind of work. Deserves much commendation for his exceptionally good form on the parallel bars.

BROWN (Bud). Second year on Shield Team. Began his career as a gymnast as a member of the Junior Leaders. Became their captain, graduated to the Seconds and last year's Shield Team. Finally captured a place on both the First and Shield Teams this year. Is a splendid tumbler and a good all-round gymnast.

CHAMPIONS AGAIN

THE second annual gymnastic competition held under the auspices of the Canadian Amateur Gymnastic Association took place Saturday night, March 30th, at the Broadview Y. M. C. A.

The Broadview Y. M. C. A. is a new building erected at a cost of $45,000, and was opened only a few days prior to this exhibition. It is equipped with the most modern conveniences in every particular, and the St. Andrew's boys who arrived early were shown through the building and were allowed the use of the billiard tables, bowling alleys and reading rooms. We wish to thank the secretary for the courteous way in which he treated us while we were there.

The exhibition was held in the new gymnasium, a splendid structure, and equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus. Above the floor there is a gallery containing a rubber running track, and here chairs were placed, from where the spectators could get a splendid view of the floor.

At 8.30 St. Andrew's, to the "hoot" enthusiastically given by their supporters in the gallery, lined up, and when the Broadviews appeared a few minutes later the contest commenced.

It was quite evident to the spectators that the boys wearing the crimson and white colors easily outpointed their opponents. Each movement was achieved with a precision that spoke well for the training of Mr. Chapman, the physical director of the College.

When the Saints and the East Enders had finished their performance the boys from the Central Y. M. C. A. gave their exhibition.

Comparing theirs with that of the Saints, it may be said that the College outpointed them in the prescribed movements, but the Centrals seemed to have the better of the argument in the voluntaries.

As soon as the Centrals had been judged on the parallel bars the Broadviews marched on and gave their dumb-bell drill. It was this drill that undoubtedly lost for them a good number of points, for they showed lack of practice and did not perform in unison. The Centrals had the floor next and, although these boys came much nearer the standard than the Broadviews, yet they did not come near the style which the Saints showed when they came on next. Swinging harmoniously to the tune of the piano, played so well by Mr. James, they presented a well-balanced squad, working together with a grace and ease that was very pleasing to the eye, and, judging from the applause that followed their exhibition, were greatly appreciated by the large crowd of spectators present.

This is the second time that the shield has been offered for competition, and this is the second time that the College has succeeded in capturing it. Great credit is due, not only to the boys themselves, but to Mr. Chapman, who as physical director of the College has worked hard and faithfully, not only in the interests of the College but in the interests of the boys as a whole and individually, for the winning of the junior championship of Canada the second time in succession.

If we win again next year—and we trust we shall—the shield will become the permanent property of the College.

A great deal of credit must go to Reg. Lockhart, the captain of the team. His form was excellent and he set a splendid example to his team. He came second for the silver medal which is presented to the man making the highest number of points. Hewstace of the Centrals won this with 28¼, and Lockhart was second with 27½.

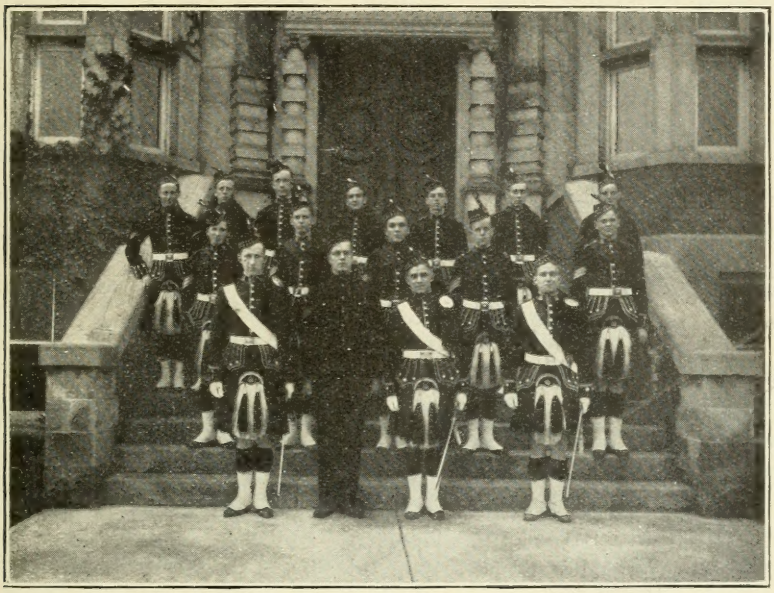
Mr. James also deserves a great deal of praise for the manner in which he played for the dumb-bell drill. He was very *"instrumental"* in bringing about the victory of the team by his well-timed playing.

The team: Lockhart (capt.) 27½, Cassels I. 25¾, Montgomery 25½, Copeland 25, Thompson II. 25, Brown 24¼, Rice 24, Wright I. 23½.

Miscellany

THE CADET CORPS' DANCE

THIS long-looked for and very pleasant event took place on Friday evening, April 19th, and we can say that it was a success in every way. It did not matter whom you danced with, for all the young ladies were as pretty and as winsome as one would wish to meet. In fact, some of them were so pretty and so winsome that a few of the brave cadets—not mentioning any



Officers' Cadet Corps.

names—gave themselves up, and in some cases gave their "arms" up, to their fair captors.

Mrs. MacDonald and Captain Bicknell welcomed the guests as they entered the hall. At eight o'clock the dancing commenced, each one being announced in true military fashion by the bugler.

Between the dances the cosy corners were liberally patronized. Mrs. MacDonald and her energetic staff of workers deserve to be congratulated upon the transformation they made, turning the

dullest classrooms into the cosiest and snuggest sitting-out rooms imaginable.

From the eighth to the thirteenth dance the dainty refreshments, which were served in the dining hall, were partaken of and enjoyed by many.

The dance broke up at an early hour, when the orchestra played the National Anthem, after which the "Hoot" was enthusiastically given by the supporters of the College.

The Cadet Corps and THE REVIEW Staff join in thanking Mr. Taylor for his courtesy in playing for the dancers while the orchestra was being served refreshments. THE REVIEW Staff also wishes to congratulate the officers of the Corps, and all who were instrumental in providing such a splendid evening. H. LASH.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. L. C. Montgomery and party spent the 24th in Oakville. The town must have been greatly honored. We trust that by now it has regained its former composure.

Mrs. Malone opened her summer home on the holiday. Mrs. McKeague, the handsome young college widow, was indisposed, and could not accompany her. Mrs. McKeague's quick recovery was a welcome joy to her numerous friends.

It has been rumored that Mr. Dudley Ross has been lately receiving letters from Mimico. Cupid has been busy, and we fear that fat Annabel is the direct source of these lengthy documents.

Mr. Gordon Rennie was up the other day on a visit. We trust that he enjoyed his short stay, and hope to have him with us again shortly.

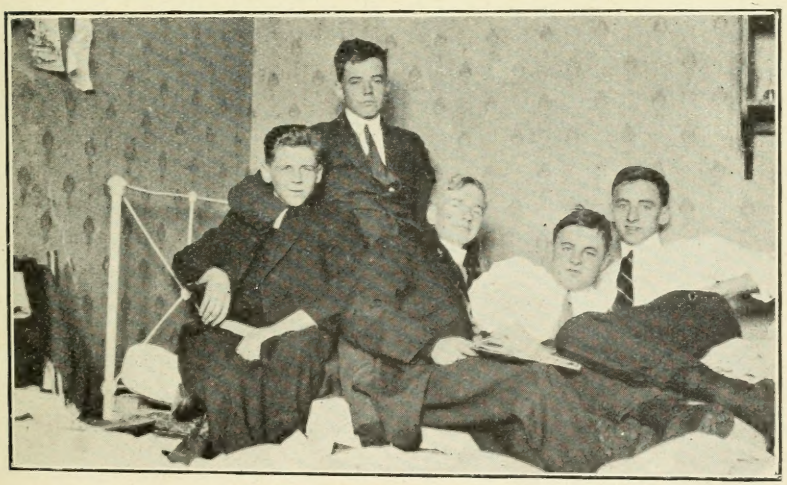
Dr. Macedonald received in his office on Friday evening, the 24th. Messrs. McKeague and Ault, who called, were received hospitably, and enjoyed considerably their brief but pleasant stay. Dr. Macdonald has always been known as a perfect host.

Miss Norah Devlin visited the Island in the afternoon of the 24th, and saw the "Pets" pass one up to Newark.

Mrs. Smoke's little bridge came off very successfully last week. Mrs. Eyan Hoofler carried off the first prize, while Miss Montgomery-Watson was a close second. The hostess wore a beautiful light blue crepe de chine, trimmed with dark green mosquito netting, and carried bulrushes.

Miss Whitfield McKeague gave a charming at home Tuesday night. Among those noticed present were Madame Offins Ross, Miss Tanglefoot Rolph, Miss Ancline Sharpe, Miss Jasimine Auld, Miss Carrie Nation, etc. Miss McKeague wore a sweet smile and a shoe lace and carried a charming bouquet of water pitchers. Miss Rolph spent a very tiresome evening, being forced to sit down all the time, as the ceiling was too low. A short lecture was given by Miss Jasimine Auld on the "Physicology of the Membranes." Miss Rolph supplied refreshments (which Madame Ross ate before anyone else got a chance at them). A wrestling bout was pulled off between Miss McKeague and Miss Sharpe. Unfortunately, it was called off at the end of five minutes, on account of interruption by an uninvited guest. Altogether a very sociable evening was spent, although Miss Rolph received serious injuries through falling out the transom.

L. C. MONTGOMERY.



Incorrigibles.

THE S.A.C. JOCKEY CLUB MEET

The twelfth annual Jockey Club meeting was held on the club's course on Tuesday, May 14th, at 2.30 p.m. Despite a rather cold day, the grand stand was crowded, and everything went off well. Clerk of the Course Davison, although he now and then disappeared from sight behind some of the hillocks on the field, was generally on hand to make things hum. His cheery countenance, with the occasional help of the reluctant sun, kept everything bright and shining.

Mr. Hamilton's long, thin, black horse, Frank, carried off the guineas. Mr. Hamilton is to be congratulated on the day's performance of his stable. His jumper was suffering from a sore leg, and was unable to compete.

Mr. Dimock's horse, George, fell in the jump, but was able to continue, and won the event with a height of five feet one inch.

Mr. Bicknell's two-year-old captured the 220 yards in good style. This horse runs in a style all its own, but seems to get there somehow.

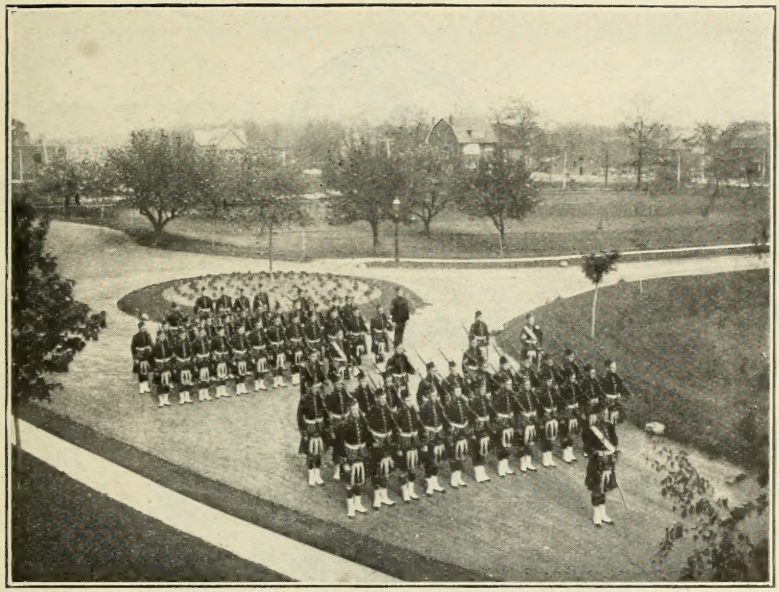
Mr. Hugh Johnston's horses, though not particularly successful, ran very gracefully, and in some cases were only beaten out at the post. His little brown horse, Hodge, if well trained, should prove a winner next year. Fritz Davison, as trainer, has done his work well.

Mr. Sharpe's horse, though not very beautiful, won third money in several events.

The race for older horses was won by Mr. Elmer Munro's black horse. Mr. Starr Edmond's entry was a bang-up second. There were numerous also-rans.

The meeting on the whole passed off very successfully, and thanks are due the illustrious clerk for his work during the meet.

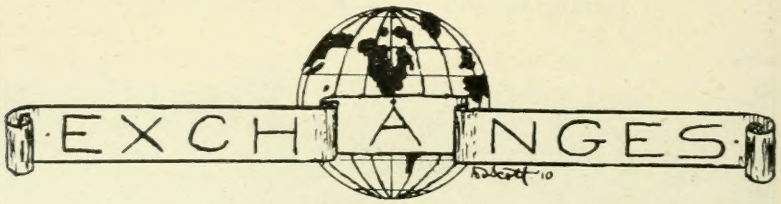
On behalf of the College The Review wishes to thank Irish Constable Malone and his assistant constables, "Tanglefoot" Rolph and "Cursewell" Auld, for their efficient service in keeping the crowds off the field on Sports Day.



Cadet Corps.



Literary Society.



AS the number of our exchanges has grown so large of late it has become quite impossible to criticize any but a small proportion.

We are pleased to record for the first time *The Windsorian, The Lemon and Black, The Lawrence, The Black and Gold.* The addresses of these magazines appear in the complete list.

The Lawrence, from Lawrenceville School, is a weekly publication, in newspaper form. The quality of the material throughout speaks well for the editors, and shows that there is the concerted effort of the whole school to back them.

The Black and Gold comes all the way from Honolulu High School, and is in every way a first-class paper. The editorials, school notes, and exchanges are particularly well written.

The Chronicle.—We are glad to receive the April and May numbers of *The Chronicle*, from Niagara Falls High School. Both are enclosed in attractive covers, contain good reading matter and clever jokes.

The Mirror.—It would be hard to criticize, and still harder to improve on, the April *Mirror*, from Philadelphia Central High School.

The Ashburian has good athletics and general school news. We are also glad to see a very amusing story, "The H.M.S. Destroyer," which gives one many new ideas regarding naval matters.

The Windsorian is published annually by the Windsor Collegiate School. Why not publish oftener? Your paper merits it.

The Arbor, from Toronto University, is in a class by itself for literary excellence, replete as it is with interesting stories, well-written editorials, and all else that goes to make up one of the best magazines of its kind in circulation.

The Pharos.—We have been unable to find any exchange column in the April *Pharos*. Otherwise the magazine is good, and has, in the reading matter, much of general interest, as well as a good joke column.



Librarians.

The Calendar.—We have received the March and April numbers of *The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo. The cover of the March edition is, perhaps, the best, but the April number is the most interesting. Both are well illustrated. Like *The Pharos,* we search in vain for your exchanges.

The following is the complete list of exchanges, all of which we hope to see again next year: *The Blue and White,* Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.B.; *Acta Victoriana,* Victoria University, city; *Acta Ridleiana,* Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; *The Iris,* Philadelphia High School for Girls, Philadelphia; *The Journal,* Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *The University Monthly,* McMaster University, Toronto; *Alt Heidelberg,* Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Review,* Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, 11 1-2 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York; *College Echoes,* Tensin Anglo-Chinese College, Tensin, China; *Lux Columbia,* Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Review,* Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Calendar,* Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *The Chronicle,* St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *The Ashburian,* Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; *Vox Lycei,* Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Ottawa; *Acadia Athenaeum,* Acadia College, Wolfeville, N.S.; *The Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Arbor,* Toronto University, Toronto; *The Black and Red,* University School, Victoria, B.C.; *The Argo,* Rutgers Prep. School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *The Collegiate Outlook,* Moosejaw Collegiate, Saskatchewan; *The Collegian,* St. Thomas Collegiate, St. Thomas, Ont.; *The College World,* Madi-



Enthusiasts.

son Avenue, New York; *The Branksome Slogan*, Branksome College, Toronto; *The Pharos*, Royal City High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Scotch Collegian*, Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia; *The Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope; *The* Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; *The Daedalian Monthly*, College of Ind. Arts, Texas; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, Toronto University, Toronto; *The Stranger*, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.; *The School Magazine*, Lower Canada College, Montreal; *Bishop's College School Magazine*, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.; *The Lemon and Black*, Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va.; *The McGill Daily*, McGill University, Montreal; *The Lawrence*, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville; *The Winsorian*, Windsor Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S.; *The Black and Gold*, McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii.

D. W. M.



Turkey Trot.

CRIBBED FROM EXCHANGES

Teacher—"What are you doing?"

Pupil—"Thinking."

Teacher—"Don't do it too long. You know unaccustomed exercise tires one."

The Officer—"The time has come for your execution, and I shall grant your last wish."

The Soon-to-Be-Hanged—"Well, I want some ripe peaches."

The Officer—"Peaches! Why, this is not the season for them."

The Soon-to-Be-Hanged—"Oh, well, that makes no difference! I can wait for them."

Teacher—"And what do you suppose all the animals did during those forty days on the ark?"

Smart Pupil—"Oh, they just loafed and scratched themselves."

Knocker (disdainfully)—"Chuck it, smarty! What would they all scratch for when there were only two fleas?"

Dear Teacher,—Please excuse Mary for being absent from school yesterday. She got wet in the A.M. and cold in the P.M., and so she could not come to school. Yours truly, Mrs. ——.

HOLIDAY WEATHER.

"Roasting!" cries the turkey.

"Chili!" says the sauce.

"Freezing!" moans the ice cream.

"Mild!" calls the cheese across.

"Frosting!" the cake declares it.

"Clear!" vows the jelly bright.

"Pouring!" the coffee giggles.

Now which do you think is right.—*Ex.*

"Lady," said Wandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got the hiccups an' I want to scare him."

Diminutive Nouns.—If a cowlette is a little cow, should we call a little bull a bull-et?

The Boss—"Why are you so late, Murphy?"

Murphy—"Sure, I overslept myself, sir. I dreamt I was at a football match, which ended in a draw. The referee ordered an extra half-hour to be played, and I stopped to see the finish."

"Willie," said his aunt, "there was an apple pie on this shelf this morning and it has disappeared. I didn't think it was in you, indeed I didn't, Willie."

"Well, 'tisn't all in me," said Willie. "Half of it's in Mary."

If you'll watch the baseball pitcher
You'll presently be shown
That every little movement
Has a meaning of its own.

Binns—"At home, in New York, a man fell off a building on Broadway a week ago——."

David—"Oh, my! Was he killed?"

Binns—"I don't know; he hasn't landed yet."

The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland. The patent saint of England is Union Jack.

An old soldier is called a vegetarian.

A centipede is a French measure of length.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.

A bishop without a diocese is called a suffragist.

In the houses of the poor the drains are in a fearful state, and quite unfit for human habitation.

"Edward V. reigned only a few months."

Bright Student—"You couldn't call that a reign—only a sprinkle."—*E. H. S. News.*

Easier.—A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Loando," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?"

"S-c-Sc-u-er-er—Tell him I'll meet him at Albany."

First Miss—"He said I was a beautiful poem."

Second Miss—"Did he scan those feet of yours?"

Mother (angrily)—"Joe Jefferson, how many times must I call yo' befo' I can make yo' heah?"

Joe Jeff—"Dunno; you stand thah an' I'll sit heah an count."

An Irish captain, surrounded by his small body of soldiers, was about to be attacked. He turned to his soldiers and cried:

"Will ye fight or will ye run?"

"We will," they cried.

"Ye will what?"

"We will not."

"Thank ye, me men, but I thought ye would."

Definition of a school paper: A school paper to which one per cent. of the scholars contribute and which ninety-nine criticize.

Something That Was Worse.—A friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter, saying he was in very bad health, and concluding: "Is there anything worse than having toothache and earache at the same time?"

Twain wrote back: "Yes, rheumatism and Saint Vitus' dance."

Freshie—"What's the best way to tell a bad egg?"

Senior—"I don't know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently."

Uncle Hi—"Wall, Jeptha, when air you agoin' ter fix that fence along the creek?"

Jeptha Holler—"Why, I'm awaitin' till Clarence comes home from college. Y'see he's takin' fencin' lessons there, and probably he kin put me onter a new wrinkle or two."

Teacher—"Give the dative for 'donum'."
Pupil—"'Don' know."
Teacher—"Correct."

There was an old doctor lived long ago,
Who hired a fellow to shovel his snow;
But instead of a shovel he gave him a hoe,
For he was a ho-me-o-path, you know.

A stranger to the South was watching a peculiar species of hog, scratching its back against a tree. Turning to a colored man, he said:

"What kind of a hog is that?"
"Razor back," said old Jim.
"What's he doing?"
"Why, he's jest stroppin' up."

Modest Suitor—"I am going to marry your sister, Jimmy, but I know I am not good enough for her."

Candid Little Brother—"That's what Sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better."

"You young scamp! I've caught you smoking my cigars!"
"Yes, pa-er-er-you see, I heard ma say that you were smoking yourself to death, and-er-I'm trying to save your life."

Biggs—"My half-brother is engaged to my wife's half-sister."
Diggs—"When will they be made one?"

Clerk—"I'm afraid I can't let you have that drug, sir."
Customer—"Why not? Do I look like a man who would kill himself?"
Clerk—"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir; but if I looked like you I should be tempted."

Fresh Fresh—"What struck you first when you entered the C. H. S. basement?"
Second Fresh—"I don't remember whether it was an apple core or a piece of pie."

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam, as his wife tumbled out of the fig tree.

The Cuff—"Wilt thou?"
The Collar—"I wilt."

Jones—"I believe that boots and shoes are being made of all kinds of skin these days.

"Is that so," asked his friend Smith; "then how about banana skins?"

Jones—"They make good slippers."

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.

Thomas Becket used to wash the feet of leopards.

Romulus obtained the first citizens for Rome by opening a lunatic asylum.

The Rhine is bordered by wooden mountains.

Algebraiccal symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

A renegade is a man who kills a king.

The press to-day is the mouth organ of the people.

A lie is an aversion to the truth.

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

Mrs. Reid—"Oh, dear! Deskin has gone shooting clay pigeons. I don't know how I shall ever clean them."

Little bits of paper
Labelled I. O. U.,
Daily bring the Christian
Nearer to the Jew.

A Freshman was wrecked on an African coast
Where a cannibal king held sway;
And they served up that Frenchman on slices of toast
On the eve of the very next day.
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
For ere the next moon was seen
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For the Freshman was terrible green.—*Ex.*

PUZZLERS.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Beccause there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails that he has on his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?

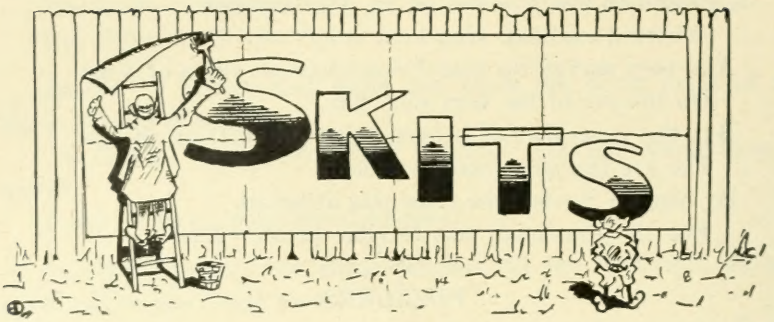
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder-blades?
I'll be hanged if I know! Do you?

"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the Judge, strongly, "will be expelled from the court room and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

Then the judge pondered.

There was a girl in our choir,
Her voice rose higher and higher;
It rose to such height
It got quite out of sight,
And they found it next day on the spire.



GIRL friend writing to Lash after Grange has visited Galt: "Don't you think George's hair is too cute for anything?"

McKeague (meeting J. K. Wilson on Yonge Street)—"Hello, old chum, how are you?"

Hoeffler (in his sleep)—"Meet me at the village pump, Mariah."

Mr. Chapman (to Denton and Grant, who are playing checkers in the library)—"Playing chess, boys?"

Denton—"Chess, sir."

Hoeffler (hearing them blasting in the bay)—"There goes another tire."

Boys (after being caught out of bounds)—"Sir, Mr. Taylor told us to report to you."

Mr. Laidlaw—"What! another cavalry round-up?"

THOSE IRISH AGAIN.

Mr. Mc— (to Henry I., who has yelled out in class)—"Don't you talk till I *told* you."

Dr. Macdonald (to Thompson II. in Room 2)—"Are you in this room, Thompson?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Macdonald—"How did you get in here? I thought this room was full of good-looking boys."

Boug—"I spent 10 cents last Saturday."
Herschkowitz—"What on?"
Boug—"Oh, the usual—wine, women and song."

First Junior House Boy—"Have you got your *Eaton* suit yet?"
Second Junior House Boy—"No, I'm going to get mine at *Simpson's.*"

McClinton to Hutchings I.—"Why have you your coat collar turned up? It isn't cold."
Hutch.—"No, but I'm wearing a new tie my wife sent me."

Livingstone (to DeSherbinin I.)—"Say, dirty shirt, why don't you wash yourself this morning?"
"Dirty Shirt"—"I can't. This is the morning I clean my shoes."

Stew. Henry (in his sleep)—"I wonder who'll bury the last man?"

First Boy—"I had two teeth pulled the other day and couldn't eat, but the school didn't give me any discount on my meals."
Second Boy—"Same here. I had a sore eye and I went to a moving picture show, and they charged me as much as anybody else."

Paterson I. (to Mr. Taylor)—"Please, sir, may I have leave home?—my grandmother's dead."
Mr. Taylor—"Well, that's too bad. When did she die?"
Paterson I. (getting red and white by turns)—"Please, sir, three years ago."

Ben Allen (watching Junior House boys playing)—"Gee! I wish I was a kid again!"

Wallace I.—"Have you ever read David Copperfield?"
Grange—"Yes."
Wallace I.—"What's it about?"
Grange—"About a thousand pages."

Rankin (coming up from shower)—"Gee! fellows, I've lost ten pounds."

"Cocky" Munn—"Say, fellows, when I came here first I thought that the motto over the door was Canadian for 'Knock; the bell is broken.' "

First Boy—"My! but the coffee is weak."
Second Boy—"Yes, mine is so weak it can hardly crawl out of the cup, let alone run out."

McKeague (to his *friend's* brother)—"May I see your sister *pretty* soon?"
Her Brother—"You'll see her *pretty* all right. She's been fixing up to beat the band."

Mr. Tudball (to Leckie, who is eating an apple in class)—"Leckie, *put away* that apple and take four quarters."
Leckie—"Please, sir, I'm putting it away as fast as I can."

Mr. Taylor—"If they were to give you bread in Toronto—as the Romans did in Rome—there would be a multitude of *loafers* in the city."

New Nurse (to Mr. Tudball, coming into sickroom)—"Have you a written order?"

Mr. Fleming (to Whitaker I.)—"What are you reading, Whitaker?"
Whitaker I.—"The Canadian History of Newfoundland, sir."

Weymuss (in Ancient History class)—"Please, sir, did Julius Caesar ever go to British Columbia?"
Mr. Taylor—"Certainly not. Why?"
Weymuss—"Well, sir, it has in the book Julius Caesar, B.C."

Girl (to Malcolm I.)—"Are you a prefect, Ross?"
Malcolm I.—"N-n-no, but I know as much as they do."

Hoeffler (to Mackeen, last year's fencing champion)—"I've done more fencing than you have. I fenced our whole farm last summer."

Hoeffler—"I bet our crop of potatoes will beat yours this year."
Ingram—"Not so sure about that; but I'll bet you a squash our turnips will beat yours."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Admiral Van Trome sailed up the midway with a broom at his masthead, saying he was going to sweep the sea."
Copeland—"Why didn't he use Dutch Cleanser, sir?"

Mr. Knighton (to Richardson)—"Have you been throwing water on the flat, Richardson?"
"Butsy"—"No, sir, I just turned the pitcher upside down and gravity did the rest. I couldn't help it, sir."

McClinton—"I know six ways to cook a steak and three ways to make a pie."
Dyment—"Go down and show the cook."

Mr. Taylor (in IVB)—"Who holds up the world?"
De Sherbinin I.—"Jack Johnston, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw (to Taylor)—"What was the state church of Ireland?"
Taylor—"St. Patrick, sir."

Mr. Taylor—"What is Aberdeen noted for?"
Risteen—"My ancestors came from there, sir."

Mr. Harris (to Calvert)—"What is a peasant?"
Calvert—"A bird, sir."

Bicknell's voice was the admiration of one and all at the garrison parade. "Some lungs, Jimmy!"

Johnston I. (who is losing a game of tennis—"I guess the Royals must be having a slump again."

Day Boy to Boarder—"Where is 'Dutch' Nelson now?"
Boarder—"Passed away."
Day Boy—"What! Dead?"
Boarder—"No; Montreal."

CURIOSITIES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

We now have a "Red" Black and a black White.

Johnston I. (seeing in the paper that Montreal has lost)—"Well, the Royals have lost another game."

"Bunch"—"Poor Hughie!"

Bicknell (at Cadet Corps inspection)—"If I don't get flustered I'm *alwight* (all right)."

Old Lady (seeing Dunning in church parade)—"My! what a big nose that boy *has* got!"

McKeague (showing his *delicate* ankle)—"Say, fellows, I could get fifty dollars for this exhibition."

CRIBBED FROM THE UPPER SIXTH "TRUMPET."

Poems on the Inmates.

"Monty."

There was a young fellow named Lorne,
Who never wore clothes that were torn.
He is the head prefect
And hasn't a *de*-fect,
But some wish he hadn't been born.

Smoke.

A jolly old bummer called Smoke
Is really a queer-looking bloke.
His smile is real sunny,
And oftentimes funny,
But most people think he's a joke.

Devlin.

A handsome young fellow named Harry,
Who always is cheerful and merry,
Is known as a fusser,
But not as a cusser;
Some say he's a shape like a fairy.

Auld and Gauld.

Another young bummer named Auld,
And also another called Gauld,
In this little form
Create a big storm,
So we think they both should be mauled.

McClinton.

Said a fellow named Billy McClinton
To his lady friend, "Please quit your squintin'.
I'll get ready to pike,
And go home if you like,
But for goodness sake cut out the hinting."

Watson.

This fellow was christened as Bill;
He drives an auto with great skill.
Some girls say he's cute,
But others just hoot
And holler out, "Give him a pill!"

Old Lady (to friend, as the Cadets are marching past)—"Oh, here come the Mimico Industrial School boys."

Bell Boy (coming into study)—"Please, sir, Allen is wanted downstairs."
Allen—"Is it on the phone?"
Bell Boy—"No; a man——"
Mr. Laidlaw—"Kindly settle it outside."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Who are you making faces at, Olinger?"
Olinger—"At the ceiling." (See Ling.)
Mr. Laidlaw—"Don't do it. Leave the Chinaman alone."

Mr. W. (referring to animal kingdom)—"Name something you eat that is obtained from an animal."
Bright Prep. Kid—"Moccasins."

LATEST SONGS.

"Everybody's Doing It"—Cricket.

"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"—Walk Leave.

"When the Autumn Leaves Are Falling, Hockey Approaches Winter"—Hockey.

"March, March On, Down the Hill"—Rugby.

"On the Bonnie Heights of Scotland"—Cadet Corps.

"Oh, Gee! Poor Me, Never No More"—Detention.

"I Want to be a Prima Donna, Donna"—Martha.

"There's No Place Like Home"—On June 14.

"I Want a Girl"—Ingram.

POPULAR LITTLE BALLADS.

"How's the Flat Fixed for Soap?"—Sung by the Upper Flat Choir.

"Company, Dismiss!"—Sung by Captain Bicknell. Answered by the "tin soldiers."

"I've Had a Bath! Oh, What a Relief!"—Sung by Olinger on his 18th birthday as a juvenile celebration.

"Oh, For to be Like Casey!"—Sung by Grant I., II. and III.

Hoeffler (entering Oakville)—"Oh, what a big place; bigger than Webbwood even."

As Henry I. and Hoeffler were walking down the main street of Oakville someone was heard to say: "Gee! those fellows must be society bugs from Windsor."

Odell I. (reading in First Form)—"Then came to their ears the sound as of a rushing, splashing cascaret (cataract)."

Richardson (as Mr. Duff walks in front of the Cadets' firing line)—"Be careful, sir! That means sudden death!"

Mr. Duff—"It's better than teaching VB in any case."

Malone—"Get the socks on Mike Hallam."

Somerville I.—"Yes, he has to wear loud socks to keep his feet from going to sleep."

LOGICAL.

Alf Lindsay—"If you are coming down town with me, you can't stay here, can you?"

Mr. Taylor—"What! Are you laughing at me?"
Boy—"No, sir."
Mr. T.—"Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

Young I. (translating French)—"How I begrudged myself the time lost in *bird*-nesting."
Junor—"I don't."

Some famous songs—"Oh! Where is My Wandering Do To-Night?"—Sung by Mr. T——, composed by Mr. Mc——.

"There Is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away."—Sung by the Westerners. Author unknown.

"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" — Sung by Olinger, words and music by Reg. Wilson.

"All That I Ask Is More."—Sung by the day-boys who attend lunch.

"Good-night, Dear; Good-night, Dear."—Sung by Bell (over the phone).

Jots from Afar.—"Who said they'd 'Cary' Nation?"

Head Prefect (lecturing smallest boy in Junior House)—"I'm surprised! *You* fussing with a girl!"
Smallest Boy—"You can't talk, Monty."

Promissory note to Dyment.—I promise to love *only* Irvine Dyment, all the time he is away in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. If he should ask me to marry him, I promise to say y-e-s. (Signed.) R. J.

Bell, to Mr. Taylor—"Sir, may I have leave to Yonge Street?"
Mr. T.—"Get the correct time when you are there."
Bell—"Sir, I have no watch."
Mr. T.—"Put it down on a piece of paper."

Watson (riding with friend and nearing popcorn stand) —"My! that popcorn smells good!"
Watson—"Just wait. I'll drive a little closer."

Lindsay—"S-s-s-say, wha-wha-wh-w-hat—."
Driver (interrupting him)—"Say, Lindsay; why don't you swallow some glue, so as you can stick your words together before you speak."

What would it seem like—
If McKeague was to grow slim?
If Might grew tall?
If "Casey" Malcolm was to shrink?
If "Lord" Meredith came back?
If we got eleven o'clock leave?
If the day-boys came early in the morning?
If the meals were longer and better?
If Olinger's mail was to stop?
If Wilson was not love-sick?

Olinger (to Wilson—"Say, Reg.; I'm going to join the Delta Phi fraternity."
Wilson—"That's nothing! I'm a member of the Sigma Beta."

Those wishing to be subscribers to the "Munsie Daily New," please apply to Donald Olinger. Rates cheap. Room 29, Upper Flat.

Tragedy in four acts:
Act I.—Cram.
Act II.—Exam.
Act. III.—Flunk.
Act IV.—Trunk.

UPPER SIXTH NOTES.

(Dedicated to A. S. Smoke.)

Arthur is a little boy, with hair upon his head;
At half-past eight most every night he toddles off to bed.
He studies Latin, French, and Greek, and also some mathematics,
But when he comes to school next day he partakes not in athletics.

TO HARVEY GAULD.

Harvey Gauld is getting bald
From Latin, French, and Greek;
And he gets sore, and becomes a bore,
When we won't let him speak.
So we get Dev-lin, who is so thin,
To put him in the Hall;
And we laugh and roar when he gets sore,
And he goes to his room to ball.

TO "JAMIE" AULD.

Jamie is our student—of this we are aware;
For you can tell he's a genius by looking at his hair.
We often give him money to go and have it cut,
But he buys gum and candies just over at the Tuck.
Now, since we have stopped giving, his hair begins to curl,
And when he goes down Yonge Street he's taken for a girl.

RAINY DAY CONVERSATION.

Lindsay—"This is a fine day for ducks."

Boech—"Whoever wants to wear ducks on a day like this?"

Mr. T.—"Sit up, Findley."

Class VA—"Findley isn't here."

Mr. T.—"Two hours, Findley, and sit up."

Class VA—"Findley isn't here!"

Mr. T—"Four hours, if you won't sit up. I shall report you. (Coming down.) Oh! it's you, Brown, is it? Why have you a suit like Findley's?"

Mr. Mills (acting)—"Avant thee! Gettest thyself hence, thou villain! At last, after five years, I have met thee!"

Boy—"Oh! I didn't do anything!"

Mr. Mills—"How is that? I suppose you know I was on the stage once?"

Boy—"What play did you act in?"

Mr. Mills—"I was on the stage that ran between Oakville and Hamilton."

Mr. Findlay—"Your ink seems to be light and watery."

Paterson I.—"Sir, it's College ink."

Mr. Taylor—"Are you asleep, Hayes?"

Hayes—"Yes, sir."

Dud Ross (at the table)—"Say, fellows! Every time I go down town grandpa gives me 50 cents."

The Fellows—"Holly gee!"

"Dud"—"Well, it's worth the money to him."

Some fellows went to the ball game on Sports Day to see the "birds" play, but Junor had the "Birds" right with him.

Monty (to Freddie, who is sharpening his knife previous to visiting a certain family)—"Who are you going to operate on, Freddie?"

Freddie—"T-t-t-the parrot."

Question—Why did Bicknell stand at the corner of the tennis court on Sports Day?

Answer—Waiting for his family, of course.

Inmate of Mimico Asylum (to Malone, who has just missed the ball)—"That may go in Ireland, but it don't go here."

Gord. Ross (to Dyment, after hearing the Mimicco Asylum inmates yelling for about half an hour)—"I believe they're all crazy here."

McKeague (reading composition)—"And he squeezed the princess' pretty hand."

Mr. Findlay—"You don't *squeeze* princesses' hands; you *press* them."

Voice from back of the room—"How do you know, sir?"

Overheard at Mimico: Inmate—"Come again, Herbie; come again."

They're not as crazy as they look. Inmate (to Ross I., Stephen, Lash, and Dyment—"You four fellows run away down to that wharf and just say, 'Here goes nothing!' and jump in."

Daily Topics.—Parson & Lash, dealers in fine new and second-hand straw hats. We have a good line. Come and look them over.

P. C. (Mr.) Harris brought a charge against Hoeffler for skipping bounds, but his lawyers pleaded complete insanity and the "beak" let him off on suspended sentence.

Mr. Gordon Spohn is again arranging to have a summer training camp for aspirants of next fall's first Rugby team. Mr. Spohn has met with considerable success in the past, and the outlook for next year is very bright.

First Boy—When are the blazers going to be done?''

Second Boy—''How should I know? I'm not the tailor. Go up and ask the head house master. He's the only Taylor around here.''

Dyment (making a mysterious noise over the phone)—''Did you get that, dear?''

Billy Howard (to Cantley, who is going home)—''Remember me to all the friends at Riviere du Loup, Don.''

Ross II.—''Here, here! No foreign language at this table!''

Found on Room 20's table, after Sports Day, a note, containing the following: ''Dear Jimmy,—We called, but you were out. With love, from Vi and Ev.'' Owners will kindly apply for same at bursar's office.

Father Hutchison (after his fistic encounter with Oxley)—''Neither of us lost our tempers. That was the beauty of it.''

Mistaken identity by Mrs. J.—''Hurry up, *Jumbo!* Go and let *Jimmy* in. I hear him scratching at the door.''

Female Inmate at Mimico (to Malone and Dyment)—''When shall we three meet again?''

Malone (looking at milk pitcher—''Gee! the water's milky today!''

Mackeen to Auld—''We've both had a hair cut. Let's shake ourselves.''

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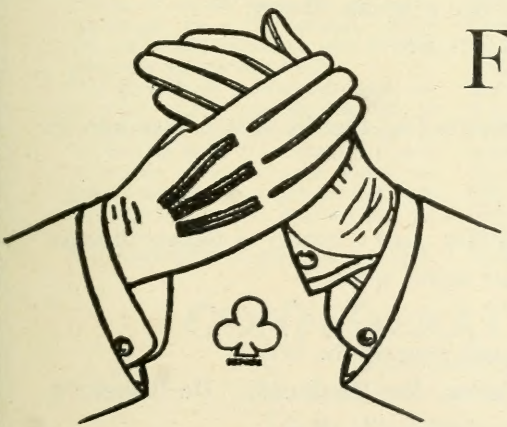
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Hutchings II. (as automobile shot past him—"Hey! You just missed me by an inch!"

Chaffeur—"Never mind, I'll be back directly."

Mr. Taylor (in prayers)—"I will now *sing* Psalm 101."

Dr. Beemer (to "Offie" Ross, at Mimico)—"You've been here before, haven't you?"

Ross—"No."

Dr. Beemer—"Well, anyway, your face looks familiar."

She—"And will you really put yourself out for my sake?"

Wilson—"Indeed, I will."

She—"Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy."

Freddie (to friend at Sports Day)—"I wonder if Lady Gibson would like to hear me cackle."

The Popular Young Man, Malcolm I. (to Freddie)—"Gee! Freddie, I wish I was like you. I can't get the girls mad at me."

Mr. Taylor—"You laugh like a hyena, Henry."

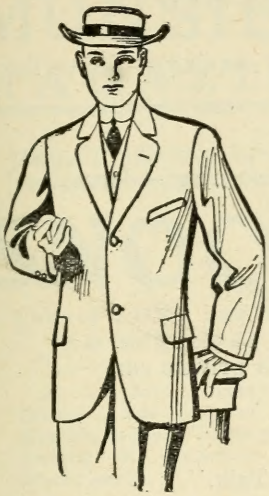
Olinger—"How do you laugh, sir?"

Freddie was so busy on Sports Day that he didn't have time to stutter.

Bicknell and Stephen (as they near a crowd of female inmates at Mimico)—"Oh, here we are again, girls!"

Auld—"Oh! we had a dandy time on the 24th!"

"Cupid" McKeague—"So had Dr. Macdonald. He thought it was my birthday and gave me *ten*——."



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Mackeen (to Junor, who has just finished shaving)—"Save the lather, Ken. I come next."

Stranger (looking at "Methuse" Manville's nose)—Jerusalem! O Jerusalem!

Henry I., Paterson I. & Hoeffler, Pawnbrokers.

"Casey" Malcolm—"Now, on my father's private car——."
Chorus—"Groans."

Room 16's new motto: "Whisper; Don't Talk."

Ault (to Henry II.)—"Gee! I'd hate to be stuck on myself."

Young I. (to Mackeen)—"Gee! David, you must have used a lot of carfare going down to the R. M. C. exams."
Mackeen—"Don't worry! My face saved me on many occasions."

Ben Allen (when he was threatened with appendicitis)—Oh, doctor! Send for the Goderich brass band!"

Lindsay—"Say, Billie, how did McKeague become so fat?"
Watson—"Why, his roommates threw him out the window and he came down *plump*.

Paterson I. (to Dyment)—"What's the girl like whose photo you have in the back of your watch?"
Dyment—"Oh! she's behind the time!"

Henry I. (going around upper flat with suitcase, previous to going down town)—"Any rags, suits, old boots to-day?" We wonder where he could have been going?

MUNSIE'S MAGAZINE

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Stu. Henry (talking in his sleep)—"You, Alve Ingram, with your airy voice and city ways."

More cribs from the Upper Sixth Trumpet: To Hoeffler:

Another queer sucker is cow—
He's built on the plans of a scow;
At the church parade,
A natty young maid
Said: "Show me that IanHoeffler now."

To Rennie:

And last, but not least, there is Gord.,
A day-boy who never would board;
The time he spends here
Is not quite, we fear,
As much as he ought to afford.

Mackeen (at the races)—"If I could only bet a nickel I might give odds on Heresy."

Shakespeare may have written drama and tragedy, but, in our estimation, none of his works equal "Cow" Hoeffler's financial story entitled "Room 22," in which Master D. W. Mackeen takes the part of Shylock—"I shall never see my gold again." Master J. W. Young takes the part of Antonio—"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad." Master K. W. Junor appears as Portia—"I am informed thoroughly of the case. Which is the merchant here and which the Jew?"

"Dud" Ross (on the day of the Branksome Hall closing)—"Oh, yes! All the girls were on the lawn to see me go past in my car."

Lowndes I.—"I am a shark at spelling."
Cooper—"Yes, all at sea."

A. Lochore

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WANTED—Old clothes, boots, etc.; good prices offered. Paterson I., Hoeffler & Henry Co., Ltd. Office hours, 3 to 6.

Hume (looking at some polywogs)—"Gee! They are a low sort of animal!"

De Boeck (absent-mindedly)—"Yes; they do swim near the bottom."

Hume and Blair's weekly lectures on "Vancouver" will be held on the first of each week, in Room 32. All Eastern fellows wishing any knowledge of Vancouver are cordially invited.

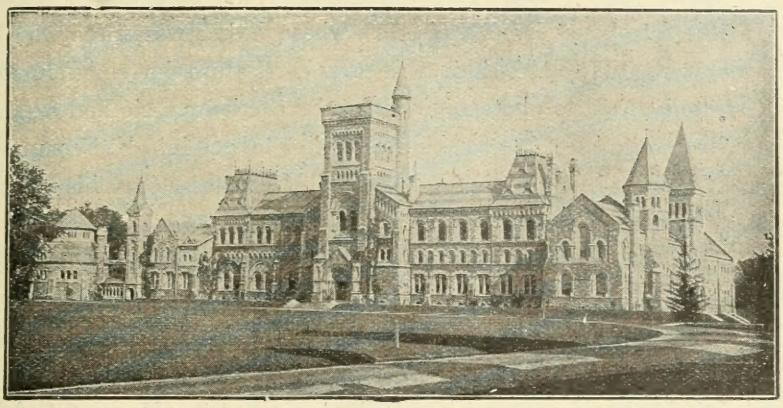
"Father" Hutcheson wishes to announce that he will open his class in physical exercises on June 15th.

TROTUS TURKIOSUS.

"Omnes id Faciunt,"
Omnes nunc id faciunt, faciunt, faciunt.
Viditi ibi duos sedentes,
Aeri perspicite umores,
Dactylla, amica salientes,
Ursam esse declaro jactantes,
Omnes nunc id faciunt, faciunt, faciunt.

Musica corda attingit,
Libra norme parte frangit,
Audite? Venite imus,
Omnes etram id faciunt.

—Duet by "Jamie" Auld and Henrietta De Vlin. Music: Tune of "Turkey Trot."



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In the little village of *Manville* there was situated a *Grange*. In this farmhouse lived a *Hunter*, whose father was a *Parson*; his eyes were *White*, his hair was *Black*. Before he came to this *Grange* he used to quote *Livingstone* by the hour. He had a *Clare* (clear) conscience, but somehow or other he got into bad company, and began to live a *Cruickshank* life. He used to *Lash* his son for stealing eggs in the *Henry*.

This son, *Stephen* used to go down to the river and look for *Spohn*, but his eyes were not *Sharpe* enough. He would come home with his head *Cocking* on one side, as if looking for the lost *Dyment*. He had a *Hayes* (y) feeling that one thing he could do was sit in the *Henry* and watch the hens *Hatch*. He used to long to be like *Nelson*, and *Might* have been if he had not died so *Young*. The father of this son had lots of *Munn*, *Rankin* first among the *Bakers* of this town. He carried a *Howard* watch, which was always known to be *Wright*. This man's chief ambition was to see the *Towers* of London, and to see the liberty *Bell*.

The son had always been wanting a *Carr*, so his father, after a lot of consideration, *Grant* (ed) him a *Gibson* electric. While out riding with his father he lost control of the *Carr* and ran into a *Marsh*. His father, being very much upset over the loss of his *Howard* watch, the son tried to calm him, and said: "*Olinger*, dad; we'll get a *Diver* to get it." But his father said: "Now, my son, if *Youille* do what I ask you after this, and not have so much *Devlin* in you, this accident will not occ-*Kerr* again.

Ticket Agent—"$2.50 to Hamilton, sir."
Mackeen—"Um-ah! Make it $2.30 and I'll go."

WHAT'S HER NUMBER?

Has anyone ever tried to use the phone between 9.45 and 10.30? Who was always there?

Late Study Chorus—"Oh, you Monty!"

Coles

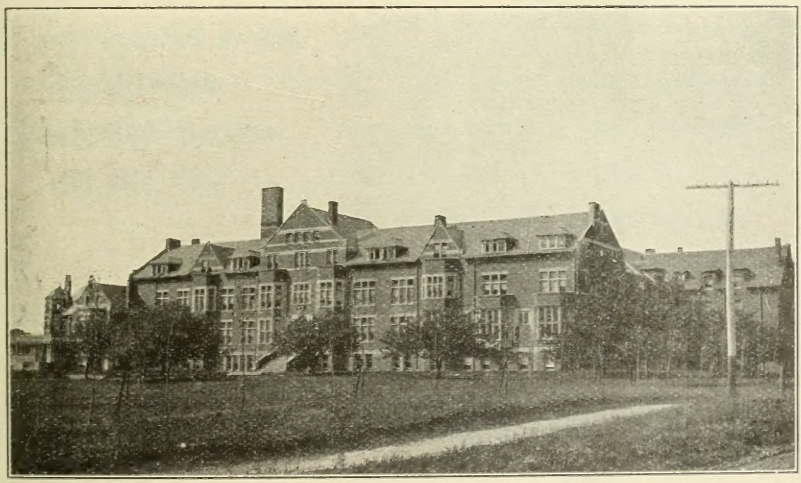
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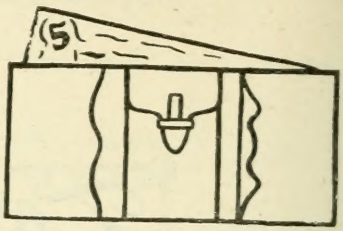
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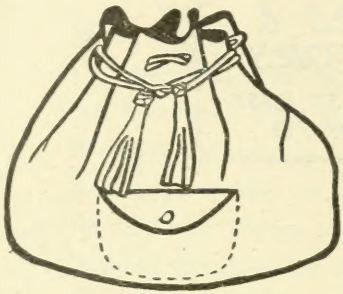
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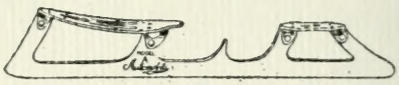
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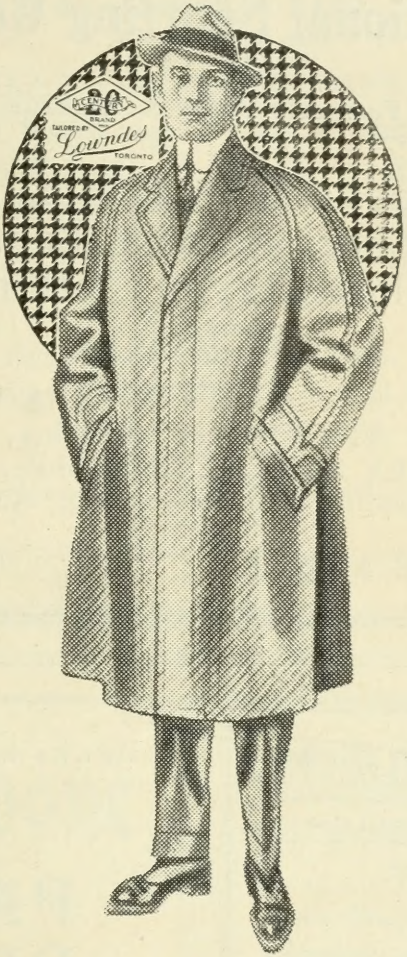
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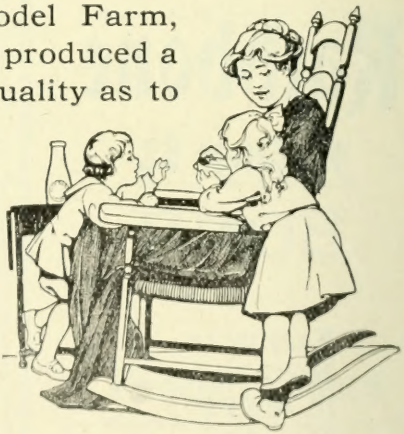
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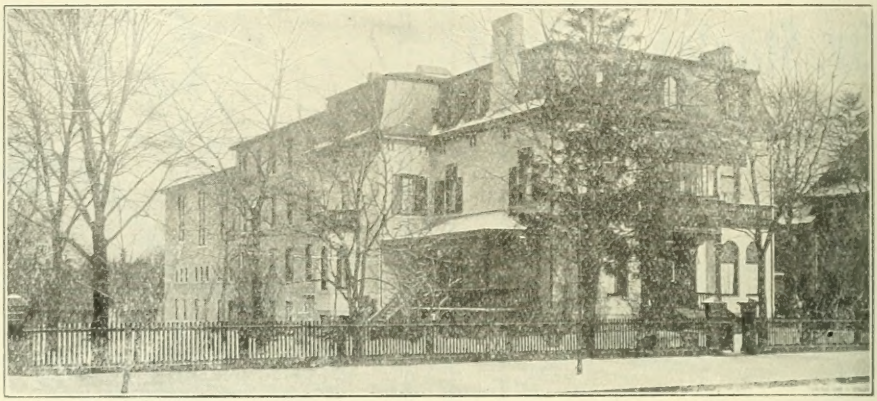
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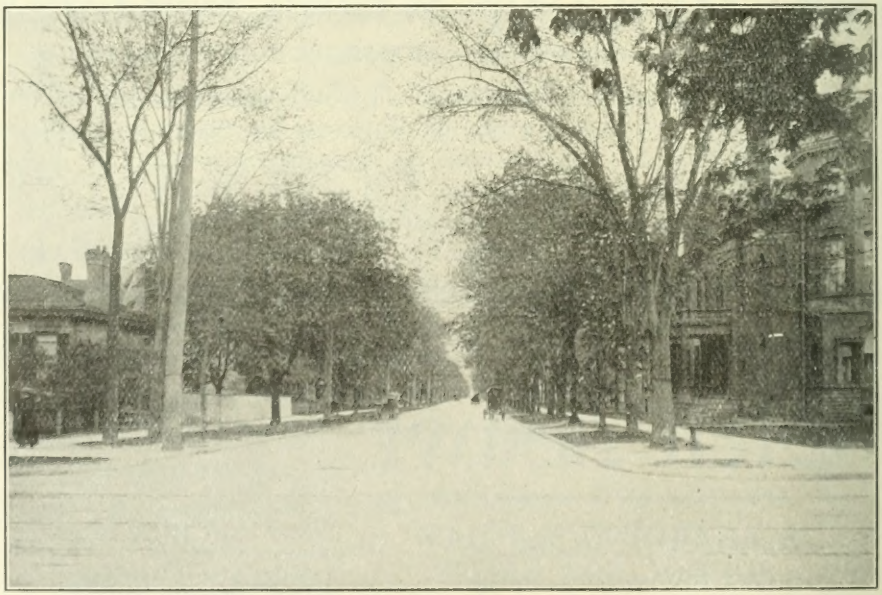
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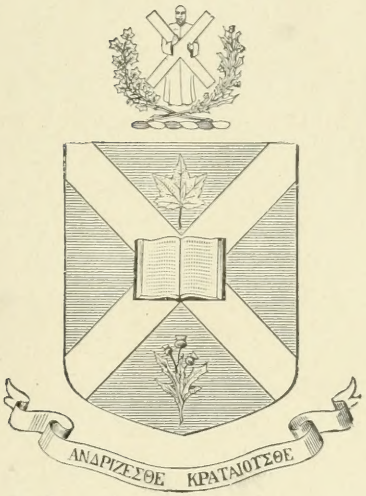


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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1912

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1912

Editorials

IN December, 1911, a famous Parisian seer, Madame Thebes, uttered some prophecies in regard to the year now drawing to a close. She affirmed that 1912 A.D. would be phenomenal in its list of tragic happenings—wars, rumors of war, accidents, strikes and upheavals of various kinds. And as the months have passed by we have, unfortunately, seen a fulfilment of her prognostications, and the past year has been the most disastrous in several decades. The Chinese revolution started the ball of disaster rolling on its way, and, though attended by the usual bloodshed and atrocities in its beginning, has apparently progressed to a more or less satisfactory condition of republicanism. In the early months of the year took place the railroad strikes in England, productive of much inconvenience and pecuniary loss. Before very long, the sinking of the *Titanic* and the sacrifice of many lives stirred the heart of the world to expressions of horror and sympathy. Later occurred the disastrous floods in the States, while all through the year the press has been full of railway wrecks, murders, assassinations (the attempt upon the Bull Moose being still fresh in our minds), and a thousand and one other happenings of tragic nature. Out of a clear sky sped the bolt that has resulted in the present Balkan dispute, and the year seems to be ending to the booming of cannon, the rattle of rifle-shot, and the death-cry of hundreds of intrepid warriors. And so it is with a sigh of relief that we see the present twelvemonth giving its last gasp. Madame Thebes has already made a forecast of 1913, and while not quite so startling as her last, it promises much that we hope may never transpire. Who knows? Time alone will tell!

C. N. W.

DECEMBER

WHEN December winds blow cold and drear
And snow-clouds follow free,
That is the time of all the year
Seems best to you and me.
For, ere the month its course has run,
We'll scatter, homeward bound,
To mingle in the Christmas fun,
And Yule-logs gather round.

So, all good fellows, as we part,
To home and friends returning,
Let's keep in every boyish heart
The Christmas spirit burning.
Let's not forget that in our land
Are joyless, sick, or sad;
And let's reach out a cheering hand
To make *their* Christmas glad.

M. G. B.



"Home, John."

Fiction

TOLD IN THE NORTH LAND

IT was a dreary night in late October. The wind howled dismally around the corners of the little shack and the loose glass rattled in the window frame. The door shook on its rusty hinges, and the tin stovepipe creaked and moaned in its socket. Without, the tall pines rocked and swayed and the dead leaves rustled as they scurried along the ground. It was a cheerless night, cold and dark. Within, the little cabin was warm and passing comfortable. The fire crackled and sparked in the rickety old stove, and weird shadows flickered on the walls. The pale light from the single candle wavered unsteadily and added a further spookiness to the interior. Conditions without and within were far from comforting, and not at all conducive to pleasant dreams; no, nor even to quiet slumber; so Pete and I sat close to the fire and smoked, saying but very little. At his best Pete was not a very communicative person, and at times made a rather comfortless companion. That night the silence seemed to grip him more firmly than usual, and he said not a word.

He was a strange man, this Pete. "Grubstake Pete" they called him, an old man in the mining game, the veteran of many a rush and the packer of many a long trail. I met him first in Sudbury at the time of the first strike at Porcupine, and had paid the recording fees on a worthless claim of his. He had attracted me strangely, and we knocked around together a good deal. Then came the news of the strike at Singing Loon Lake, and now we were in the old shack on the shore of Silver Birch Lake, where we had come after our disappointment in the Singing Loon fizzle. Yes, he was a strange character. Although much weather-beaten by the long years of backwoods life, he still preserved a sort of refinement which revealed itself at unguarded times and changed his whole aspect. His speech, though roughened somewhat by his continual association with the mining camps, was that of an educated man, and his voice possessed a remarkable softness that was pleasant to the ear. I could never fathom the man. At times he was communicative, but, as a rule, very reticent. That night, as

I stole sly glances at his tanned and grizzled face, I thought I could detect some strange gleam in his eyes, a softness which betokened tenderness in his hidden feelings, a reminiscent light, one which seemed to hint of other days, a melancholy, dreamy sort of glint which was foreign to his usually passive expression. And, too, as I glanced toward him, I thought I heard him sigh just a little, a short sigh, one of those that seem to slip out when your thoughts are not your own. Yet, as I covertly watched him, he showed no outward emotion, but sat stolidly puffing at his pipe, his eyes fixed straight before him. Suddenly he blew a large cloud of smoke toward the light, and as it curled and faded away, he gazed into its depths with tear-dimmed eyes, as if within the blue-grey clouds he saw a picture—a picture that brought memories—memories of other days, and dreams of past happiness. Then, turning toward me, he said, in that soft-toned voice of his:

"Lacey, you and I have been good pals in the short time we've been together, and I've grown to like you as I have never liked man these many years. To-night there is something on my mind of which I must rid myself; so if you care to I'll tell you a story." Without waiting for my reply, he placed fresh wood upon the fire and began:

"Many years ago, in England, a young man went wrong; yes, just as many a young man has gone wrong, and brought disgrace to his name. There have been many excuses made for this fellow, but it is not for me to say whether or not he was deserving of them; suffice it to say he was disgraced. The story of his wrong-doing is an old one. Trusted beyond his will-power he foolishly embezzled a large sum of money, and before he could replace it his defalcation was discovered. His employer, an uncle, was not to be appeased in his wrath, and refused the boy, for he was little more, any chance whatever to wipe out the stain, and without ceremony turned him out. There was a girl, too—it seems there always is—and she believed in him, and when he left the old home to make his fortune in another land, he left a promise with her that he would return one day, his fortune made and himself remade, and wipe out the stain on his honour. Theirs was a tender parting, one touched with heartfelt sadness, and as the boy left her she turned away, weeping softly.

"At that time this wonderful land was calling the young hearts, and he turned his way westwards. When he arrived in

Canada he was undecided what course to pursue. While wandering about Montreal he heard of the Yukon—that wonderland of untold riches. He heard wild stories of the hidden wealth of the hinterland, and listened attentively, and with wondering ears devoured every detail. Soon the lure was on him. The Klondyke called, and he obeyed. A week later he sailed from Vancouver *en route* for Skagway, Dawson and the Great Beyond. Joining in the rush he experienced indescribable privations, and, owing to his inexperience, the life of a Cheechako fell hard upon him. Once in the goldfields he staked his bit, only to find when he arrived in Dawson that someone was ahead of him. Wretched and almost penniless, he joined another rush, only to fall by the trail, famished and disheartened. It is doubtful what might have been his end had not Wakoosa chanced to pass that way, and rescued him from the frost demon. The Indian girl half carried, half dragged him to her mother's hut, where she tended his frost-bitten body. Shortly after this scurvy set in, and through the darkest hours of the dreary months that followed, the Indian girl cared for him faithfully night and day."

Here Pete paused, sighed deeply, and then continued:

"When at last he recovered, he married the girl out of a mingled gratitude and pity, and they lived together, squawman and his woman, for two years—two years of squalor and disgrace—brought to an end only when Wakoosa threw herself in front of a bullet meant for her man's heart."

Again he paused, bowed his head a moment, then went on:

"By this time all thought of the girl back home had left him, and he drifted about, an aimless piece of human wreckage, from mining camp to mining camp, dance hall to dance hall, saloon to saloon.

"News then came to the North of a silver strike in New Ontario, and thence he and some others made their way. Though behind the rush, he and his companions made a good strike, and sold out at a big price. Placed on his feet again by his new-found wealth, he thought again of home and the girl whom he thought would be waiting, though he had never penned a line to her.

"Shortly after he took passage to the Old Land, and was soon at the old home. But a terrible disappointment awaited him. She was dead, the good people of the village told him—dead these two years. She had died of a broken heart, they said, and went on to

tell him the story of the girl's sad vigils and long waiting for her worthless lover. The shock was great, but the remorse was greater. Wretched and miserable, he wandered about England, friendless and comfortless."

Here the old man's voice broke, for old he looked at that moment, and turning to me with a piteous look in his eyes, he said:

"It was hell, Lacey, how I suffered. Then I heard of this Porcupine country, and soon the lust was on me. I left England determined to forget, but the lonely solitude of these Northern fastnesses will not let me. Every time the moon shines I see her face. I see the picture of that last night we were together, just twelve years ago to-night."

Then he broke down and wept bitterly, did this strong, rugged man, and in my heart I pitied him.

At three o'clock the next morning, when Pete was slumbering peacefully, I still sat by the flickering candle, writing—writing to the one whom I had left but two years before, and was waiting in that faraway city, and to whom my letters had of late been few and far between.

BEATH.

THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY

"I CAN'T learn poultry, Miss Ruth! The straight stuff's bad enough." Toady Moore dwindled into his seat until nothing but his rumpled head, queer, protruding eyes, and stub nose appeared above his desk.

"I'm sorry, Toady, but I can't overlook your disobedience. This is not the first time, you know." A note of severity underlay the little schoolmarm's quiet tones as she took from her workbox a piece of delicate linen and a tangled mass of colored silks. This diversion of Miss Ruth's was ominous and usually meant a prolonged session. Toady's limpid gaze wandered about the deserted schoolroom and through the open window. A field of yellow corn stirred fitfully in the fresh September breeze, and the familiar row of hazel-bushes beckoned in an ecstasy of reckless abandon. An inquisitive chipmunk with telltale pouches hopped for a moment upon the window-sill, then, with a sharp cry, darted to its hidden stores. Far in the distance sounded faint, happy

cries as the liberated pupils disappeared in the direction of their homes.

"It's a nice poem, Toady, and one that you ought to like, with all your fondness for Indians and out-door life. But perhaps you would prefer 'The Maiden's Prayer.'" Miss Ruth snapped a thread between her strong, even teeth, and a slow grin appeared above the delinquent's desk.

"Injuns is all right in the woods, Miss Ruth, but they ain't very interestin' in books. Say, Miss Ruth, I found two flint arrow-heads in Aikens' bush yes'day. Gee! One's a peach—white, with an edge like pa's razor."

"Toady! Will you put your mind on your book! The sooner you learn that first verse the sooner you get home. At this rate you'll be kept in every night for a week, but you've got to learn that whole poem. Of course, it makes no difference to me. I'm quite comfortable." Her fingers moved slowly over her embroidery-frame and for a moment Toady's eyes sought the hated page. "'As Red Men Die,'" he sighed, desperately, and then, in a droning monotone labored through the opening lines.

"'Captive! Is there a hell to him like this?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?
He—proud and scornful, he—who laughed at law,
He—scion of the deadly Iroquois,
He—the bloodthirsty, he—the Mohawk chief,
He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive he disdains to touch."

"Say, Miss Ruth, what happened to the Mo'awk?" A faint gleam of interest shone in Toady's eyes.

"Read, child, and see for yourself."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, you *tell* me. It sounds so real comin' from you. This here's only print. Did they kill 'im?"

"Hand me the book and I'll read it to you—once. Then you must put your whole mind on memorizing it."

Slowly Miss Ruth read the story of an Indian brave's tortured death as he danced his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds over a trail of burning coals. Her audience of one listened spell-bound

to the thrilling narrative, his brown hands tightly clasped, his eyes seeing far beyond the confines of the silent room.

Miss Ruth finished and for a moment neither spoke. Toady's eyes were fixed upon a shabby map of the world, but he saw only that grim dance of death, the jeering Hurons, the dead but unconquered Mohawk chief.

" That's grand—it ain't like a book. It's the real stuff." The words fell simply, but in their utterance was the concentration of hero-worship, the boy-love of bravery and defiance of pain.

" Yes, Toady, it's the story of a hero and I want you to fix it in that shaggy brown head of yours. Settle down to work now—it's quarter past four already."

For a long time there was no sound in the room save the rhythmic tick of the lagging clock and the boy's sing-song repetition.

> " ' Captive! But never conquered; Mohawk brave
> Stoops not to be to any man a slave;
> Least to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
> The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.' "

Again and again Toady went over the words, his slender fingers buried in a mass of rumpled hair, his bulging eyes fixed on the fateful page. The clock struck five and Miss Ruth's voice broke the quietness.

" Well, are you ready for a try? If you know the first verse I'll let you go. Come along."

After rushing through the first three lines at a tremendous pace, Toady came to grief on the fourth. He floundered vainly through a meaningless jumble of words before he admitted defeat and returned dejectedly to his seat. The faint lowing of cattle floated over the hills, with other sweet, domestic sounds of the homing countryside. Before long his father would be at the evening's milking; already the kettle was singing in preparation for the early supper of the farm. Toady groaned in spirit, and a strange gnawing below the belt-line protested mutely against his deprivation of the after-school " piece."

At half past five a second trial resulted in a greater measure of success, and he delivered the first verse in an expressionless monotone but with painful exactness.

"Good boy! You'll be quite an elocutionist by the end of the week," laughed his teacher, putting away her work and removing her small silk apron. "And now for home!" Together they hastened along the winding road with its borders of goldenrod and Michaelmas daisies, chatting like two merry, care-free children. Smoke curled lazily above farmhouse chimneys, and a flock of sparrows squabbled noisily over their sparse finds in the stubble-fields.

For five days the agony continued, but at the end of that time the impulsive Toady, no longer rebellious or sullen, had learned unerringly the entire poem and, incidentally, the meaning of a certain small word of four letters—*o-b-e-y*.

It was the last battle of wills between the girl-teacher and her fractious but lovable pupil. School-life rolled smoothly along, and if Toady seemed unduly restive or mildly combative, the quiet utterance of "*As Red Men Die,*" in Miss Ruth's most suggestive tones reduced the boy to the last stage of submission.

In an incredibly short time the prospect of Christmas vacation loomed in surprising nearness.

The interval attendant upon the closing waxed daily keener and a portentous air accrued to those who intended to contribute to the programme upon the fateful evening. Parents, grandparents, aunts, married brothers and sisters shared in the general interest. There were to be musical numbers, dialogues, recitations, and the customary run of closing exercises. The main excitement centred as usual around the prizes in declamation offered by Susie Lindsay, a former teacher in the section, who had married phenomenally well and gone to reside in New York. Each year this kindly patron presented a rifle to the boy whose declamatory effort was adjudged best and a truly beautiful collection of books for the girl winner.

This year there was but little doubt as to the outcome. In the judgment of the school, Bung Miller and Lizzie Adams already had the prizes in possession. Lizzie aspired to the stage; Bung contemplated the study of law.

The eventful night was wild in the extreme. Great snowbanks completely covered the stone fences and wreathed trees and shrubs in fantastic designs. But "weather permitting" held no place in the calculations of ambitious relatives or nerve-racked

contestants. The schoolroom was packed as never before, and the box-stove roared a cheery welcome to the merry gathering. Sleigh-bells tinkled without, and good-natured badinage greeted the entrance of each new-comer. Miss Ruth looked smilingly on, with a hearty grasp of the hand and a smile for each and all.

Five judges were elected, and after the miscellaneous features of the programme, the contestants for the Lindsay Prizes were called forward. There were three boys and two girls. Bella Cassidy rendered Longfellow's "Schooldays" in a faint and telling tremulo, and Lizzie Adams gave "The Bells" with marvellous intrepidity. Bung Miller recited Patrick Henry's undying classic with a patriotic fervor that would have put the original to a perpetual shame. Dave Fendall brought tears to his grandmother's eyes by his dramatic delivery of "Paul Revere's Ride," while Charlie Brown stuttered bravely through "Si Waters' Christmas." A general murmur of approval swept over the crowded room and the contestants eyed the gorgeous decorations of evergreen with splendid unconcern. Lizzie Adams thought, "Wouldn't it be awful if Bella Cassidy should win!" Bung merely looked rather pityingly at his confused rivals. Miss Ruth suggested that the judges withdraw to a corner to talk the matter over. This they essayed to do with much scraping of chairs over the uneven floor.

In the commotion that followed, none noticed a tense, white-faced figure that shot onto the flower-decked platform. A clear, high voice announced the title, "As Red Men Die," and a sudden, awful hush fell upon the room.

"Toady!" gasped Miss Ruth, half rising from her seat. Her too vivid remembrance of his garbled recitation brought a blush of sympathetic shame to her olive cheeks, but he turned indifferently and whispered, "I *need* that rifle." Without waiting for further interruption he commenced the poem. Miss Ruth hid her face in her hands, but as the well-modulated voice rang through the room she lifted her head in dazed surprise. The words continued to roll from his lips with startling accuracy and perfect emotional effect, and her eyes brightened; her breath came quickly. It was no common rendition of some hackneyed favorite, but a soulful interpretation of a stirring episode.

As he stood before his hearers Toady was oblivious to their upturned faces. He was living amid scenes of glory, of death,

of triumph. All sense of rivalry had faded from his mind; the coveted rifle had sunk into passive insignificance. He was accompanying the Mohawk chief in his dance of death; he heard the sneers, the taunts of the detested Hurons; saw their war-clubs brandished in the smiling face of their captive. With telling force he cried—

" ' The path of coal outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass, and sings his wild war-song;
Sings as he sang when once he used to roam
Throughout the forests of his southern home,
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars,
Where gentle Mohawk purls between its shores,
Songs that of exploit and of prowess tell;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible."

Toady paused and Miss Ruth's lips parted smilingly. Scarce did she recognize this calm, rapt youth with his burning cheeks and tightly clenched hands. It was a new Toady—serene, lifted out of time and space, with the light of the seer in his limpid blue eyes.

" ' Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war-dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will *never* droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—' "

At this juncture Grandma Davis gave a half-stifled scream and more than one pair of eyes sought the rattling windows in dread expectancy. Toady continued with calm finality,

" ' Then loyal to his race,
He bends to death—but never to disgrace."

He stepped back to his place and a deep silence followed his recital. The tension was broken by the shrill voice of old Tisha Kelly, as she whispered to her neighbor, " La, Sarah, I won't sleep a wink this night." A general laugh followed and seemed to relieve the overwrought feelings of Toady's audience. Observed of all, he sat with flushed cheeks, smiling blandly as Miss Ruth rose and took a chair beside him. She placed her arm around his broad shoulders and whispered, " Toady—you're *great!*"

" I thought I had the piece I might as well use it," giggled the irrepressible.

A few minutes later, after a brief colloquy, Elder Thomas advanced on behalf of the judges. With a neat and most complimentary speech he placed the handsome rifle in Toady's hands.

" Three cheers for Toady Moore!" shouted Bung Miller, and at this generous tribute from the defeated candidate the howling of the wind and the roaring of the box-stove were drowned in a succession of hearty, ringng cheeers.

CAMERON NELLES WILSON.



The Return of " Toady."

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

JOHNSTON, the man on duty at the substation, sat at his desk vainly trying to make out his nightly report. Vainly, I say, because Johnston's mind was far from his work, for wasn't this the night he had intended asking Mary Angliss to become his wife? He had been paying her attention for almost a year, and now, just when he had summoned his courage to the necessary point, Williams, the regular night-man, took sick, and Johnston had to do his shift.

He took from his pocket the ring intended for Mary and looked at it. The diamond, sparkling and glittering, seemed to laugh at his predicament. Like one hypnotized Johnston stared at it, his head gradually sinking lower and lower, until finally he fell asleep. And just at that moment a fuse burnt out, plunging the city into darkness.

. . . . . .

Forty boys of various ages, of various heights and builds, but each full of mischief, the great characteristic of every schoolboy, sat studying or pretending to study, under the supervision of Mr. Barclay—Labby, the boys called him. Why, no one could tell, except that Hardy, the school hero and the master's bogey, christened him that the first day he saw him in September.

Everything was quiet, and for once the master thought he was going to have a peaceful two hours. He always dreaded the study period. If Hardy didn't upset the equilibrium of the class, it was Brice, and when the two minds concocted mischief at the same time the room was turned into a Bedlam.

Apparently the master's hopes were premature, for without any warning an inkbottle rattled its way down one of the aisles. This was the signal. Books suddenly came to life and apparently walked off the desks all over the room. No one seemed responsible. With an awful clanging an alarm-clock went off. Hardy had placed it in Aston's desk before study commenced. Percy was the good little boy of the school. He had never been known to have work on Saturdays. He never had detention, and was always granted whatever leave he asked for. However, the distracted master was too angry to take these things into consideration. Jumping from his seat he shouted,

"Aston, come here!"

"Please, sir, I never did it!"

"Don't lie to me, Aston! Come here *at once!*"

"B-b-b-but, sir, I n—"

He never finished his sentence, for, with a bound, Barclay grabbed him by the collar and pulled him up to his desk. Taking a long, black strap from one of the drawers, he ordered Aston to hold out his hand.

"But, sir—*please,* sir—"

"Don't talk back to me! Do as I tell you!" shouted the master.

"Sir!" yelled Hardy from the back of the room.

"Silence!" ordered Barclay.

"Sir, it wasn't—"

"Hardy, if you don't keep quiet I'll send you to the principal. Hurry, Aston, hold out your hand."

The frightened boy did as he was told. The master raised the strap on high, held it poised a moment, and just as he brought it down the lights went out.

Everything was in a turmoil. Books flew around the room; one, either by accident or design, striking Barclay full in the chest just as he reached out to grasp the terrified Aston, who, taking advantage of the situation, flew to his room upstairs, where he was found a few moments later, almost hysterical.

Five minutes later, the bell rang, announcing the end of study, and as the boys filed out the lights came on. Barclay, only too glad to rid himself of his troublesome charges, and wishing all boys in that place which modern ecclesiastics believe exists not, did not detain them, and so the matter was dropped.

. . . . . .

The old premier stood smiling at and shaking hands with the crowd of men and women who had come to congratulate him on the eve of his fourth election; he was a great man and had done much, far more than the majority knew, for his country. But the anarchistic faction had been murmuring, and his recent victory at the polls had been the cause of several secret meetings. Anonymous letters had been received by him, but he had disregarded all. And so he stood that night against the advice of the police and his more intimate friends.

A slight young man with a sallow complexion came up and grasped the premier's hand. The great man smiled upon him. Just then the young man lifted his right arm. Something gleamed in the light. A flash and a shot, and the premier fell. The crowd rushed to seize the murderer, when, without any warning, the room was plunged in darkness. Taking advantage of the confusion, the murderer slunk through the door into the outside world, never to be heard of again.

When the lights came on, an anxious and vengeful assembly looked upon the premier, lying face upwards, his lips still smiling, but from the heart that had beaten so loyally a few minutes before, an ominous dark-red stream flowed, staining the pure white waistcoat. The murderer had achieved his end.

H. Lash.

HOW CAMP No. 2 RECEIVED THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER

TWO men were busy loading up the heavy sled with all the good things of Yule-Tide for the lumber camps situated away to the north, many miles from civilization. It was four days before Christmas, and the provisions for Camps 1 and 2 had to leave the next morning at seven. The two men were putting on the last boxes prior to turning in for a good night's rest before setting out on a long day's journey. The snow had set in early in the autumn, and by Christmas there was enough snow on the surrounding country to allow the provisions to go by sleigh. Promptly at six-thirty the next morning the two men rose, had their breakfast, and proceeded to get ready for their journey. They brought out their dogs, ten big, snapping, vicious-looking huskies, and harnessed them up to the sled.

"All ready?" cried the driver to his comrade.

"All serene," he answered.

Then, with a crack of the long whip and a yell from the driver, they were off.

All that day they travelled on, through trackless forests, across frozen rivers, until evening found them at their first resting-place. It consisted of a small hut, which was only used by trappers when they stopped for the night. There was a stove in the shack, and

water was obtained by melting ice from a nearby stream. The dogs were allowed to roam around freely, and, after they had had their supper, found a suitable snowbank and covered themselves up with snow. Then the two men entered the hut for their evening meal. It was not an excellent repast, considering the class of provisions that was to be had on the sled, but they did not have time for delicacies. They wanted rest more than anything. The next morning they were off at daylight, and by noon had reached Camp No. 1. There they left the provisions that were assigned to that camp, and proceeded on their way.

The men of Camp No. 2 wondered, as they ate their supper on Christmas Eve, what had become of the "grub sleigh," as they called it. It was due there that afternoon, but had failed to turn up. The men looked questioningly at one another, expecting the other to answer, but no answer was forthcoming. What had happened to them? Had a blizzard struck them, and were they frozen to death? Had the dogs run away from them? No, that couldn't be, because the dogs were devoted to their master. Well, what had happened, then? Nobody knew, and tried to forget, but they couldn't help thinking that if they didn't come soon there would be no Christmas dinner in Camp No. 2. Hark! What is that? A dozen men leapt to the door, only to find that they had been fooled by the tricky wind blowing through the trees.

It was a very dejected crowd that sat around the fire that Christmas Eve after supper. Some thought of the mail, which came up with the "grub sleigh," and wondered if there was anything for them. Some cursed their luck, while others still had hopes of having a Christmas dinner. Two or three times some of the men would go to the door and stare out into the clear, cold night in the hope of seeing the "grub sleigh" with the Christmas dinner, one of the best joys of these backwoodsmen; but they were unsuccessful.

Listen! What was that? It was the unmistakable crackle of the feet of the dogs on the frozen surface of the snow and the noise of the runners of the sled as they sped over the sparkling snow in the light of the moon.

There was just one dash for the door, and twenty men were outside in ten seconds. Sure enough, there was the well-known "grub sleigh" and the two men. But were they men! They looked more like two frozen pieces of humanity than anything

else. One staggered towards the open door, but the other lay still, unable to move off the sleigh. Willing hands soon brought them both in and stripped them of their heavy fur coats, and laid the two men upon the bunks. The men stood silently around while a doctor, who happened to be in the camp for the joyful Yule-Tide, administered nourishment. The two men looked as if they had been through one of the worst trials of their life. Their faces and hands were frozen and cracked by the intense cold they had passed through.

The next morning, Christmas Day, they were sufficiently recovered to relate their experiences.

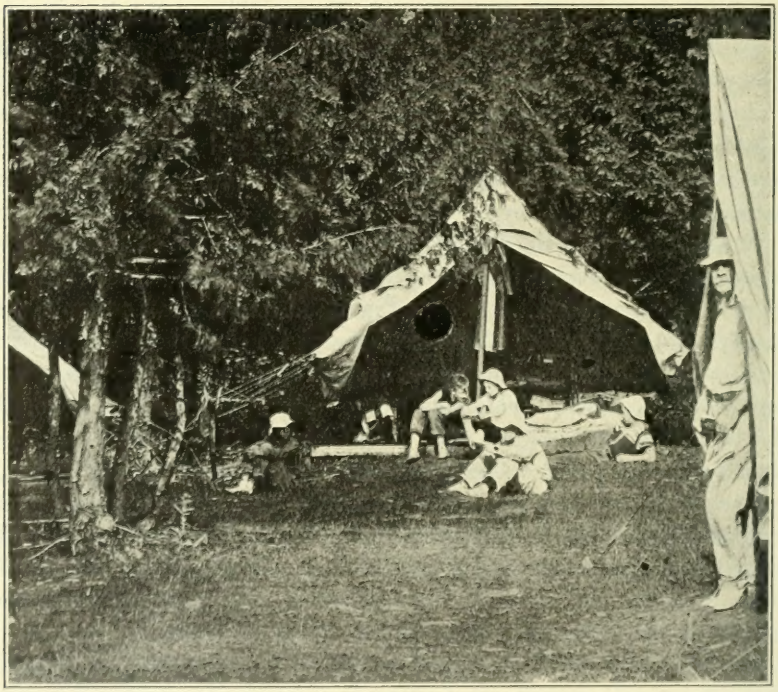
"We passed Camp No. 1 in good shape," said the driver of the sled, who was doing the talking, "and were travelling along fine until we arrived at the Devil's Pass. There didn't seem to be anything unusual up the Pass, so we kept right on. We had nearly reached the top when it began to blow. It didn't look as if it was going to blow much, until we were at the top, where a regular blizzard was raging. Snow half blinded us, and we could hardly move. Half-a-dozen times we had to stop and straighten the dogs out.

"Once we ran into a snowbank and the sled upset, but luckily we had the goods tied on. Coming through Hell's Gate, right at the top, it was worse than ever. The wind had a clean sweep right through the gate. Once, Mick, who was leading the dogs, nearly went over the bluffs, but found himself just in time. Then we began to come down. This was worse still, and I thought I would like to lie down and quit, but knew that that would be useless. Then we lost our way. The blizzard followed us all the way. Say, but it was cold, and I don't believe I have thawed out yet. When we reached the bottom we were all in. I was frozen through, and Mick, here, was worse than I. But we stuck to it, and soon found the trail again, but we could hardly travel. By this time we were out of the blizzard, but it was cold, and after what we had just been through it made it worse for us. Then Mick went crazy. He commenced a-cursing and a-swearing something awful. I was dead scared as to whether he would last out. We went on like this until I saw the lights, and then I remember trying to walk towards the lights; after that I remember nothing, and," he said, finishing up his story, "I wouldn't go through that again for anything."

So, instead of gloom, Camp No. 2 spent a happy Christmas,

although they nearly lost their dinner. The cook excelled himself, and when he brought forth the plum-pudding, which was burning with brandy, he was vowed by all to be a right good cook, and was given three hearty cheers. Those who obtained perhaps the most Christmas dinner were the two heroic men, who successfully came through one of the worst blizzards of the year, and brought with them one of the joys of a logging camp—the Christmas dinner.

H. S. Leckie.



At Camp Kagawong

CAMP KAGAWONG

IN each one of us there is something of the savage—a turning to conditions primeval, a desire to shed the frills and furbelows of conventionality and to don the more airy costume of beads and a smile. As the laws of the land are somewhat rigid in this matter of dress reform, the only place left for the simpler life is some campers' paradise, where trousers and a sweater are considered almost too dressy, and a coat of tan as more nearly approaching the ideal in taste and comfort. Most of us know of some idyllic spot, hidden from the vulgar gaze of police commissioners and morality departments, where we have crept close to the heart of Nature at her best; where we have discarded the togs of fashionable attire for the more comfortable bathing-suit or pair of disreputable trousers that well match the much-used sweater; where we have slept to the tune of rippling waves and wakened to the robin's matutinal lay—oh, slush! what sentimental rot is this which leads me into such fantastic realms of thought and fancy! I began to write of Camp Kagawong, so here goes!

On Balsam Lake, one of the delightful Kawartha chain, is one of those ideal camping-places which caught the fancy of Mr. Chapman four or five years ago. One takes the train to Lindsay, transfers to a languid and accommodating line that runs—or, should one say, walks?—to Fenelon Falls. This obliging collection of antique railway carriages and wind-blown locomotive will stop any time, anywhere. It will unload ties in the middle of the clover-strewn ditches along the track; it will wait obligingly while a load of Mormons and their families clamber leisurely out of the cars and unload their camping effects and babies. It will rest placidly at some grass-grown platform while a party of picknickers laughingly and leisurely gather their baskets together for a day's enjoyment. Oh, it is an "accommodation train," all right.

Arrived at Fenelon Falls, one has time for a very good dinner at one of the famous hostelries before taking a small steamer to Rosedale. Unlike its more widely-known namesake, this thriving centre consists only of the post-office, a few summer cottages, a wharf, and a picturesque, tree-fringed road which winds pleasantly into the country beyond. Here one disembarks, to be met with cheery cries of welcome from some of the boys and Mr. Chapman in his well-beloved *Hop-a-long*. A pleasant sail of half

an hour or so brings one to the camp itself. Half-hidden among a wealth of beautiful trees, the tents glimmer white against a green background, each with a delightful view of the blue waters of the lake. Diving boards and a splendid chute, a dinghy, numerous canoes and some ingeniously made rafts, give one only a half-promise of the joys that await one. A huge dining-tent is flanked by a cook-house which seems to hold in its mysterious depths sufficient grub for a small army. And what an appetite one brings to the festive board—or boards, for there are three commodious tables!

The day is begun simply: a dip before breakfast or a wild scramble, after a cat-wash, lest one should be counted late, for there are certain matters of discipline that must be observed in all camps of any size. After the morning meal comes the inspection of the tents, which would do credit to any army man. Then follow rifle-shooting exercises, with any other recreation or employment that appeals to the different ages of the campers. The mornings swim transpires about eleven o'clock, when one enjoys the lake in a more or less hilarious fashion. After a hearty dinner one is free to go sailing, paddling, hunting, or for long tramps across country. A large herd of cattle, led by a bull of uncertain temper, proved an interesting diversion to some of those interested in "animal life." The hunt for various beetles, butterflies, botanical specimens, was a little less venturesome, but decidedly interesting. Various athletic stunts fill in the day—single-stick exercises, wrestling, life-saving. In this last department a very thorough course is offered for all, and diplomas awarded. Boys who have arrived in camp unable to swim, have left at the end of the season not only able to look after themselves when in and on the water, but able skilfully to assist others who may be in danger. There are many other interesting features of this delightful camp which space forbids me to mention. It is a charming spot, beautifully situated, abounding in all that goes to make a good holiday—congenial companions, varied amusements, healthful and beneficial activities. When seated around the huge camp-fire, beneath a star-strewn sky, listening to the stirring strains of Harry Lauder as interpreted by a splendid gramophone, or contentedly hearing the "Columbia Quartette" discoursing the melodies of "On Moonlight Bay," one could not but feel that it was good to be alive and, better still, to be alive in Camp Kagawong.

Then came the long, stilly nights, broken only by the call of a night-bird or the soft lapping of waves upon the shore.

Those beautiful lines by our own gifted Indian writer, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, frequently occurred to me as the summer days slipped by all too quickly:

THE CAMPER.

Night 'neath the northern skies, lone, black, and grim:
Nought but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven and him.

Of man no need has he, of God, no prayer;
He and his Deity are brothers there.

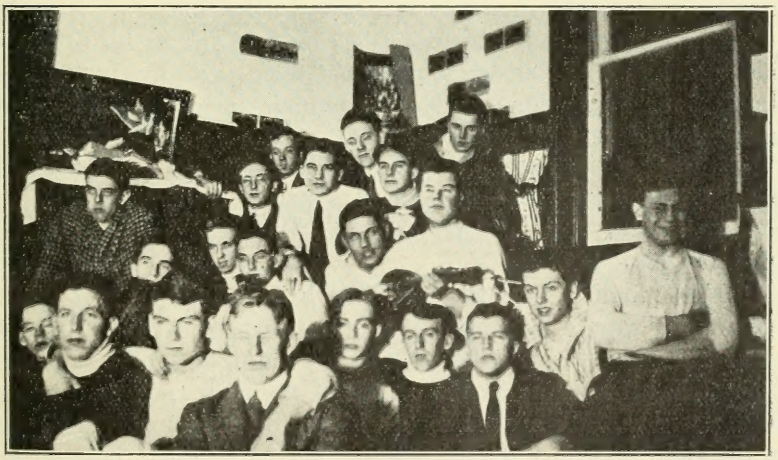
Above his bivouac the firs fling down,
Through branches gaunt and black, their needles brown.

Afar some mountain streams, rockbound and fleet,
Sing themselves through his dreams in cadence sweet.

The pine trees whispering, the heron's cry,
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.

And blinking overhead the white stars keep
Watch o'er his hemlock bed—his sinless sleep.

C. N. W.



"We Feed the Animals at Six."

THE EARLY BIRD

IT is somewhat unusual to rise before the sun. Neither is it customary to hunt worms with a forty-four calibre rifle. Nevertheless, tradition chronicles the proverbial early bird always to have captured the reputed worm.

Rest assured, "Copper-Topped" Dike was not in search of a material worm. There was an abundance of those in their assigned location behind the barn. Just what form the worm in quest assumed he could not definitely state, but that it was one that did not appear to one after breakfasting in bed on toast-strips and coffee he felt reasonably sure.

For a considerable time Dike had been moping around endeavoring to work that little stunt about "All things come to him who waits." But results had not been entirely satisfactory. The only things that had arrived so far were a spell of the blues and two epistles from Cantelope's father informing him that it would afford the old gentleman great pleasure to riddle his carcase with a newly-purchased shot-gun if he continued to expose his profile around his place of dwelling.

Cantelope, to Dike's mind, was the sweetest girl in creation.

So, quite naturally, he became impatient. He did not wish all things, anyway. He wanted only Cantelope. It occurred to him, as he lay awake in bed very early one morning, that he had better go out and see where the "all things" were stuck. There must have been a big jam somewhere down the line.

As he passed through the woodshed his eyes fell on his cousin's rifle, and he took it along. It did not seem exceedingly conventional to be going hunting even nominal worms without some description of arms, thought he.

The first thing worthy of note Dike came upon on his prowl was a frightened-looking individual seated on an upturned suit-case at the edge of the woods. His face illuminated when he saw Dike and his gun.

"Hello, fellow!" he cried. "You have exactly what I need. I am on my way to the station to flag that five-twenty-two. While I was hurrying through the bush, a few minutes ago, I ran into a large she-bear sitting in the centre of the path and challenging me to pass her. We argued for a while, but being unable to agree on the right of way I retired, leaving her in complete possession. I wish you would accompany me through."

Dike agreed to act as arbitrator in this little tie-up, and they started through the woods immediately. Perhaps fortunately, they saw no signs of Bruin. However, when Dike was returning, alone, he thought he noticed something move near the farther end of the woods. Chiefly out of curiosity he threw a stone at the spot.

Instantly an immense grizzly bear leaped from the bushes. With an angry grunt she dashed furiously in the opposite direction, towards an elderly gentleman who chanced to be strolling through an adjacent common for his morning constitutional.

The mistaken malefactor observed the onset in time to take advantage of the only means of escape. With much exertion he succeeded in jerking his bulky proportions to the top of a slender maple sapling, which bent almost double under his weight.

The bear spent several moments shaking the tree most violently. Finding she could neither climb it nor shake out her victim, she strolled around a few times and then decided to sit down and wait.

Dike raised his gun. He was about to shoot the vicious animal, when he recognized the man up the tree was no other than Judge Tompkins, the only obstacle preventing Dike's marrying his daughter, Cantelope. For a space his rifle wavered in an undecided manner. "Aim high is a good motto," he murmured. Then he thought of Cantelope, and decided he had better not.

Concealing the weapon behind a stump, he advanced into the clearing, whistling carelessly.

"Good-morning, Judge," cried he, cheerfully. "Trying to bring back the good old boyhood days, I see. But, I say, there is a law against destroying young trees!"

The judge turned a pale and twitching face to him.

"Thank God you have come, Dike," he exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "I have been obliged to confine myself in this desolate spot by an infuriated brute. I call it an intolerable outrage. Quick, run for a gun! I fear my tenacity is giving out."

"Sorry; I am in a bit of a hurry to reach town," replied Dike, turning away. "Perhaps I can help you to-morrow, though, or the next day, or maybe the day after that. Good-bye!"

The judge uttered a moan of distress that might have transformed the bullets in the rifle to molten lead, but it did not appear to affect Dike in the slightest degree.

"Dike, come back!" the poor old man pleaded.

Dike turned. The old fellow, clinging to the slender, bending tree-top for dear life, presented a pitiful sight.

"I know I am your enemy, and that you dislike me," he wailed. "But I implore you, as a man, to help me now. I will make it worth your while."

Dike moved as near as he dared.

"Well, Judge," he bargained, "just what is it worth to have Bruin despatched?"

"Anything—anything at all," he moaned. "But do be quick. I tell you I cannot hold on long!"

"Then," declared Dike, "for the last time I ask for your consent to my marrying your daughter."

"It is not right to take this advantage of me," complained the fossil. "Run and get a gun now, like a good fellow. We shall talk all that over later. You do not seem to realize how dangerously I am situated."

"No more do you see how badly I am fixed," returned Dike. "Judge, once and for all, do you consent to my marrying Cantelope?"

"You are taking an unfair advantage," he maintained, weakly. "But if you kill that bear inside five minutes I consent."

"The old demon knows very well it is impossible to run to the nearest house and return in five minutes," muttered Dike.

"Judge Tompkins, I accept your own terms," he answered, turning to the tree.

Stepping to the stump, he produced his rifle, apparently from atmosphere, and aimed at Ephraim. Two shots stretched him on the ground.

"Shall we walk over together?" offered Dike, a moment later, as he helped the trembling judge from the sapling. "I was going over to your place this morning, anyway; to see Cantelope, you know."

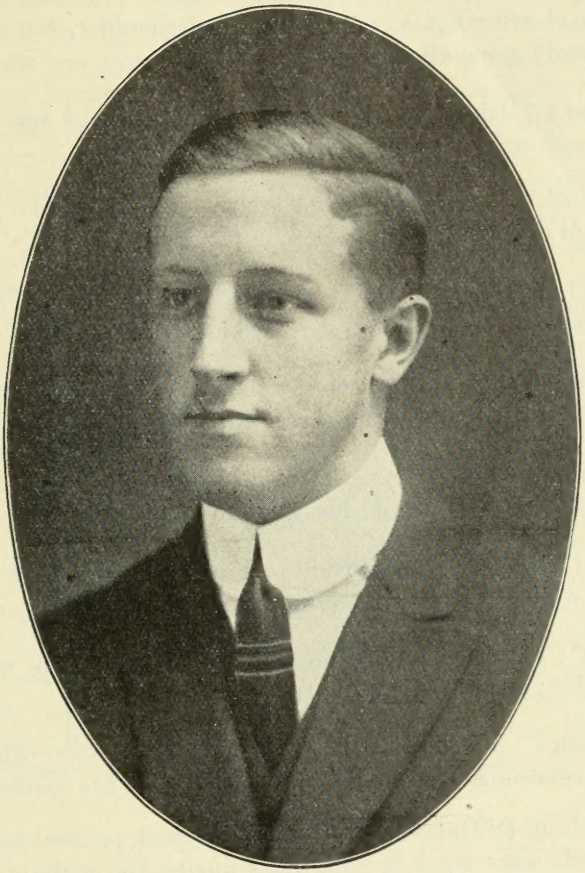
The judge scowled at him in silence.

"Guess the old maxim is about right, 'The early bird catches the worm,'" Dike quoted, jauntily, as they turned toward the house.

"Wrong!" snapped the judge, testily. "'The early worm gets caught by the bird."

Edwin A. Burns.

Athletics



G. Somerville, Captain

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

SOMERVILLE II. ("Geordie"), captain. An old color and played flying wing; a hard tackler and also good on end runs; captained his team well all year, but was handicapped at the first of the season by a sprained shoulder.

Ross II. ("Dud"), left middle. An old color; the best line plunger in the league; a good tackler, and played a fine game all season.

Somerville I. ("Hank"), right middle. An old color; was handicapped after U.C.C. game by a bad shoulder, but played a strong, steady game all season.

Malone ("Mike"), left outside. An old color; a sure tackler, and followed up well; played a fine game all season.

Dimmock ("George"), right scrim. An old color; a fine punter, and one of the fastest men on the team.

Rice II. ("Herb."), centre scrim. A new boy as far as rugby is concerned; very fast, and a fair tackler.

McKeague ("Cupid"), left scrim. The heaviest man on the team; worked hard, and was of great value to the team.

McLennan ("Fat"), right inside. Came up from seconds for the Ridley game; played his position well.

Trow ("Stout"), left inside. A good tackler, and bucked especially well in the Ridley game.

Nation ("Carrie"), right outside. Came up from seconds; a fair tackler; good man on end runs.

McQueen ("Mac"), left half. A new boy; a sure catch, and showed up especially well in T.C.S. game; played his position well.

Richardson ("Butsy"), quarter. A good punter and drop kicker; made some good dodging runs during the season.

Beacroft ("Bee"), right half. A new boy; fair catch and hard man to bring down; also a good tackler.

Ross I. ("Gord."), centre half. A good kicker; came up from seconds; played well against T.C.S.

The team wishes to thank Travis and Leckie for their able management during the season.

UPPER CANADA GAME

ON October 24th the annual game with Upper Canada College was played on the college grounds. Upper Canada won by a score of 19 to 12, though there was little difference to be judged between the teams, and the result was at no time certain.

It was a typical autumn day. The sky was clouded, and a keen north wind swept over the field, occasionally bringing a drizzle of rain which, with the preceding showers, made it slippery. The teams trotted out to the field, and at 3.20 "Hank" Somerville kicked off for St. Andrew's with the strong wind behind him.

"Hal" Degruchy got the kick off and was quickly tackled. St. Andrew's secured the ball and got right down to work. They bucked for their ten yards, and then Richardson kicked to Degruchy, who fumbled, giving St. Andrew's the ball on his own fifteen yard line. On the second down Richardson kicked over and "Geordie" Somerville fell on the ball for St. Andrew's first score—a touchdown. "Hank" Somerville converted it, making the score 6.

Soon after the kick-off Degruchy made a splendid run of thirty yards, bringing the ball to St. Andrew's quarter-way line before being downed. Malone spoiled an Upper Canada end run and secured the ball for St. Andrew's. They kicked out of their own territory and soon secured the ball near half-way. In an exchange of punts Upper Canada lost ground and their wing bucks gained little. Richardson ran around the end for twenty yards' gain and then kicked to Agar, who made a splendid run out to his quarter-way line. Richardson booted the ball over the line to Degruchy and Trow forced him to rouge by a great flying tackle. Score: S.A.C., 7; U.C.C., 0.

Upper Canada couldn't buck through St. Andrew's line, "Dud" Ross and "Hank" Somerville being regular stone walls. Richardson gained fifteen yards and then kicked to the deadline, adding another point to the score. Soon afterwards quarter-time was called, with Upper Canada in possession of the ball near half-way. Score: S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 0.

Soon after play recommenced St. Andrew's lost the ball on their own ten-yard line through interference, and after two downs Heintman was bucked over in a quarter buck. The try was not converted, so the score stood S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 5. Degruchy

made a splendid run of twenty yards and then kicked to deadline, making Upper Canada's score 6. In a few minutes St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference and Degruchy kicked to deadline. In two minutes he did the same thing again, tying the score. He kicked behind the line again, but Richardson ran it out three yards. The three downs that followed were a tableau of offside interference owing to the slippery ground, and the scene ended with Upper Canada in possession of the ball three yards from St. Andrew's line. The next down, after the tangle of grimy legs and arms had been cleared away, "Hal" Degruchy was found over the St. Andrew's line with the ball tucked safely under his arm and a happy smile on his mud-spattered face, for the score now stood U.C.C., 13; S.A.C., 8.

St. Andrew's forced the play up the field, but finally Upper Canada got possession on their thirty-five-yard line, from where Degruchy kicked to deadline. The score remained unchanged till half-time was called. Just before the whistle blew Degruchy hurt his ankle and was forced to retire. Half-time score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 8.

Second Half: Malone got the Upper Canada kick-off and ran ten yards. Beacroft made a splendid run of thirty yards, and from Upper Canada's forty-yard line Richardson kicked to deadline. Score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 9. Upper Canada kicked and Rachardson and Beacroft, by a nice little pass, gained twenty yards. St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference, and by an offside gave Upper Canada ten yards. Drew kicked to Beacroft, who passed to McQueen for another long run. Agar made a beautiful thirty-yard run for Upper Canada, and immediately afterwards Beacroft and McQueen, in a combined end run, gained it all back again. Incessant kicking followed until Richardson ran around the end for a gain of fifteen yards, and on the next down kicked over the line. Malone forced a rouge just as three-quarter time blew. Score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 10.

Upper Canada kicked and Ross and Nation broke through for big gains. St. Andrew's lost the ball and Upper Canada kicked to Richardson, who made a thirty-yard run. St. Andrew's lost the ball again on interference, and Upper Canada kicked. Nation tore through for a pretty ten-yard run, and Upper Canada offside netted another ten. St. Andrew's kicked to Agar, who ran it well back. After several exchanges of punts Beacroft ran for twenty

yards before Burwash brought him down with a splendid tackle. St. Andrew's kicked to Tennant, who fumbled, losing possession of the ball. They kicked again, and Drew booted the ball into his own wing-line. Richardson kicked an onside kick to the Upper Canada line and Drew, who caught it, was shoved back for a safety-touch. Score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 12.

Upper Canada kicked to half-way, and on St. Andrew's first down Richardson kicked just over the wings. Upper Canada got the ball and kicked. Now came the greatest misfortune of the game. St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference. Drew booted the ball down near the St. Andrew's line, and Beacroft slipped and fell just as he was about to catch it. The ball rolled over the line and the Upper Canada wings fell on it for a touchdown. Score: U.C.C., 19; S.A.C., 12. All the St. Andrew's team had fought hard, uphill and against the wind, and now, when only two points behind, this calamity fell, leaving only as a reward for their struggles the memory of those few minutes during which they were an honour to their school even in defeat. After a few more minutes of play, during which the teams put up a desperate struggle, time was called. The victorious Upper Canada boys were swept off the field on the shoulders of their jubilant supporters.

Little can be said of individual play after such a remarkable game for so slippery a field, but the work of "Hal" Degruchy in the second quarter was undoubtedly the greatest factor of Upper Canada's victory. Dudley Ross played the finest game for St. Andrew's, and "Butsy" Richardson also did some extraordinary work.

Line-up:

S.A.C.—Flying wing, "Geordie" Somerville (captain); halves, McQueen, Richardson, Beacroft; quarter, Wright; scrimmage, Livingstone, Rice, McKeague; insides, Rolph, Trow; middles, Ross, "Hank" Somerville; outsides, Malone, Nation.

U.C.C.—Full back, Howard; halves, Drew, Degruchy (captain), (Tennant), Agar; quarter, Heintman; scrimmage, Mara, Pepler, Peterson; insides, Campbell, Burwash; middles, Arnoldi, Saunders; outsides, Allan, Morse.

W. G. Firstbrook.

T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.

ON November 2 the Firsts journeyed to Port Hope to play the annual fixture with Trinity College School.

The weather conditions were ill-combined: the field was, as is always the case at Trinity, very heavy; while the day was perfect football weather.

At three o'clock precisely the teams lined up. The Saints won the toss and elected to kick with the wind, which was blowing diagonally down the field.

When the whistle blew the Saints forced the play into Trinity territory, and an even game was looked for. But this hope was not long-lived. A thirty-yard buck by McKendrick soon carried the ball out of the danger zone. Then followed a series of long punts by Peary, till finally McQueen was forced to rouge. This was the only score in the initial quarter.

With the wind in their favor the T.C.S. boys kicked on every down, and soon were in possession of the ball at St. Andrew's ten-yard line. Then followed a splendid half-line buck which resulted in a try. Not converted. T.C.S., 6; S.A.C., 0.

The Red and Black, encouraged by this triumph, played the Saints off their feet, and it was not long before they had annexed two more touch-downs. When half-time was called the score was T.C.S., 17; S.A.C., 0.

When play was resumed the Crimson and White had a much changed team. This, however, did not affect Trinity, who in five minutes added another 6 points to their score.

Although at this stage of the game the St. Andrew's backs were playing sterling football, yet their line was weak and often fell before the onslaught of the Trinity bucks.

The end of the third quarter showed no further scoring.

Again T.C.S. used the wind to the utmost advantage, and with Peary's fine kicking forced the S.A.C. backs to rouge twice.

Peary caught a St. Andrew's punt and ran through a broken field for forty yards; on the next down T.C.S. scored another try.

From that time on the Saints played with renewed vigor, and one would have thought they were a different team. Their line bucks worked time and time again, especially those of Ross II., which were good ground-gainers.

They forced the Port Hope lads back to their line, and it was

the very hardest of luck that they did not score, for inches separated the pig-skin from the line when the final whistle was blown.

At last, when the game was over and the dust of battle had blown away, the tally showed thus: T.C.S., 30; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's lacked team play, which would have proved a great advantage in a game of this nature.

If stars were to be chosen, no doubt Peary and Cochrane for T.C.S. would be on the list, while Ross II. and McQueen for the Saints would also appear.

Mr. Jimmie Bell and Lloyd Sifton handled the game to the satisfaction of all.

The Line-up:

T.C.S.—Flying wing, Bradfield; backs, Peary, Wallace, Pinkerton; quarter, Cochrane; scrim, Voght, Ellison, Ferbet; wings, McKendrick, Crouther, Aylen, Skinner, Edwards, Cook.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Nelson; backs, McQueen, Richardson, Beacroft; quarter, Somerville II.; scrim., Wright II., Dimock I., McKeague; wings, Lion, Rolph I., Ross II., Somerville II., Malone, Nation; spares, Henry I., Paterson I., Ross I.

G. P.

S.A.C. vs. B.R.C.

ON Saturday, November 9th, the first fourteen journey to St. Catharines for their annual match with Ridley College. The day was fine for that time of the year, not too cold, as would be expected. The field was in fair condition and, as the team expressed, "the driest field we have played on this season." S.A.C. went to St. Catharines with the idea of stopping Ridley from obtaining the championship, in which, however, they were unsuccessful, but gave Ridley the hardest tussle they had experienced this year. The team played a steady game throughout, giving the best that was in them to the last minute of the game.

The game was scheduled for 2 p.m., but was half an hour late in commencing. St. Andrew's won the toss, and Somerville II. decided to defend the south end, kicking against the wind the first quarter, and so have the advantage in the last part of the game.

Cassels, of Ridley, began the game by kicking the ball to Richardson, who rushed it back for a gain of ten yards. St.

Andrew's resorted to wing bucks, but did not make their yards very often. Strong bucking by Ridley and a fumble near St. Andrew's line resulted in a touchdown for Ridley which was not converted. B.R.C., 5; S.A.C., 0.

Somerville I. kicked the ball, which was returned to Beacroft, who ran it back, but failed to make his yards. Dimock kicked on the last down, and by good following up of the wings Ridley were downed before making any gain. As Ridley had the wind in their favor, they kicked. McQueen caught the ball, passed to Richardson, who made a twenty-yard run. Trow bucked through B.R.C. for yards on the first down. S.A.C. failed to make yards on last down and Ridley obtained the ball. B.R.C. tried a long pass, which was successful, Drope gaining yards. B.R.C. lost the ball on interference on the next down. McQueen and Beacroft made yards on two successive downs, but on the next down S.A.C. lost the ball for interference. B.R.C. made yards and then kicked for a dead-line. B.R.C., 6; S.A.C., 0.

S.A.C. was forced to kick on last down. B.R.C. kicked again, but Ross I. ran the ball out from behind. S.A.C. made yards twice in succession, and then McQueen got away for a splendid thirty-yard run. Ross II. again made yards for S.A.C., but on the next down St. Andrew's lost the ball. Marani punted and Richardson made a flying catch. S.A.C. again lost the ball for interference and B.R.C. kicked. The ball changed hands a number of times, neither team gaining, until Ross II. went through B.R.C. for yards. By an error S.A.C. failed to kick on the last down and Ridley got the ball. Marani punted to Ross I. for a rouge. B.R.C., 7; S.A.C., 0.

Somerville II. drop-kicked to Rice, who kicked, and the ball was returned to McQueen, who was downed one yard out. S.A.C. lost the ball on interference. Quarter-time called. B.R.C., 7; S.A.C., 0.

Ridley ball. B.R.C. bucked over for a touch, which was not converted. B.R.C., 12; S.A.C., 0.

Somerville I. kicked off, and ball was returned. S.A.C. punted on last down, but kick was blocked by Duffield of Ridley, who recovered the ball and got away for another touch, which was not converted. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 0.

The ball was returned after the kick-off, and Richardson kicked on the first down to Marani, who fumbled, and the ball was cap-



tured by Malone. Richardson again kicked, and B.R.C. was downed for a rouge. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 1.

S.A.C. soon obtained the ball again, and Richardson kicked. The man was downed for a rouge. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 2.

The ball changed hands a number of times, and then by persistent bucking S.A.C. brought the ball within two yards of B.R.C.'s line. Then Ross II. went back for a buck but failed to get over, and S.A.C. lost the ball for failing to make yards. S.A.C. again obtained the ball after Gordon's punt, and again got within a yard of Ridley's line, but failed to get over. Ridley successfully kicked the ball out of danger, and for the next two or three minutes the ball changed hands, neither team scoring. When about forty-five yards out, Richardson sent a beautiful drop kick, which went over. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 5.

S.A.C. obtained the ball on a fumble at the kick-off and punted. B.R.C. ball on their own line, and they punted to Nation. Hard bucking by Trow and Somerville I. resulted in a touch for St. Andrew's. The try was converted. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 11.

Soon after the kick-off the half-time whistle blew.

After half-time each team came out either to win or lose, playing for all that was in them. Somerville I. started the second half by kicking off to Cassels, who returned it. The halves interchanged a few punts until S.A.C. had the ball on the half-way line. Richardson, playing quarter, made the most sensational run of the day by going through the whole B.R.C. line for a touch, which Somerville I. converted. S.A.C., 17; B.R.C., 17.

Cassels kicked off to Ross I. and S.A.C. made yards on the first down, but on the next down lost the ball on interference. Marani punted the ball to Richardson, who gained yards. S.A.C. got ten yards on B.R.C. being off side. B.R.C. secured the ball and kicked to Ross I. behind the line, who fumbled, and a number of B.R.C. men fell on the ball for a touch, which they failed to convert. B.R.C., 22; S.A.C., 17.

After this punts were exchanged, Richardson saving two rouges by rushing the ball out from behind the line twice. S.A.C. kicked, but the ball was returned to Richardson, who fumbled behind the line, and Drope fell on it for another touch, which was not converted. B.R.C., 27.; S.A.C., 17.

Somerville I. kicked to Cassells, who returned to Ross I. S.A.C. gained yards on four successive downs, by McQueen's and

Malone's great rushing, and were well up in B.R.C.'s territory when three-quarter time was called.

College kicked, but it was returned. On the next down the ball was kicked into touch. Ridley punted, but the ball was returned. Ridley lost the ball on interference. The teams kept up a continual interchange of punts until Malone fell on a loose ball, but S.A.C. failed to make anything out of it. Ross I. gave McQueen a forward pass and B.R.C. obtained the ball close by our own line. Then, by a successful buck, Torrè went over for a try, which was converted. B.R.C., 33; S.A.C., 17.

Somerville I. kicked off, and it was returned. S.A.C. kicked, but it was blocked; recovered by Nation. College kicked again and Somerville II. forced a rouge. B.R.C., 33.; S.A.C., 18.

A fizzled drop-kick was captured by S.A.C., and they tried to kick, but failed. B.R.C. got offside and St. Andrew's obtained the ball and kicked. An interchange of punts took place. St. Andrew's ball when time was called. Final score: B.R.C., 33.; S.A.C., 18.

The line-up was:

B.R.C.—Flying wing, Martin; halves, Drope, Gordon, Marani; quarter, Mix.; scrimmage, Gooderham, Salaway, Thistlethwaite; inside wings, Cassells (captain), Duffield; middle wings, Nicholson, Torré; outside wings, Sneed, Manley.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Somerville II. (captain); halves, Beacroft, Ross I., McQueen; quarter, Richardson; scrimmage, McKeague, Rice II., Dimock; inside wings, Trow, McLennan; middle wings, Ross II., Somerville I.; outside wings, Malone, Nation.

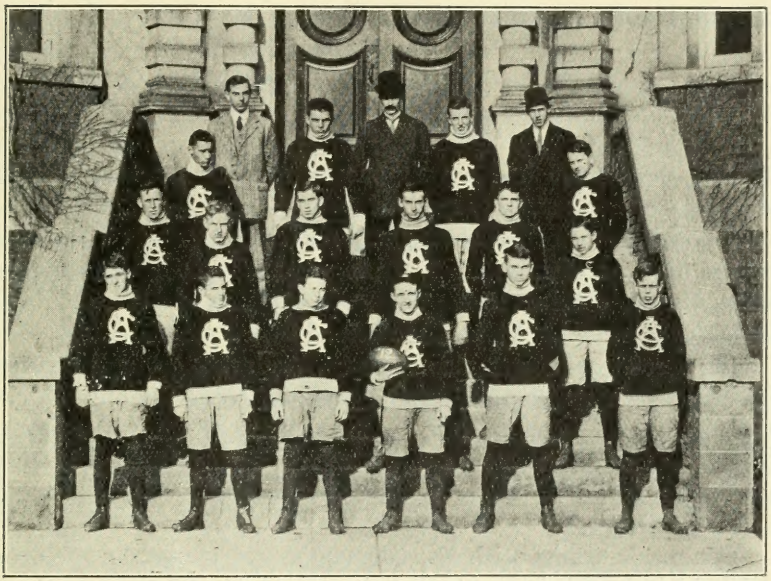
Umpire, Park. Referee, Dixon.

Stars for Ridley were: Cassells, Drope and Marani. For St. Andrew's: Somerville II., McQueen and Ross II. The score does not indicate the closeness of the play.

H. S. L.

THE SECOND TEAM

TO say that the second team had a successful season is correct; indeed they had all the success that was possible, winning all three games that they played. The first game was against St. Catharines High School. In the first few minutes of play our opponents being heavier, overwhelmed us, but condition soon told, and at the end of the game the score stood in favor of St. Andrew's. In this game Gord. Ross' kicking was the feature, together with the following up of the wings.



Second Rugby Team.

The next game, played at Hamilton against Highfield School, was fought out in the mud of the Cricket Grounds. The St. Andrew's boys outclassed their opponents in every department of the game, and proved it by defeating them 24 to 4.

Lastly came the U.C.C. game, which was played on their own grounds. The tally-ho left the school about 3 o'clock, and the game was started directly we arrived. The field was the slippriest that the team had yet encountered, and the drizzling rain

made playing far from agreeable. The first points were made by S.A.C. Wright falling on a muffed ball behind their line. This was converted by Paterson I. During the second quarter U.C.C. only scored five points on rouges. During the second half U.C.C. scored two points to the Saint's five, making the final score 11-7 in our favor. Soot made some sensational bucks, while all the halves played steady football. The team wishes to thank Hatch for his untiring work during the season. The following received second team colors:

Paterson I. (capt.), Wright I., Rolph, Nelson, Blair, Soot, Paterson II., Brown, Wallace I., Wallace II., Findley, Yuille, Ingram, Henry, Munn I., Rice I., Rand.

THIRD TEAM

THE third team had a very successful season, winning four out of five games played.

The first game of the season was played against St. Clement's College firsts on their grounds. The game was easily won by the thirds, the score being 15-7. The good bucking of Davis II. and the long end runs of Wallace II. helped S.A.C. considerably.

The second game was played on St. Andrew's grounds against University Schools II. This game was lost, being the only defeat of the season. The game ended with the score 16-8 in their favor. This game proved disastrous to the thirds, as Davis II. was hurt and could not play for the remainder of the season. Wilson starred for St. Andrew's.

The return game with St. Clement's was played on October 16th, which the thirds won easily, the score being 36-5.

On Saturday, October 19th, the thirds journeyed to Hamilton to play a match against Highfield seconds. This was the first game played away from home, and every fellow tried his best to win. The game was played on Hamilton Athletic Grounds. The field was very soft after the rain the night before, and therefore it was hard to do much running. Munn I. proved himself to be a strong kicker, which helped very considerably. At half-time the score was 3-0 in St. Andrew's favor. After half-time St. Andrew's proved to be strong buckers, and it was not long before they went over for a touch-down. This seemed to dishearten their opponents, and

S.A.C. had no trouble in scoring. It was only a question what the score would be at full time. The game ended 36-3 in S.A.C.'s favor. The strong kicking of Munn I. was the feature of the game, while Leishman I., Wilson and McIntosh starred for St. Andrew's.

The last and most important game was played on College grounds against U.C.C. S.A.C. won the toss and by Munn's kicking forced the play. Quarter-time the score was 8-0 in S.A.C. favor. U.C.C. had the wind the next quarter, but S.A.C. held them very well. Half-time score, 8-2.

S.A.C. scored a touchdown by McIntosh's fast following up. The last quarter U.C.C. played much stronger, but were unable to recover the lead the Saints had. When the game ended the score was 15-4 in St. Andrew's favor.

For St. Andrew's Munn I., Leishman I. and Brown II. starred. The following received third team colors: Wilson, McLaren, McIntosh, Leishman I., Willoughby, Whitaker II., Johnstone, Brown II., Urquhart, Rolph II., Rankin, McIvor, Henry II., Hershowitz, Wright II., Davis, Gibson, Cassels (captain). The team wishes to thank Bradley for the time he gave in coaching and managing the team.

W. G. Cassels.

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY

THE rugby season just closed has, so far as the Lower School is concerned, proved a great success. Of four games played they won three, only losing the fourth to a team much superior in weight.

The first game took place at U.C.C., St. Andrew's winning by a score of 30 points to 0. For St. Andrew's, McDougall, Cameron and Munn were easily the best men on the field.

Then U.C.C. came down to St. Andrew's with a much stronger team, and the Crimson could only run up 17 points to the Blues' 7. McDougall again carried off the honors of star player.

A few days later University School Senior Fourth team played S.A.C. Lower School on the latter's grounds, and went down to defeat by 24 to 0. McDougall and Comstock did good work, while Stevenson was also worthy of mention, he getting away many times for long runs.

Then St. Andrew's met their one and only defeat of the season, at the hands of Harbord Collegiate. The greatly superior weight of the Harbord team was almost altogether responsible for their victory, and their heavy wing-line completely demoralized the light Crimson boys. The score was 35 to 0.

The good all-round work of McDougall throughout the season was the most brilliant feature of the team. McGillivray's tackling, though inclined to be high, also deserves mention. Comstock kicked well, and Munn, though inclined to disobey signals, did some fine work behind the line. Cameron's bucking, particularly against Upper Canada, was of a high class.

The line-up: Scrimmage, Winter I., Leishman II., Hennessey II.; insides, Cameron, Davies; middles, Hay, Winter II.; outsides, McDougall, McGillivray; quarter, Grant II. (manager); halves, Comstock (captain), Munn II., Davis III.; full, Stevenson.

W. F. G.
W. H. C.

THE SECOND TEAM, JUNIOR HOUSE

THE second team was pretty light this year, as the junior house was fairly small. Wood was captain, and he made a very good captain indeed. He governed the team well and made the fellows do pretty much as he said.

The second team started rather late in the year, and we only got two games all the year, and were beaten both times by Upper Canada College. The first game their team was a lot too heavy for ours, and they were very decent, and put their best man off at half-time. After that we had a better show.

The second game two of their men were on the firsts, and we were not beaten so badly. All the team thinks that if MacDonald had been playing the first game it would have been a lot better for us, but he was laid up with a bad cold and could not play.

The second team were as follows: Morgan, Calvert, Somers I., Wood (captain), Odell I., Odell II., Macdonald, Syme, Grant III., Tugwell, Love, Millington (manager). Robertson II., Lockart. Spares: 1st, Willis; 2nd, Kent II.

C. MILLINGTON.

CRICKET—UPPER CANADA AT ST. ANDREW'S

THOUGH too late for the midsummer edition of the REVIEW, the cricket game between Upper Canada and St. Andrew's on Saturday, June 8th, proved to be one of the most exciting of the season. Upper Canada won by three wickets and nine runs.

The day was perfect and the crease was in splendid condition. Cassels won the toss and elected to bat. Rolph and Ross I. batted first for the College, with Gunsalus and McLean the opposing bowlers. Both batsmen, generally reliable, belied their reputation by being forced to retire, after having made but one and two respectively. Ross II., next man up, made a splendid stand, knocking up 23 before having his stumps taken by Gunsalus. Stephen helped to swell the total by 29 before succumbing to one of DeGruchy's "yorkers." Gradually the score crept up from 50 to 60, to 70, and then to 80. Nine wickets gone for 85! Everyone sat tense, counting slowly: 86—87—88—89—90. Will they make a century? "Good!" "Splendid, Monty!" "That's the way, Skin, old boy!" And so the half-smothered shouts kept escaping from the spectators. 91, 92, and Montgomery's wicket flew up, as a well-bowled ball from Gunsalus' delivery hit it.

Upper Canada then went to bat and provided a great deal of excitement and numerous predictions, opinions and many other things by finishing just one behind the College. Inglis made 58 of their 91, and was without doubt the saviour of U.C.C. from a severe beating.

In the second innings the school counted 62. Ross I. atoned for his former failure by knocking up 35. Upper Canada, in their second turn at bat, made 72 for nine wickets when stumps were drawn, thereby winning the match by 3 wickets and 9 runs. Inglis again proved himself the premier batsman, contributing 41 not out.

At the conclusion of the match the teams repaired to the Tuck, where a delectable repast was served them by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald. When the last sandwich had been stowed away three cheers and a tiger were lustily given for Mr. Grace, the coach, who did so much for the team. What he will do next season we can only surmise. Will it be three wickets and nine runs for U.C.C., or an innings and nine runs for the College? Um-mmm! Well, you can never tell!

LASH.

PRESENTATION OF CRICKET PRIZES

THE following prizes were awarded at the end of the cricket season, open to 1st team only:

Best batting average. Bat, presented by the Athletic Association. Won by Stephen.

Best bowling average. Ball, presented by Athletic Association. Won by L. Wright.

Fielding Prize. Bat, presented by Grace. Won by G. Ross.

Prize for greatest improvement in batting. Bat, presented by Mr. Knighton. Won by Hayes.

Prize for most capable cricketer on Lower Flat. Bat, presented by Mr. Tudball. Won by Whitaker.

Prize for greatest improvement in batting in the Junior School. Bat, presented by Dr. Macdonald. Won by Macdonald.



Four of a Kind.

THE SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY

ON Friday, November 22, the annual Cross Country Run took place. The day was all that could be desired for such an event.

Of some forty competitors who toed the mark, Hamilton, who finished second last year, trotted home first. He was followed by Wallace II., who surprised everyone and captured the silver medal.

Wright and Findlay provided an exciting finish for the third place. Wright was better on the final sprint, and won out.

The course this year is a new one, and by judging the time with that of other years appears to be not so long.

Hamilton's time was 19.20 2-5, which is very good considering the number of hills which are in the course.

Although Hamilton was first all the way, yet many places and cakes were keenly contested. The following is the finish of the first twelve and their prizes:

(1) Hamilton, gold medal; (2) Wallace II., silver medal; (3) Wright I., bronze medal; (4) Findley, 2nd team cake; (5) Skinner, first boarders' cake; (6) Johnson I., Upper Flat cake; (7) Hennessy II., Lower School cake; (8) Willoughby, Lower Flat cake; (9) McPherson 4*a* cake; (10) Ross II., Prefects' cake; (11) McEachern, Lower Sixth cake; (12) Malone, Upper Sixth cake; (13) Cantley; (14) Henry I.; (15) McDougall.

G. P.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

PRESENT indications point to a successful season among the puck chasers. There is much new material in the school, all of which promises well. Cantley, who is acting captain, is the only old color back this year, although Grange is expected back after the holidays. This strong pair would make a splendid nucleus for a fast team. The majority of last year's seconds are back, ready to jump into the game, and all are anxious to go up.

We are very fortunate in securing the Arena for our practices and games. We are again in the Junior O.H.A., grouped with Upper Canada and St. Michael's College. This tri-cornered schedule should prove an extremely interesting one. The enthusiasm manifest in the school so early in the season augurs well for the support that the team will receive this season.

THE JUNIOR HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY

ON Monday, November 25th, the annual Junior Cross Country Run was held. The course was very muddy and excellent time was made, only thirty-two seconds behind the record.

At half-past three fourteen boys bearing the colors of the College lined up at the back of the building for the start. The two preparatory boys were given a handicap of about one hundred yards.

After sixteen minutes and thirty-two seconds' ploughing through the mud, Hennessy II. crossed the tape for the silver medal. About forty seconds later McGillivray came in for the bronze medal. McDougal came in next, winning the Upper School cake. Next came the surprise to all, Barnfield coming in, followed closely by Simpson, Barnfield winning the preparatory cake and Simpson Mrs. Montgomery's table cake. Ths first form cake was won by Morgan and the 2nd form cake won by Hay. Winter II., who came in eighth, won Mr. Jenning's table cake, and Grant II. won Mr. Wilson's table cake. The order the runners came in is as follows: (1) Hennessy II., (2) McGillivrary, (3) McDougal I., (4) Barnfield, (5) Simpson, (6) Winter II., (7) Hay, (8) Syme, (9) Winter I., (10) Morgan, (11) Wood, (12) Grant II., (13) Leishman III., (14) Sommers I.

W. S. C.



"Gyp The Blood."

Miscellaneous

CADET CORPS

The prospects for the Cadet Corps this year are good, in fact, better than ever, but owing to it being organized later than usual they were unable to appear at the fall Church Parade, but with the able drilling of Sergt. Sinclair and officers, they hope to appear stronger than ever in the spring parade.

The following are the officers for 1912-13:—Captain, D. E. Ross; 1st Lieutenant, E. S. Thompson; 2nd Lieutenant, M. E. Malone; Color-Sergt., G. O. Paterson; Sergts., D. Wright, S. Henry, L. Wright, B. Brown, and Corporal, H. Leckie.

E. S. T.

NEW BOYS' NIGHT

QUITE an innovation in initiation for new boys was introduced this year, and proved a success—at least the timid Freshmen appreciated this more gentle mode of introduction, as many of them had spent sleepless nights since their arrival in contemplation of the dire and inquisitional tortures in store for them.

The ceremony took the form of a high-class entertainment, the talent for which was drawn, or rather extracted, from the ranks of the new boys. The programme was long and varied, consisting of vocal, instrumental and oratorical outbursts by different artists, each and every one of which drew rounds of applause. Mr. Taylor and several old boys also contributed to the evening's enjoyment.

Dr. Macdonald was present, and in opening the evening made a short address, which made all the new boys feel at home and the old boys feel glad they were back again.

The first number was a piano selection by Mr. Taylor, who played over many of the old favorites, and the bunch joined in the choruses.

Chase, Rand, Smith II. and White, the original village choir quartette, rendered "Moonlight Bay" in truly operatic style, and were rewarded with much applause.

Clare, Black and Wright II., the bashful trio, shivered and fidgetted through "Everybody's Doin' It," while Yuille accompanied.

McGill's piano pounding came next, and he was followed by Beacroft, who was very well received in his two solos.

Smith then contributed some violin harmony while Urquhart was preparing his oration on the Oakville Brass Band, which immediately followed. His statement that "all the folks went down to the band concert by the town pump on Saturday evening" evoked much merriment.

White then sang "The Pirate Chief," and revealed a voice of exceptional strength.

Yuille obliged with his ever-pleasing interpretation of popular harmony, and was encored again and again.

DeBeck, Blair and Henry I. then appeared in "Music of Any Old Kind," and their rendition of parodies on current songs elicited much applause.

The concluding item was the first yell practice of the year, and the new boys were put through all the college yells and songs.

Whether this new idea will become popular we cannot say, but we might mention that, as the suggestion came from headquarters, it will, without doubt, become the custom in the future.

BEATH.



A Lower School Group.

THE FOOTBALL DINNER

AS a pleasant conclusion to the season just past the annual Football Dinner was held on Friday evening, November 21st. A large number, including Dr. Macdonald, members of the staff, athletic directorate, first and second teams, cross country winners and the third team captains, were present, and all enjoyed a sumptuous repast and a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum also showed their interest by being present.

The dining-hall was beautifully decorated for this festive occasion, and the long tables, showing the deftness and skill of Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum, were extremely tantalizing with their tempting array of good things.

After all had partaken of the feast and the inner man was quite satisfied, an extensive list of toasts was carried out under the direction of Dr. Macdonald, who acted as toastmaster. During the evening Mr. Knighton, Mr. James and Beecroft rendered solos, all of which were much enjoyed. Mr. Taylor also favoured with several piano selections. Following is the toast list:

(1) The King. Proposed by Dr. Macdonald.

(2) Canada and the Empire. Proposed by Ross II. Responded to by Beath.

(3) The College. Proposed by Mr. James. Responded to by Mr. Robinson.

(4) The Staff. Proposed by Somerville I. Responded to by Mr. Taylor.

(5) The Athletic Association. Proposed by Malone. Responded to by Mr. Knighton.

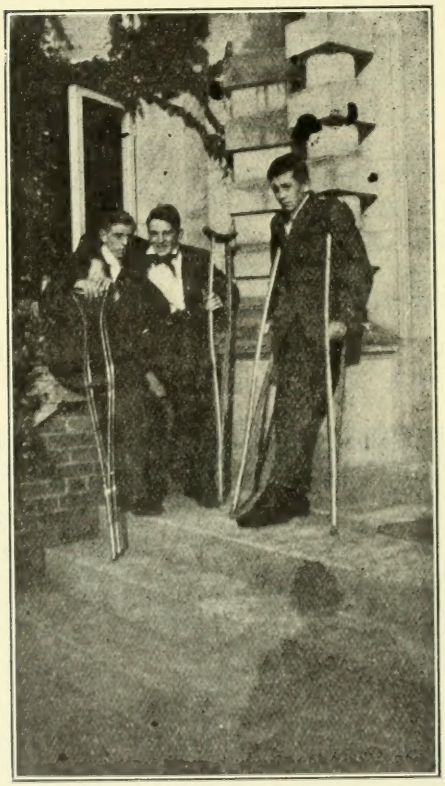
(6) The First Team. Proposed by Rolph I. Responded to by Somerville II.

(7) The Second Team. Proposed by Travis. Responded to by Paterson I.

(8) The Cross Country. Proposed by Dimock. Responded to by Hamilton.

(9) The Ladies. Proposed by McKeague. Responded to by Henry I.

A vote of thanks was given Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum for the kindly interest they had taken in the team all season, and for their help in the preparations for the dinner. The evening was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King" and the college songs.



Cripples

THE ANNUAL PRIZE DAY

ON October the twenty-second the annual prize day was held. The College halls were prettily decorated with palms and autumn branches of maple and oak trees; and on the landing of the main stairway a Venetian orchestra discoursed sweet music during the afternoon. Although the weather was not as favorable as it might have been, many of the friends of the school were present to enjoy the speeches and take part in the festivities. The guests who occupied the platform were: Mr. Rolph, Sir Mortimer Clark, Lady Gibson, Archdeacon Cody, ex-Mayor Geary, President Falconer of the University of Toronto, with several of the Faculty; Lady Clark, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. R. S. Wilson, and Mrs. Galbraith were also present.

The headmaster, in his address, outlined the progress of the school in all departments, and announced the coming removal away from the press of the city to grounds of a hundred and thirty acres extent at York Mills. After this address the prizes were presented by the guests of honor, each making an appropriate speech. The speech of Professor Baker was especially interesting to the scholars, dealing as it did with the views of the past generation of schoolboys on the subjects which are now the " cruces " of many of them. After the prizes had been distributed the boys were dismissed and the guests adjourned to the dining hall, where refreshments were served.

The following were prize winners:

Form Upper VI.—General Proficiency, Montgomery Smoke.
Literary Society.—Senior Reading, G. H. Lash.
Junior Recitation, Allin III.
Junior Reading, Skinner I.
Wyld Prize in Latin—Cooper.
Governor General's Medal—McClinton.
Lieutenant-Governor's Medal—Silver medal, Cooper.
Bronze medal, Smoke.
Chairman's Gold Medal—Cooper.
Lt.-Col. Gibson's Prize for Shooting—McClinton.
Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting—Morton.
St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire—de Sherbinin I.

48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—de Sherbinin III.
Lower Preparatory—Cronyn I., King.
Upper Preparatory—Morgan, Brown II.
Form I.—Marks, Grant IV., Allin III.
Form II.—Willoughby, Stevenson, Firstbrook II.
Form III B.—Macdonald, Wildman II. Lowndes III.
Form III. A.—Bennett II, Leckie II, Eakins.
Form IV. B.—McLennan.
Form IV. A.—McLaren, Grant, Johnston.
R.M.C. Form.—Cassels I., Morton.
Lower Sixth—Cooper, Carlyle.
Five A.—Brown I., Wildman I.



Camp Kagawong

AS OTHERS SEE US

IN college life you're bound to meet
With fellows strange and queer;
And some of them you're glad to greet,
Who turn up year by year.
Their mannerisms may be odd,
Their dispositions biting,
But yet somehow we spare the rod,
And, sparing, save much fighting.

You've often met the sorehead
And the fellow with the grouch;
You've often met the student
And the lazy, shiftless slouch;
You've often ragged a new boy,
Who needed to be tamed;
And he, being fresh and foolish,
Of course you were not blamed.

You may have licked a bully,
Then licked him well some more;
You've argued with the pessimist,
And talked with many a bore;
You've kidded heaps of fussers,
Rough-housers you have mauled—
Did you e'er think which one of these
By others YOU are called?

Just stop and think a moment:
Were *you* never peeved or sore?
Never plug a little bit?
Or want a master's gore?
And weren't you once a new boy?
And fussing? Forgotten the dance?
Just think all these things over,
And come out of that trance.

M. G. B.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT—

THE hair collected from the floors of Toronto barber shops would, if stretched end to end, reach from Oakville to Goderich and as far back as Petrolea?

That half the Canadian peach crop goes to Branksome?

That the college songs contain less water than Lake Ontario?

A double-gating is conducive to economy?

The prefects are a good-looking bunch?

The Mayor of Sudbury gets up regularly at 9.30 on week-days and at thirty minutes of ten on every other day in the week except Sunday?

There are over two hundred pea-soup eaters in Montreal?

There are several more humorous things than a caning?

The old school isn't such a bad place after all?

This is rather foolish piffle?

A DELIGHTFUL debutante's tea was given by Mrs. Cupidio McKeague for her daughter, Gwendoline Rolph. The tea was held in Room 19. All was prepared with the greatest secrecy and care. The room was suitably decorated for the occasion. The guests waited until the appointed time, and when Miss Rolph lightly tapped the transom with her knee, they all entered. Mrs. Cupidio McKeague was dressed in a charming chiffon de pyjama effect and carried her weight well. Miss Rolph, the guest of honour, wore a charming creation of striped jardin de Paris effect with wide rents throughout scattered about her apparel artistically. Lady de Ooffy Ross arrived early and fully intended to stay late, as is her custom, only she was unfortunately called away by a gentleman friend, but while she stayed she demolished a large part of the refreshments. Miss de Wright wore a charming smile and received with Mrs. McKeague. Miss Warrena Nelson, being delayed, hastily slipped on a banana skin and arrived when the festivities were at their height. The refreshments—all that was left after Lady Ooffy got through—were served at 11.30 sharp and

were thoroughly enjoyed. All was going well when Miss Gwendoline unfortunately slipped and bumped her head on the ceiling and ripped her dress. She was forced to retire for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. McKeague did a Yiddisher war-dance and Miss de Wright sang. The guests hurriedly departed, having up to this time spent a very enjoyable evening. Mrs. McKeague intends shortly to give another tea as soon as her daughter recovers from her most harassing evening.

M. E. M.

LETTER WRITTEN BY A WEST AFRICAN NATIVE TO HIS EMPLOYER, ASKING FOR AN INCREASE OF WAGES

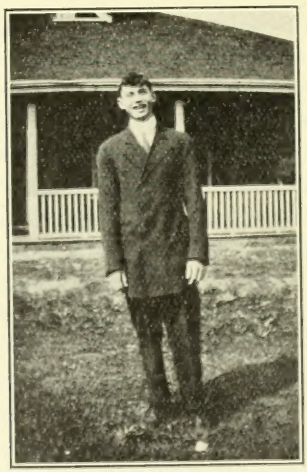
Lagos Colonial Hospital,
October 22nd.

Dear Sir,—I have the honor most respectfully to fall into a discourse in the following order. It is only a negotiation, and I sincerely beg that the each sentence may unanimously be taken into a deep consideration. For all that I am mentioned in this epistle is not a superfluous matter. Before the intimation of my request, I should not, however, loose sight of the following fact. For why should I continue to put the cart before the horse. Since I have been entered into your service as a Steward I have no doubt to acknowledge the condition of your generosity. In a word I have always found you specially a good man. And so I am towards you. Be not surprised to learn in this epistle that I am not in the habit of doing your work in an eye service, but in the awe of God, for I am a Christian. In the Theological Phrases or in the Bible we usually encountered with the same. Therefore my reason in writing you this Epistle is to increase my Monthly Salary. I never made any objection with any increasement you may have increased me as to your natural desire, or you may liberally increased me. For I am always in need. The reason of my want is that the population of this Town, also, I am, were now exposed into affliction of Famine during the Commencement of this year. For this purpose I had come to unsatisfactory conclusion with

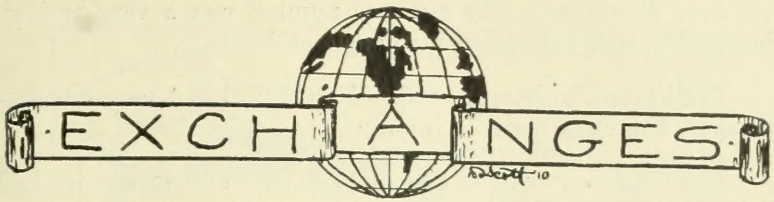
my wages. I beg your most honor and condition to Sincerely Grant My Petition. Farthermore there is more to be considered, I publicly suggest that, with all probability I am worthy of increasement for it is rather a long period that I have entered into your service. In spite of that Cook is increased whilst I am not increased. According to position I am a senior to Cook and he is a junior. I beg to express that since the Pantry-boy has gone who persistently received his wages when were here, I am also represented him. In all these things did I not work of increasement? As to the Cook I never go jealous against him, I wish every individuality to be prospered in your employment. I beg to close.

Your boy,

JOE.



"Trav."



The Lawrence, Lawrenceville School, is a most excellent and representative paper of American school life. It is full of interesting cuts that give one a splendid idea of the type of student attending this fine school and of their various activities. A very welcome exchange.

St. Margaret's Chronicle.—Pleasing as usual; excellent cuts; good athletic news.

The Academy Bulletin, Westmount, Quebec.—The most elaborate and ambitious of our exchanges. It is beautifully edited and printed; full of splendid photographs and very interesting. "Some Frivolous Impressions of Palestine" is an exceptionally good article.

Branksome Slogan.—A welcome exchange. Its stories are particularly good, but we should enjoy a few more illustrations.

Lux Columbiana.—An acceptable, progressive journal of Western flavour.

The Scotch Collegian, Melbourne, Australia.—A very interesting publication, whose photos portray a fine type of student and young manhood.

Alt-Heidelberg comes as an ever-welcome exchange. The verses by A. F. F. are particularly clever and interesting.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa.—A splendid little journal, full of interesting reading. The summer number printed some very good stories and some equally good verse.

The Collegian, St. Thomas.—An unusually fine school paper.

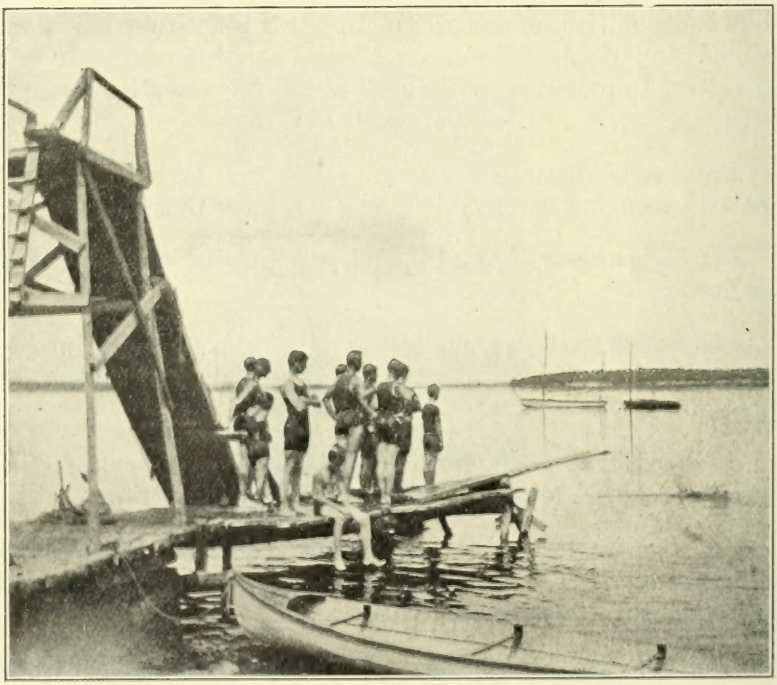
T.C.S. Record.—Somewhat local, with plenty of athletic news.

Acta Ridleiana.—The summer number was a very full and interesting one, containing many splendid cuts.

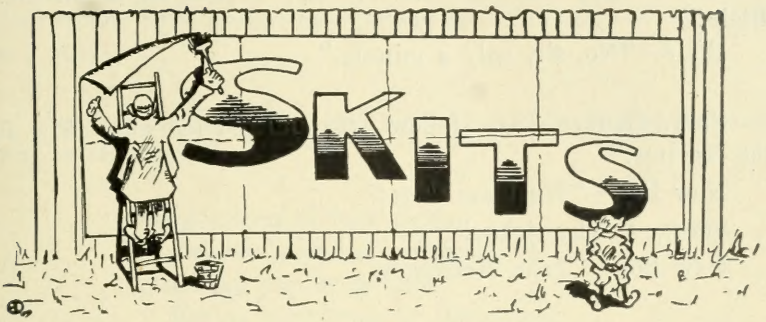
The Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School.—A very attractive paper. The class poem is interesting.

The Western Star.—A new and welcome exchange from Lethbridge, Alberta. We wish you every success, and shall hope to see future numbers.

We also wish to acknowledge, with thanks: *The Argo, The Mirror, Queen's Journal, The University Monthly, Black and Red, Blue and White, The Quill,* and *Bishop Bethune College Magazine*—all old friends, whose appearance is most gratifying. We miss several other exchanges, but hope the Christmas issues will appear as usual.



Wharf at Camp Kagawong



Rolph to Henry I.—" Do you want a skit for the REVIEW?"
Stew. Henry—"Yes."
Rolph—"Scat!"

Ross II. to Manville—"Did you go broke to the U.C.C. game?"
Manville—" No, but I came home that way."

Heard in Form II.

Mr. James—"A camel can go without water for two weeks."
Second Form Boy—"So could I, if Mrs. Montgomery would let me."

Mr. K. (to Whitaker II. in lab.)—"Don't let a train of thought wreck your brain."

Mr. Fleming in 10B.—" Excuse me, class, if I ask you to think a minute."

Mr. Laidlaw—" They never knew when Queen Anne was going to reign."
Davis II.—"Sir, did her subjects always carry umbrellas?"

Mr. Tudball (in lower study)—"Leckie, you've got three hours' work."
Leckie—"No, sir. Only two hours, and three hours late!"

Mr. Findley (coming into IV. A.)—"Quarter of an hour, Blair!"

Blair—"No, sir, only a minute."

Stew. Henry—"Say, fellows, try and get me some skits for the REVIEW."

New Boy—"What are skits?"

Stew.—"Why, jokes!"

New Boy—"Take McGregor."

Mr. Td—"Ault, pick up the paper on the floor!"

Ault—"Do I look like a janitor?"

N.B.—Yes.—Ed.

Fat Ferguson is back to play centre for St. Andrew's in the O.H.A. this winter.

Willoughby, seeing Risteen turning his bed round—"Gee fellows, Rusty is going to put his head down nearer his feet."

Mr. Walker—"How old are you, Ault?"

Ault.—"Eighteen, sir!"

Mr. Walker—"No hope!"

Romance of a Stenographer—

"Dictation."
"Admiration."
"Fascination."
"Matrimony."
"Flirtation."
"Irritation."
"Separation."
"Alimony."

Mr. Walker in Lower Study—"Stand up, the boy who was making that noise!"

Scott—"Sir, it was Kingston scratching his head."

Lieutenant Thompson of the St. Andrew's College Cadets will give private drill lessons on Tuesday and Thursday of each week at 5 p.m.

New Boy, noticing Hutching's mouth—"Gee, look at the tough mug on that guy!"

Sing a song of tuck shop,
Fellows gathered around;
Drinking pop by gallons,
Eating doughnuts by the pound.
Enters portly person,
Orders up an egg;
Wonder who it is? Why—
Only Fat McKeague!

Mr. Finley—"What are the fortunes of war?"
Blair—"The moving picture rights, sir!"

Mr. Bishop—"I'm the guy that put the water in the soup."

Hayes—"Do you know how the thief got away with the college mat?"
Travis—"I suppose he beat it."

Mr. Tudball had a Persian cat,
It warbled like Caruso;
A Master threw a cricket bat,—
Now it doesn't do so.

Mr. Wilson—"What is velocity?"
Morgan—"Velocity is what a boy lets go of the chair with after being caned."

Rolph, translating *bien soif*—Bean soup.

Mr. Laidlaw—"Since the reign of George III. food is so high—I mean, the price is so high."

Merc. Ingram—"Gee, fellows; I'm bust. I've spent all my money at the lady barbers'!"

Mr. Taylor, to White, asking for ten o'clock leave on Earl Grey's half-holiday—"I'd give anything if I had a brick."

Aloe Ingram, who has just found a piece of wood in his sausage—"I don't mind eating dogs, but when it comes to putting the kennel in, it's going too far."

Stewart (talking about a Xmas present)—"How would you like a pet monkey, Marjorie?"

"Oh, Stewart! this is so sudden!"

The annual meeting of room 22 was held on Nov. 6th, and the following is the extract from the minutes:—

Hon. Pres.—Tony, alias Nelson.

Furnace Boy—Isaac, alias Pat I.

Bell hop, Janitor, etc.—Limosine Jimmy, alias Beath.

Stranger to Urquhart—"Who are you?"

Urquhart—"Why, I'm the guy that put the oak in Oakville."

McEachern (waiting for a pan-cake at Childs')—"I say, waiter, will that pan-cake be long?"

"No, sir; it will be round."

The terrible three—Bradley, Allen II., and Wallace.

Mr. Magee to Ingram—"Wake up, Ingram! No sleeping here. Wait till after three."

Manville to Rich. Davis—"Hey, Rich! what do you do in your country when there is no pasture for the cows?"

"Why, we put green goggles on them, and feed them shavings."

Mathuse—"What does the milk taste like?"

Davis—"Oh! antique furniture!"

Henry I. in school—"Oh, dear!"
Mr. Tudball—"Yes?"
Henry I.—"I wasn't talking to you, sir!"

Debec (to maid at table)—"Say, I want an egg that hasn't a chicken in it."

Willoughby—"Do you think Taylor can keep a secret?"
Risteen—"I don't know, but he keeps everything else he lays his hands on."

Mr. Knighton—" This is a colorless brown gas."

Mr. Taylor to Kingston—"Why do you want to go down town?"
Kingston—"Because me knows me does."

Bennett to Mosely—" I remember two good jokes, but I forget them."

Malone to Nation (at dinner table)—"Doesn't this milk taste funny?"
Nation—"Yes; the rain yesterday made the water supply bad."

Kingston (at Tuck shop)—"Come on, fellows, have something on me! I've got a nickel!"

Sandy Blair,
  He comes from the West,
He once wore a hat,
  Not always the best!

He now wears a christie,
  For a very good reason:
Mr. Taylor upholds
  That they're stylish this season.

Mr. Robinson, coming into Upper Sixth after Trigonometry period—"The air in here is thick, boys."

Voice—"Yes, sir; we've been having a dense subject."

Mr. Tudball—"Stop looking up here."

Scott—"I can't help it, sir."

Conductor to Malone on way from Port Hope—"Sir, you land in Toronto without change."

Malone—"That's the way I always land."

Paterson I., sitting by an open window—"I feel a draft."

Stew. Henry.—"Where's the cheque?"

Travis eating a shredded wheat biscuit—"I have found a thread in this!"

Ross II.—"Didn't you know that the wheat is sown?"

White, new boy, who never looked very dangerous before, contributes the following:—

"My Morning Meditation.

"Let Mr. Taylor preach upon a morning breezy
How well to rise, while nights and larks are flying!
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half,—as lying."

After an examination by eminent sanity experts, his case was diagnosed as "dementia versana." Hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Stewart (to Scott who is umpiring kicking game), "I believe you're cheating. If you're going to cheat at all, cheat fair."

Ben Allen,—Say fellows, we're going to have street cars in Goderich."

Bradley; "When?"

Ben Allen—"As soon as they elect me mayor."



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Bradley—"Hamilton is some burg; there's a building there nine stories high."

Stew. Henry—"That's nothing! The basements in the buildings in Windsor are that high."

Ault, to Wilson—"You're wanted on the phone; a female, I think."

Wilson—"Gee, just tell her to wait a minute till I go up and change my collar."

Wallace II., seeing a man drop his watch over Suicide Bridge. "There's a waste of time, all right."

Boug—"To-day is my birthday and I just got my first present."

McLaren—"What was it?"

Boug—"Mr. Tudball gave me a house late."

If an earthquake struck the *Globe*, would the *Mail and Empire*, *Telegram* the *News* 'round the *World* to *Jack Canuck?*

Leckie II.—"Here's a Toronto soldier marching down Church Street to the Front."

Mr. Walker—"Hennessy, I'll gate you."

Hennessy—"Sir, I'd rather have a fence."

Can Hennessy?

No, but Duncan.

Mr. Knighton—"What's the joke?"

Whitaker I.—"I was laughing at Bennett, sir."

Bennett—"I'm no joke."

Mr. Knighton (in Science Class)—"Boyle, the discoverer of this law, was born in 1577. He died later."

McLennan to Blair—"Meet me to-night by the gaslight."

Blair—"What do you think I am, a gasmeter?"

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Think This Over, Men and Boys!

Richardson—"Say, Rolph, How do you start a composition?"
Rolph—"Dear Sir!"

Hefty Towers, we've been thinking
What an awful thing 'twould be,
If, instead of being bellhop,
You were scullion of Room 3.

Leckie I. to Bradley (who is trying on a new suit). "You'll never wear that outside!"
Bradley—"Why?"
Leckie I.—"You haven't got the nerve!"

Copeland—"I lent that fellow twenty-five cents and he won't pay it back."
Munn I.—"I always thought he was eight by ten."
Copeland—"What do you mean?"
Munn I.—"Well, not quite square."

Prunes may come,
And prunes may go,
But sausages stay forever.

Mathuse—"A word to the wide is foolish."

Wallace II.—"Why, the buildings in Vancouver are so high that we have to take an areoplane to get to the top story."
Ben Allen—"Mere shantys. We have buildings in Goderich so high that they have to put hinges on the two top storeys, so when night comes we can turn them down to let the moon go by."

Hayes (at the table)—"Gee, it smells like a fire."
Manville—"I suppose we would have to report before leaving."

Mr. Laidlaw in 10 B—"McKeague, it's morning now!"

Whitaker I.—"What is the best steal in the world?"
Macdonald—"Castile."

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HOOT, MON!

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THE BONNIE CHEESE

Mosely, in study—Sir, may I speak to Bennett?"
Mr. Tudball—"Yes, in time."

Kingston to Stew. Henry—"I've got some skits."
Stew. Henry—"What are they?"
Kingston—"You'll see them in the winter when I'm skating."

If Louise ran down Wilton to Yonge, over Victoria to Shooter would Isabella run to Church?

A schoolboy's year at St. Andrew's:

Expectation,
Realization,
Lamentation,
Initiation.
Weekly ration,
Examination,
Mortification,
Depredation,
Inhalation,
Expulsation,
Summer Vacation.

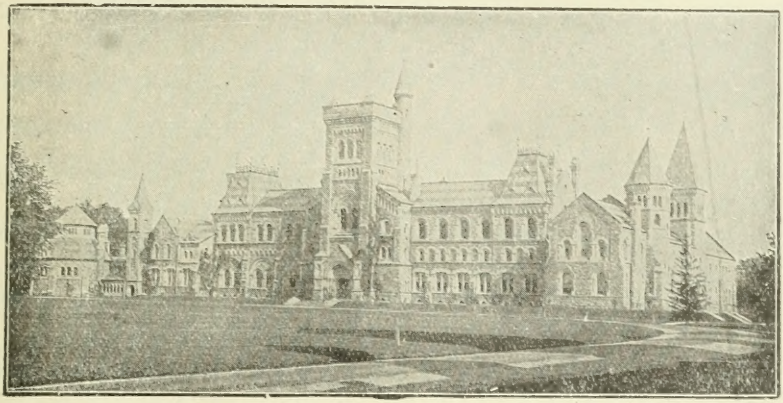
Heard in kitchen—"What's the difference between pomme de terre and potato?"
"About two dollars."

Morgan to Mr. Wilson, on Friday night—"Sir, are you going out to Oakville to-morrow morning?"
Mr. Wilson—"Yes."
Barnfield—"Who's going to give us our pay, then?"

Somers II. to Mr. Wilson—"Sir, do we have to do both those sums on the board?"
Simpson (whispering in a panic)—"Don't put such foolish notions into Mr. Wilson's head!"

Itner to Mr. James at beginning of term—"Say, are you the man that runs the band?"

Malone—Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time.
Lee Wright—Oh, I don't know. Only this morning I saw a policeman enter a hotel and stop a few minutes.



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McGillivray to Syme, passing Reformed Presbyterian Church on Bloor Street—"What is a reformed church?"

Syme—"One that has been knocked down and built up again."

Mr. Laidlaw, going into room 27 at midnight—"Can't you fellows keep quiet; don't you know that all sensible people are asleep now?"

Mr. Laidlaw (coming into room 30)—"What's all this hideous noise about?"

Voice from darkness—"Sir, Davis was just talking about Pasadena."

In IV. B. Mr. Tudball to Fat McKeague, who has been kicking up—"If you don't settle down quickly, I'll soak you one—"

Ault (interrupting)—"Ah, don't hurt the little boy, sir."

Mathuse Manville (listening to Blair singing "Swanee River")—"You know, fellows, the brass-band in Prince Albert sounds just as well as that."

Mathuse Manville—"Gee, but I wish I was in Prince Albert. I used to have lots of fun."

Cantley—"What did you do?"

Mathuse—"I was a boy scout."

Copeland to Mr. MacDonnell the afternoon after the night before—"Sir, may I go on the flat and get a pillow? The seat is getting rather hard."

Ross II., waking Travis up at midnight—"Trav, Trav."

Travis—"Oh gee, what have I forgotten to do now?"

The allied forces of room 3 have gained many victories over the Turk.

There was a man who loved the bees,
He always was their friend.
He used to sit upon their hives,
But they stung him in the end.

—*Cornell Widow.*

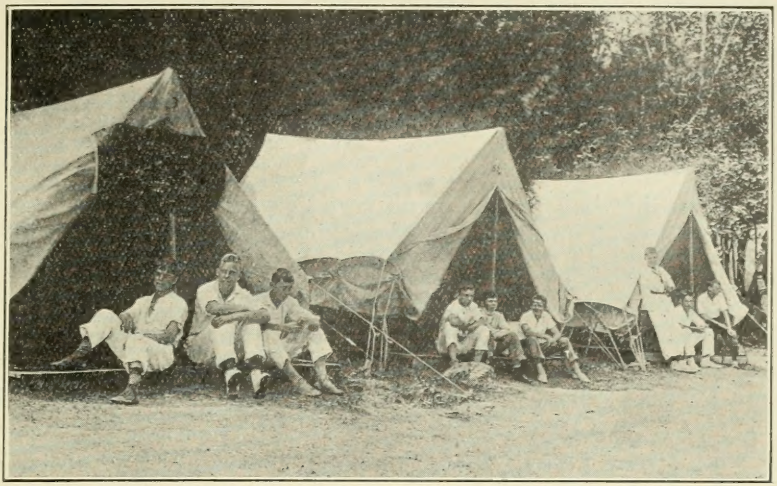
HEARD ON A CAR.

Leckie to Beath—"We get off at Eaton's, don't we, Mel?"

Conductor to Beath—"Taking the little one down to see Santa Claus?"

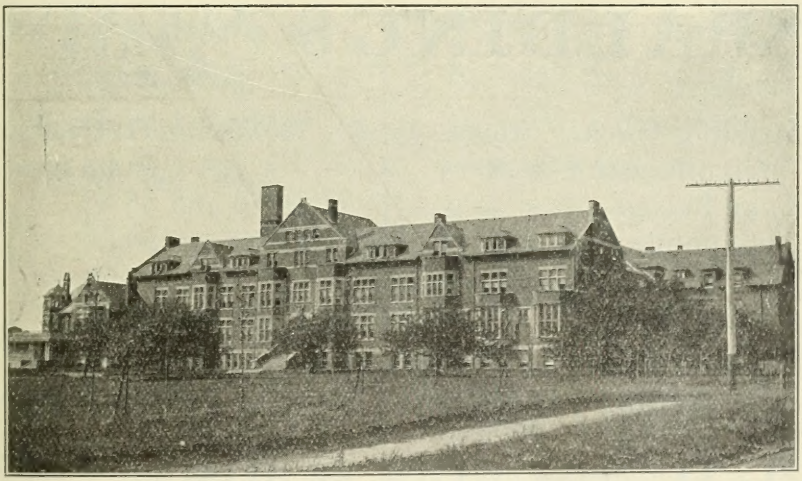
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Headmaster.

A flea and a fly in a flue,
Were imprisoned, and what could they do?
Said the flea "let us fly,"
Said the fly "let us flea"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

—*Ex.*

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes.
He cometh forth like a flower, but is wilted by perplexity and scorched by adversity.
Sorrow and headache follow him all the days of his life.
He hoppeth from his bed in the morning and his foot is pierced by the cruel tack of disappointment.
He ploddeth forth to his toil and his cuticle is punctured by exhaustion.
He sitteth himself down at midday, and is lacerated in his nether anatomy by the pin of disaster.
He walketh through the street of the city in the pride of his manhood, and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune.
Behold he glideth down the banister of life and findeth it strewn with splinters.—*Ex.*

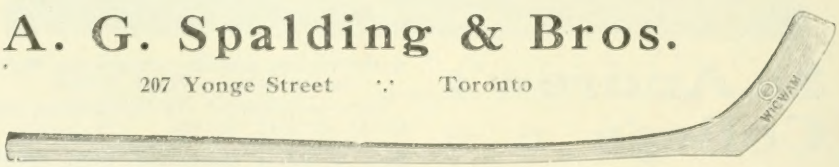
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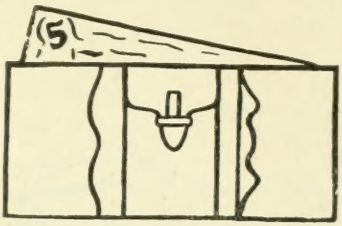
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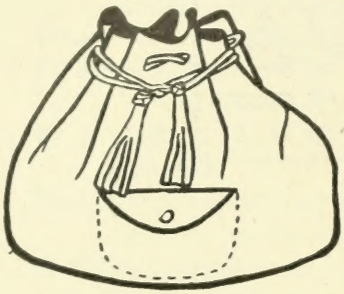
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The Saint Andrew's College Review

Easter
1913



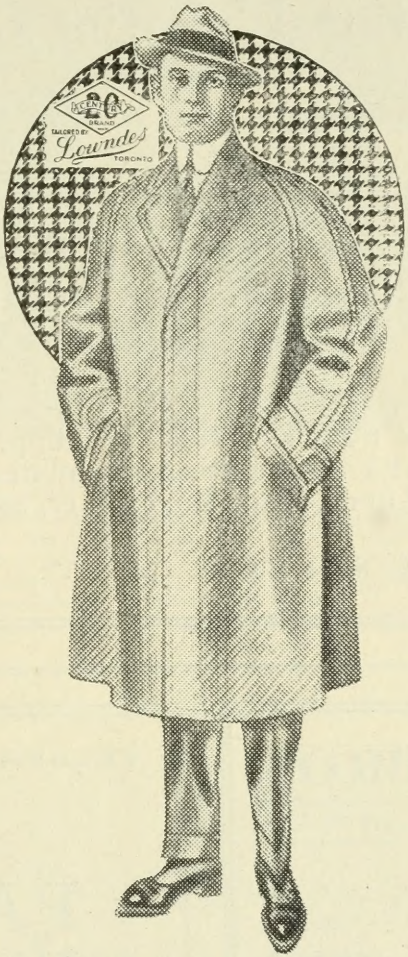
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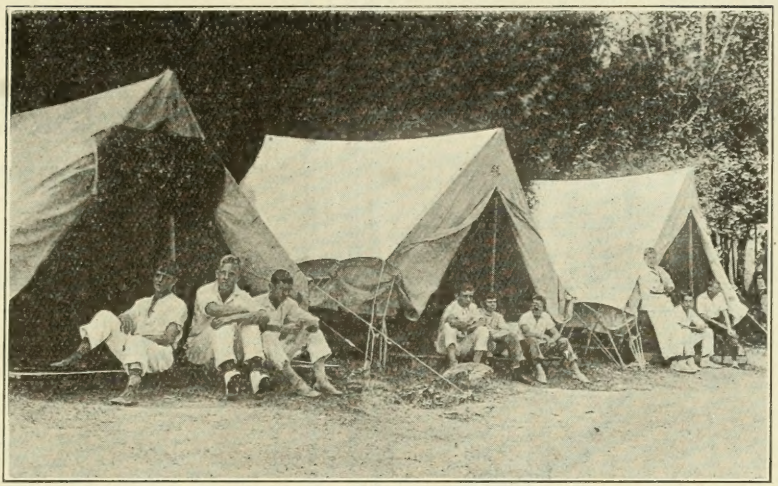
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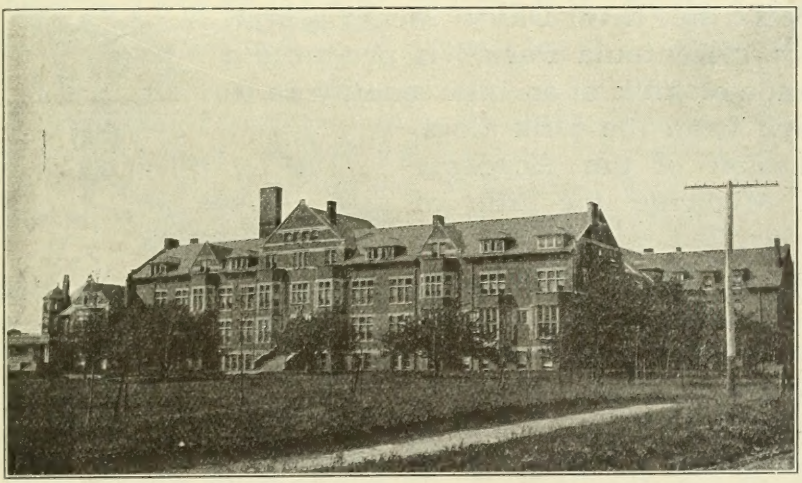
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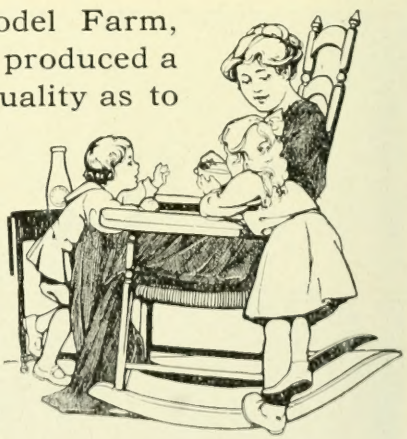


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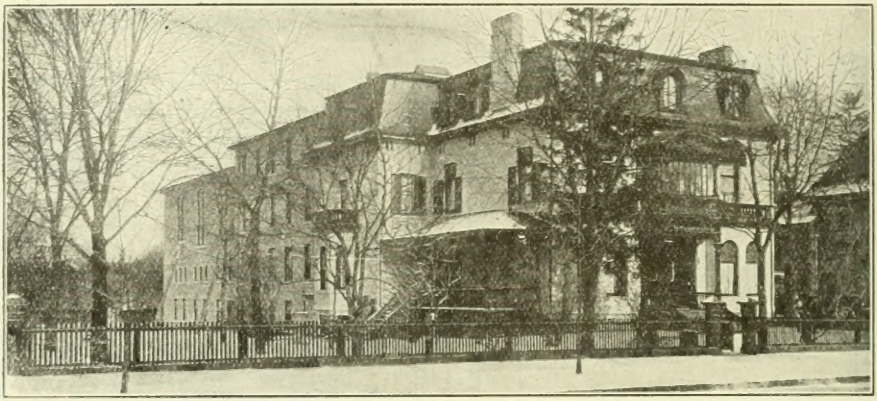
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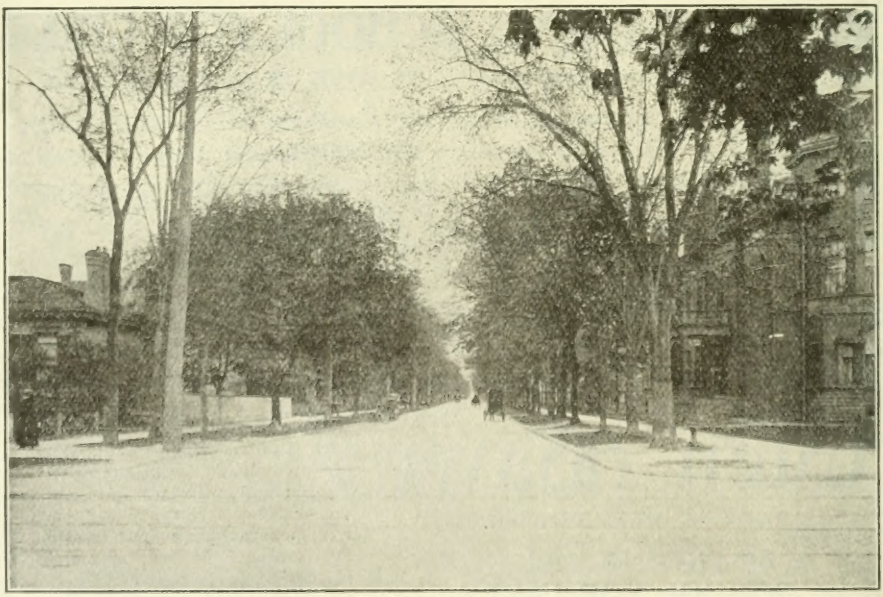
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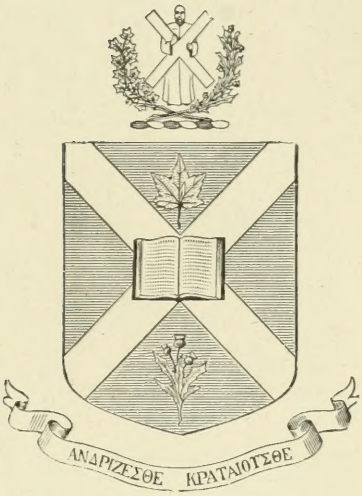


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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1913

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

EASTER, 1913

Editorials

THERE is no blame coming to the man who *can't* do things; it is the fellow who *can* but *won't* who deserves censure. As Editor of a College paper, we have come into contact with many of the latter—boys who are talented and in a position to help their College paper but who, when asked to assist by giving a story or article, make all manner of excuses and—refuse. They are very likely the ones who are first and loudest in knocking the paper when it comes forth from the hands of others. There are several such boys in St. Andrew's College to-day; but, thank goodness, there are several of the other variety—fellows who are willing and eager to help wherever possible, even at the cost of their own time and pleasure. It is no easy job; it does take up time that could be pleasantly spent in the companionship of friends; it calls for an effort; it calls for unselfishness, and all praise is due those who *can* and *do* help their College paper—one of the most representative of College institutions. If the magazine is a creditable one it is due entirely to the boys who are willing to give of their best. If it is a failure, that unfortunate fact is due chiefly to the boy who can but won't exert himself in the least to make it a success. To this class we would say—if you won't *help,* don't *knock.* At the same time, we thank those who have generously given time and thought to the REVIEW. To which class do YOU belong?

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
  And make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think, and not make thought your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
  And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will, which says to them "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run
Your's is the earth and everything that's in it,
  And—what is more—you'll be a man, my son!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Fiction

LUCK AND THE BLACK CAT

THE Pendleton Exploring Society had proved of momentous interest to the juvenile population of that small Eastern town. Its objects were mysterious and vague; its methods of procedure full of delightful uncertainty. Red Grant and Tubby Stanley, commonly known as the Heavenly Twins, had held aloof for some time, refusing to join the despised band, but by some subtle alchemy their scruples were transformed into an unparalleled zeal, which brought much glory and several new members to the P. E. S.

Having once cast their lot with the adventurous company, they threw themselves, body and soul, into its various doings. That the society was given to exploring the country far and near was a fact generally known and attested by many an irate farmer whose legitimate preserves had come within investigation. Court proceedings had been threatened on more than one occasion, but as nothing ever happened the culprits began to consider themselves immune.

The members always hunted in couples, for safety and for the verification of their finds. In consequence, Red and Tubby became, if possible, more closely identified than usual. A sudden and provoking illness on the part of the latter indirectly caused the elevation of his chum to a height of giddy prominence and enviable notoriety. It happened thus:

Late in the summer, during the course of one of their fruitless meanderings, the Twins made a find. It was then late in the afternoon, so all investigations were postponed until a certain Saturday in November. On this day, so full of promise, measles placed its ban upon the luckless Tubby, and it remained for Red to carry on investigations.

Mounted on his spirited little bay mare, he travelled briskly along the leaf-strewn roads in the direction of the blue, haze-wrapt hills. The sun sifted through a trembling curtain of sparse foliage whose brilliant hues were intensified by its glimmering rays. A chipmunk dashed along the stone fence, with tell-tale pouches,

squeaked angrily, and darted into its covert. A few lonesome birds twittered disconsolately among the hazel-bushes, whose milky nuts had long since been appropriated by denizens of wood and field. In the early afternoon the solitary rider guided his pony down a narrow lane, completely over-arched by graceful trees and twining wreaths of wild-grape. Thick grass had obliterated all traces of a road, and the mare's feet trod noiselessly upon soft turf. A sudden turn revealed a rambling house of pure Colonial type, the gray walls almost hidden by trailing vines, which spread to the gambrel roof and circled the great, hospitable chimney. The windows were devoid of glass, and the front door, handsome and durable, swung dismally on rusty hinges.

Red tied his pony to the ancient hitching-post, and with a feeling almost of desecration, pushed aside the creaking portal.

A pile of damp leaves lay upon the floor of the entrance-hall and some had blown into the huge and lofty drawing-room. In the fireplace were sodden ashes, the betrayed ghosts of some tramps' orgy. The explorer peered into the cellar, but a whiff of damp, noxious air drove him into the more cheerful hall. One by one he examined the rooms on the ground floor, then mounted the creaking stairs. A rat scurried across the boards and a spider's web trailed its silken mesh over his face. Nothing of particular interest claimed a perusal of the sunlit chambers, so he mounted a second flight of dusty steps and found several rooms of goodly size in the upper story. They were absolutely empty, with the exception of one, which contained a tottering four-poster, to which clung fragments of faded green hangings. A sudden movement caused him to bang the door as he peered with suppressed excitement at the rickety piece of furniture. On the uneven, weather-smirched mattress a black cat of immense size rolled in an ecstacy of sociability, digging its claws into the ticking and twisting its handsome body in a series of bewildering contortions.

"Black cats for luck! This looks all right," laughed Red to himself, as he advanced cautiously towards his feline companion. The animal rose and leaned towards him, with loud purrings as his firm, brown fingers stroked the jetty fur. Nothing else was to be seen in the shadowy room, and with a certain amount of disappointment Red turned towards the door. The fading Autumn light filtered into the musty chamber with its sloping ceiling and shabby walls. The cat jumped heavily to the floor and rubbed

against his legs as he stood with his hand on the brass knob. He stooped caressingly and at the same time pulled at the closed door. A look of surprise swept over his features, and again he tugged at the refractory portal. It remained fast. Once more he tried his strength, but with no better result. He refused to consider himself a prisoner, and exerted the whole strength of his athletic young body to the task of gaining his freedom. An old snap-lock had evidently been shaken into position by the jarring of the door, and try as he would his sturdy arms and lithe fingers failed to effect his release. For several minutes he worked hard, with the desperation of despair. At first the situation was somewhat amusing, and promised good material for the next meeting of the club, but as the minutes dragged on the seriousness of his position began to dawn upon him. To be shut up alone for a night, or possibly longer, in a ramshackle dwelling with a black cat as sole companion, might be romantic when the outcome was assured; but his predicament was too full of uncertainty for the fostering of sentiment or the future edification of his club. He walked to the paneless window; between the trembling and almost leafless vine the late afternoon sun sifted coldly and a blue mist already hovered over the neighboring fields. Far in the distance loomed the purple heights of Eagle Mountain, behind which snuggled his home. The pony whinnied impatiently, and at the familiar sound his spirits began to rise. Some one must hear the mare's call and begin an investigation. Then his courage waned as he realized how he and Tubby had stumbled on this out-of-the-way place. The lane was unused and far from the road. In a panic of dread he again tried the door and beat hard upon it with clenched hands. The cat retreated to a far corner where her green eyes blazed uncannily in the darkness. He suddenly thought of witches and then, with more practical calculation, of the tramps who might use the deserted house as a rendezvous. He remembered the ashes in the giant fireplace and a cold hand seemed to close about his throbbing heart. He went to the window and cried aloud. A faint, tremulous echo was the only reply.

The darkness deepened until he could see only a few feet in front of him. His frantic attacks upon the door were evidently futile; so he lingered about the window where the dying light kept him in touch with the outer world. It was just such an adventure as he and Tubby had longed for, but as a reality it was

more distressing than romantic. Later he would be able to laugh about it; but, perhaps—! His eyes closed upon a vision of whitened bones found many years hence, and he leaned far out of the window and called in terror-stricken tones. The darkness and loneliness began to have their effect, and added to his mental torment was the physical suffering of an empty stomach. Tears gathered in his eyes, but he brushed them bravely away. He called the cat softly and, as it came to him, grabbed the friendly creature and hugged it close to his breast. At least here was something alive, something tangible—better company than the silence and the darkness. Without, all was quiet and night had fallen upon hill and dale. Again and again he called, but in vain.

The hours dragged on and his limbs grew cold as the night winds blew through the open window. He hugged his furry friend closer, glad of the warmth and the sense of physical contact. He drew into the room as the night became more chill and at last sank wearily upon the rickety four-poster. The room was black and silent—strangely, horribly still. A faint scratching sounded in a corner of the room and the cat sprang hastily from his encircling arms. He threw himself upon the stuffy mattress and held his hands tight to his throbbing eyes. Visions of home floated before him; with a keen, mental uneasiness he knew the furore his absence would cause, and the thought brought a sense of comfort. They would scour the country and perhaps Tubby could tell them how to find the old house. A keen gnawing below the belt made him wish he had brought a lunch. The cat jumped again upon the bed and with a contented purr nestled against him. She had evidently had a satisfying supper of mouse or rat and Red began to wonder about the edibility of certain Chinese dishes of which he had heard. It seemed as if he had been imprisoned for many hours; his eyes closed wearily and, with a half-struggle to keep awake, he lapsed into a deep slumber.

It was an uneasy sleep and the fact of his imprisonment found reality in his dreams. Now it was a deep cavern in which moved elusive, mysterious lights and strange dream-creatures; again, he was entombed in the chill sepulchre of some Egyptian Pharaoh, with grim, ancient mummies as jeering companions of his captivity. Then he came back in fancy to the gray house among the familiar hills. In the blackness, some fiendish, menacing entity lurked,

circling about the dark corners and drawing ever nearer to the four poster. A pair of glowing eyes glared at him over the footboard and then from the tattered drapings above. Long, taloned fingers groped about the edge of the mattress and lay coldly upon his feet. He could not move. The hateful touch became more frequent, more venturesome, as the unseen hands drew closer to his throat. A heavy weight rested upon his breast and his breathing came in painful gasps. Short spasms of pain seemed to contract his lungs and lightning stabs pierced heart and brain. A heavy sense of suffocation caused his mouth to open; but no sound issued from the hot, burning lips. At last the pain grew so intense that a new power lent itself to his nerveless body and mind. The grewsome Something hovered near and he could feel its warm breath as its glowing eyes burned closer to his own. With a superhuman effort he raised himself to a sitting posture, grabbed his tormenter by the throat and with a wild scream of terror sprang to the floor. His head struck something hard, a million lights swam before his straining eyes and then,—a blessed oblivion.

When he awoke his first sensation was one of physical discomfort. He lay upon the hard floor, his head in a pool of congealing blood. His limbs were cramped with cold, his hands blue and reft of strength. Beside him lay the body of the black cat, its eyes protruding from its head, its tongue stretched between death-set jaws. He tried to think out the events of the night but a terrible, racking pain precluded all efforts. The stained mattress was hauled half off the bed, and he vaguely wondered at a little pile of coins on the floor beside him. He picked one of them up in his trembling fingers, but the fact that it was gold made no impress upon his dormant senses. All he wanted was sleep, and a pleasant drowsiness banished the pains that racked head and limbs.

Long afterwards he was awakened by a loud crashing and the sound of splintering wood. Many voices drifted through his numbed brain and soft arms slipped between his aching head and the hard floor.

"Son—little son—thank God you're alive!" The voice sounded sweetly familiar, and there was something wondrously comforting in the warm fingers that tended him. He was too tired to take much notice—too cold to care for anything but the

grateful sense of bodily warmth as he found himself wrapped in soft, downy coverings. The fresh air only made him more drowsy, more indifferent to what was taking place. The sound of carriage wheels sounded like faint, far-away music and the low conversation like the murmuring of some meadow-brook. Something wonderful was happening, but he cared only to drift on—on—on!

* * * *

It was many days before Red opened conscious eyes on his own little room with its trophies of field and wood and stream. His mother rocked gently beside his bed, and about him were sweet, domestic sounds that had never been so full of meaning and comfort. A troubled sense of some dim tragedy chased about his brain and in a voice that he would never have recognized as his own he said meekly, "What does it all mean, mother?" His eyes rested questioningly upon her swift fingers as she bent over her knitting.

"You must rest now, son. When you're better I'll tell you all."

"Tell me now—*please*. Have I been ill? And—where is the black cat?"

"I think, dear, that you finished the poor cat, but not before it brought you good-luck—very good luck."

"I—I seem to remember now—something terrible attacking me—some terrible monster—and I think I killed it, didn't I?" A faint spot glowed in the boy's white cheeks.

"Yes, son, you killed it and in the struggle you managed to tear open that old mattress and in it was—"

"Gold? Oh, I remember a bit of gold."

"Gold and silver—a very large sum of money. Half of it is yours. Dear old Mrs. Ritchie, who owns the place, insisted that you should have equal shares in the treasure. It is all of her grandfather's wealth. He died suddenly and none ever knew where he kept his miser's hoard. He was carried off in the small-pox plague and his room was left undisturbed—no one would go near it. That was many years ago and it remained for you to find the money. You'll be able to go to college now, after all. Isn't that splendid?"

"Splendid, mom. And think of the story it'll make for the Exploring Society. Gee! They'll open their eyes."

"Yes, but you must close yours now and sleep. You've been very ill, dear, but you're on the high-road—thank God."

Already the quiet voice sounded far away and Red slipped gently into a deep, refreshing sleep. His mother bent over him, kissed the smiling lips, and stole softly from the room.

C. N. W.

BURGLAR—OR DETECTIVE?

A RAY of pale yellow light played for a moment about the panelled walls of the narrow hallway and then found its way to the curtained doorway at the left. There it wavered unsteadily, burning with increasing brightness, but diminishing area, for a brief moment. Then a long slim hand crept into the small disk of light. From the hand two lean fingers were extended, then clutching the opening fold of the curtain they slowly drew it back, and as the aperture widened the light disappeared. Once in the room beyond it flitted about from corner to corner, chair to chair, up and down, until it flashed upon the polish of a small mahogany desk. There it remained.

In the deathlike silence of the room there came a short sigh of satisfaction, and the light flew to the upper left hand corner of the desk and rested there. Again the long white hand came into the light and the tapered fingers closed about the knob of the drawer in the upper left hand corner, and slowly drew it open. Then they disappeared in the opening, only to reappear in a brief moment tightly encircling a small black leather case. Then the light faded. The lurking shadow that had followed the light drew itself erect and stood motionless, then with a quick, cat-like stride, it reached the secrecy of the oriental hangings near the window, from where it waited the result of the sound that had come from the hallway.

In a moment a small red glow showed in the doorway and the aroma of Turkish tobacco pervaded the room. The incoming figure crossed the floor and, with a soft click, turned on the light, revealing himself to the silent watcher behind the drapery. He was a tall man, young and strikingly handsome, and was attired in conventional evening dress. He stood for a moment by the table and from its place there he lifted a small, gold-encircled por-

trait, at which he gazed long and earnestly, then quickly replacing it he turned and went to the small mahogany desk.

Behind the drapery the shadow breathed quickly, and a small bright cylinder slowly emerged from the folds. It was pointing toward the figure in the centre of the room.

The other opened the upper right hand drawer and extracted therefrom a small vial of pale green liquid, which he held up to the light with a grim smile upon his face. Then he turned, went again to the table and filled a wine glass with liquor from the decanter, then taking the stopper from the vial he drained its contents into the liquor.

Again he went to the desk and seating himself, commenced to write. He hurriedly finished some four letters, which he laid side by side on the desk. Then rising he returned to the table and again took up the portrait.

The shadow behind the drapery had missed not a single movement and still was watching.

The figure beside the table remained fixedly gazing at the portrait, then picking up the glass of liquor he held it near the portrait as if comparing the two. Thus he stood while the shadow behind the drapery watched him still.

* * * * *

A few minutes later saw the room in darkness except where the moonbeams streamed in the long French window. Silhouetted against the moonlight was the figure of the young man, and in his hand he held the glass of liquor untouched. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and with an uneasy laugh raised the glass to his lips. Like a flash a long, white hand darted from the folds of the drapery and with a light crash the glass fell to the floor. "You fool!" said a voice—it was the shadow who spoke, and his tone carried a burden of contempt. But as he said these words he found himself instinctively raising his hands above his head as he gazed in wonderment at the gun in the hand of the would-be suicide.

"I daresay you're right" said that gentleman, "but who are you and what are you doing here? Come out here where I can have a look at you," and together they moved to the centre of the room.

"Well, to make a long story short, I came here to rifle your house, and was about to make a start when you entered," was the cool reply.

The other smiled. "You don't say so!" he said credulously. "What did you want, anyway?" he asked.

"Nothing more than usual," coolly returned the shadow. "I'm a burglar and what a burglar wants he never knows."

"You're no burglar, my man, but I think I know who and what you are. Come now, give me a more satisfactory explanation of your presence here, and don't forget that I can take the receiver from this phone and bring an officer here within two minutes."

"But you wouldn't do that," said the other.

The young man looked at the speaker keenly, and said, "No, I don't believe I would, I've got a better proposition to make to you."

"Would you care to drink with me while we talk things over?" asked the young man, "or would you rather smoke?"

"Smoke, if you don't mind," answered the other, and helped himself to a cigarette.

"Well, to get down to business. I know who you are, and you know who I am, and I know as well as you do yourself why you are here to-night masquerading as a burglar and prowling about this house. You've got me at last, I admit, but I've given you a hard chase, haven't I? I've got you under my power while I have you here alone, but I realize that within a very few hours I'll be behind prison bars. You know I could kill you where you sit," he said, musingly, "but what advantage would that be? I've appreciated the fairness with which you have hunted me, and I've also a great personal regard for your chief, and it is that bit of sentiment that spares you. By the way, you were foolish to knock that drug away from my hand; or did you want to get me alive? You're a queer lot, you detectives. Now you've got me where you want me, and I'm prepared to give up on one condition."

"And that is——?" broke in the other.

"That you agree to deliver a letter which I shall give you to the person to whom it is addressed, and to do this as soon as you can. It is but a small favor I'm asking, and I think you might oblige me. I am engaged to the young woman whose name is on the letter. You see, even men such as I fall victims to sentiment at times. Fortunately, however, she does not know me as you do," and he smiled. "The letter is merely a note of farewell, as I am leaving for Europe to-morrow—a sudden call," and he smiled again. "I want you to take this letter to her to-night, and I pro-

mise you that I shall not leave this house, and that no harm whatever shall come to you."

The other, who had been smiling to himself all through this recital, suddenly grew serious, and turning to the man opposite him he said: "Are you sure that I can trust you?"

"On my honor, I promise," the young man said.

"Then," replied the other, "I will do as you ask."

* * * * *

Two hours later as the moonlight from the long French window fell upon the floor in this same room, it shone upon the body of a young man in evening dress which lay in a huddled heap beside the window. On the floor beside him lay a small glass vial, empty and identical to the one on the table near the decanter.

On the opposite side of the city, a tall shadowy figure stood in the roadway before a large brown-stone mansion. In his hand he held a white square of paper, and he seemed to be comparing its contents with the number of the house. They evidently corresponded for he slunk up the drive to the large doorway and delivered the letter.

* * * * *

Next morning the papers contained the startling news that Randall Harris, the notorious jewel thief and society yeggman, had been found dead in his apartment in a fashionable section of the city. He had poisoned himself. This, the papers said, was a great disappointment to the police who had counted on capturing Harris when they entered the apartment.

In another column was the story of the arrest of "Shadow" Davis, a clever second-story worker, in a pawn-broking establishment downtown, where he was attempting to dispose of a small black leather case.

M. G. Beath.

WITH THE LAW BREAKERS

THE Annual Spring Assizes of the Judicial District of Andy were held at the county town on February 21st, Chief Justice George Paterson, presiding. The calendar though not an extensive one was of great importance, and the interest shown by the public was evidenced by the crowded courtroom, which was thronged throughout the session.

Henry, the newly-appointed Clerk of the Court, graced the session with his benign presence, and handled the gavel in befitting manner.

The opening case was that of Andy *v.* Manville, involving the theft of prize poultry, the property of one Travis, a prominent taxpayer. The evidence adduced at the trial went to show that said Manville had burglariously entered the Travis hatchery and wrongfully elapsed with a brace of Newfoundlands. Counsel for the defence, Beath, K.C., entered a plea of *non compos mentis,* but his Honour did not feel inclined to be lenient, and Manville was sentenced to two weeks in Hamilton.

In the case of Andy *v.* Hutchings, for vagrancy, it was found from the evidence of P. C. Richardson, that the prisoner had been in the habit of frequenting Child's restaurant, and on the date of his arrest he was found asleep in the doorway of said eating emporium. When questioned by the limb of the law Hutchings replied that he was merely awaiting the opening of the feed-shop in order to be first on the day's supply of pancakes. Ingram, representing the Children's Shelter, offered to care for the prisoner, and Hutch was handed over to be remodelled.

A case which excited some interest was that of Andy *v.* DeBeck. DeBeck, who is the opulent proprietor of the far-famed Bon-ton lunch in Starvation Alley, was charged by the Health Department, through Supt. Malone, with keeping his premises in an unsanitary condition. The officer produced exhibits to verify his charge, and his evidence was quite startling. It came out in the trial that DeBeck was the mysterious producer of the sausages which have been circulated to the residents of this community. In the face of this, His Honor was forced to be severe, and despite the pleadings of counsel, DeBeck was sentenced to an overdose of medicinal combustibles.

Another startling case was that of Andy *v.* Blair, for improper terpsichorics. Many complaints have been made by numerous residents of the Room Twenty-four District, but no definite actions were taken until McEachern, a leading suburbanite, laid the matter before the authorities, with the result that Blair was pinched by the police in the act of performing some acrobatic insanity atop a table in his residence. Some shocking evidence was brought out at the trial, and the court, in view of the gravity of the charge, did not look with favor on the plea of insanity entered by Blair's counsel, Beath, K.C., and he fined him thirty cents and costs, with an additional sentence of ten days.

M. G. B.

NEAR THE JAWS OF DEATH

BUT them rails will be blamed slippery, Red." These words were uttered by Bill, the engineer of the westbound freight No. 4, to "Red," a fiery-haired brakeman who had been in the service of the company for a number of years.

William Black was the son of Richard Black, known to the railroad men as "Shorty." He was one of the oldest of the employees in that neighborhood. Shorty was at present engineer of Eastbound Freight No. 7.

Bill and Red, who had always been close friends, were on their western trip with a long and heavy train. They were to pass No. 7 on the western switch, according to a telegram received by Bill before he left. This, however, he threw away, believing it to be of no further use. It was necessary that the two trains should meet at the switch, owing to the fact that the road was single track across the mountains. A message was given to Shorty at the last station. It was: "Pass No. 4 at Eastern switch," Here was the mistake.

The westbound freight with its happy crew was rattling along at a pace of forty miles an hour, approaching a train going at still greater speed. Twenty-five hundred feet ahead was the Eastern switch and in less than a minute No. 4 had passed it and was on its way to destruction.

No. 7 had been coming steadily onward, its merry crew laughing and joking, when suddenly a grating noise, followed by a

sudden jolt, brought No. 7 to a standstill. A break-down caused a delay of about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the freight resumed its journey.

But No. 4 had travelled steadily over the rails all day and by midnight was approaching the Western switch. Shortly after the engineer of the westbound freight saw in the headlight's glare a dark object on the track. He immediately pulled the cord. A brown bear, terrified by the noise of the whistle, stood still, causing another wild screech from the whistle of No. 4.

In the cab of No. 7 Shorty had been telling the brakemen of an adventure with a mountain lion, when suddenly he heard the sound of a whistle. He could not believe it. He listened again, this time hearing Bill's second whistle for the bear. He could hardly believe his ears. A collision seemed certain. He warned the oncoming freight with three long blasts from the whistle. These were heard by Bill with as great astonishment as his father's. The Western switch was between the two trains. Bill believed the eastbound freight to be waiting for him on the switch, so did not reduce the speed of the train. But Shorty tried the brake, which would not work on account of the slippery rails and heavy load. Shorty thought that by throwing on full speed he would be able to make the switch before No. 4 left it. If not the crew of both trains, his son and himself, would be killed. Both trains were now going at top speed. No. 7 turned on the switch a few minutes later. Shorty now gave orders to apply all brakes. This order was immediately executed, but with little success.

No. 4 was approaching at full speed and No. 7 was still going at a high rate, although all brakes were on. Suddenly the headlight of No. 7 was seen approaching by Bill and he knew it was not waiting for him on the switch. No. 4 was now on the switch and No. 7 nearly at the end. Only about six hundred yards intervened between the third car of the westbound freight and the engine of the eastbound train. Would they collide or would they not? Would the sleeping crew in the caboose of No. 4 pass No. 7 safely? These were the questions which surged through Bill Black's mind. If they did not it meant the death of the caboose crew and his father with his brakesmen. His father he must save. He shoved the throttle to the highest notch. About two hundred yards now separated the engine of No. 7 and the

last quarter of his train. The space quickly lessened. It was now a matter of seconds. One—two—three—four—and he heard a terrific rumble. He put his head out of the cab window just in time to see the engine of No. 7 rush by the caboose of his train. Everything faded from his sight. He fell forward and knew nothing until ten minutes later, when he opened his eyes and saw Red bending over him, telling how he had saved the crew of both trains.

RANKIN.

THE RECOGNITION OF MANUELO

IT was almost six o'clock and east Manhattan street was astir with the usual crowd of home-going humanity. A heavy snowfall had already turned the dark, narrow street into a brighter Christmas-like avenue, and bright shop windows proved sufficiently tempting, for through them one could see many busy people making their week-end purchases. A loud chorus of whistles sounding above the incessant roar of the nearby elevated, announced the hour of six, and, before it had died out a crowd of working girls passed with their usual chatter, and turned down into Bay street. Here and there a newsboy strived to make himself heard, and to sell the latest editions.

The casual passerby would not have more than glanced at a dark-eyed boy dressed in an unusually ragged suit, and timidly holding out papers to the unsympathizing crowds, but a closer view would have proved more interesting. His dark hair and his delicate features marked him as an Italian, but not of the usual laboring class. A look of more than ordinary intelligence lit his hunger-pinched countenance when a kindly old gentleman bought a paper.

At last, either worn out with his long day's work, or convinced that his papers could never be sold among so many old and experienced competitors, the boy turned and walked slowly down towards Bay street. Suddenly, when passing an open window grate, he threw his bundle of papers down and started to run.

He was still running when he reached the door of a small Bowery pawnshop whose windows were filled with the countless old relics that distinguish such a place. He pushed timidly into the dark shop and was met by a fat, unpleasant-looking Jew.

"Well, and didn't I tell you to stay away from here," said the Jew in Italian.

"Yes, but can't I have just one look at the violin," answered the boy in the same language. "I won't try to take it away; please let me play on it for a little while." He got no answer—the Jew seized him roughly and pushed him outside. Turning reluctantly he walked away.

His destination this time was a large tenement house on Stepney street at whose door he was soon knocking, for it was locked, and resisted his feeble efforts to open it. . . . .

It was a room like many thousands in the slum districts of New York. A small window which had once contained several squares of glass, but which was now partially stuffed with rags, let in what little light there was. On an old mattress in the far corner, and covered by a heap of old clothes and blankets, lay a middle-aged Italian woman. Her hollow cheeks and transparent skin told a tale of poverty and sickness. In her arms and warmly wrapped slept a small baby.

With a crash the door was pushed roughly open and in rushed a boy of about sixteen. With a sob he threw himself down by the bed. "Oh! mother," he cried in Italian, "it is no use; I've been everywhere and the people won't buy my papers. Nobody has heard of father, and Wienberg won't let me have the violin. Do you think he has sold it? Oh! why did we ever come here?"

"Hush! Manuelo, dear. You've done your best, and maybe you will be more successful to-morrow," answered the mother as soon as she could get a word in. "How much money have you brought back?"

Manuelo poured a scanty handful of coppers on the floor beside his mother.

"Listen, child, go and get some milk for brother with this, and return quickly. He is very hungry. And Manuelo, ask the landlady if she won't let us have the stove again, just until to-morrow. Tell her it is so cold."

It was, at this time, four months since Manuelo's father had sent for them to come from Italy to Chicago, where, he said, he was making lots of money. He had told them he would meet them at the Immigration Office Landing, but they had watched there for many days after their arrival and he hadn't appeared. They had asked the officials in authority there, but these busy

men could give them no help. The Italian consul had been unable to do anything for them. "Maybe he fell off one of the barges and got drowned; lots do," answered one of the American foremen at the wharf where New York's refuse was sent out to sea, when Manuelo showed him a paper with his father's name written on it, for he could speak no English.

It had been a fruitless search and they were becoming discouraged. Piece by piece Manuelo had to pawn their cheap furniture, for they had brought enough money with them to live comfortably for a while. At last even their cheap beds, chairs and dearly loved keepsakes brought over from sunny Italy found their way to the greedy pawnshops. Finally he had to sell that which he valued more than anything—his violin, and the shrewd Jew had only given him ten dollars for it. At first this sum seemed a lot to the starving family, but now even this was spent, and a few coppers only had lain beside the bed.

The next morning Manuelo kissed his mother and brother, and taking the empty milk bottle climbed weakly down the stairs. He had noted with alarm the ghostly look of his mother, and it frightened him. As usual he turned his steps towards Wienberg's pawnshop where he determined to make a last effort to borrow back his violin, for he could play it in the streets and probably collect a few coppers.

"Please give it to me, only for an hour, and I will bring it back," he pleaded, but Wienberg, who had apparently been having trouble with another customer, was in no mood to be pleasant.

"Didn't I tell you not to come back," said the Jew threateningly. "Didn't I tell you that your violin was sold, and you couldn't have it. Now go."

"But please let me——"

"What does the boy want?" broke in a large, pleasant-looking man in a fur coat, who had been listening, apparently without understanding.

"He said he wanted some money to get something to eat," muttered Wienberg.

"No, he didn't," returned the man sharply, "he wants his violin, and you'd better get it now."

This had the desired effect for the puzzled Jew went into the little back room and returned almost immediately with Manuelo's violin, which he handed to the boy. With eyes shining with fast

returning happiness the boy commenced to tighten the slackened strings. In a few minutes his skillful fingers had tuned it perfectly, and turning to Wienberg he asked for his bow.

"Won't you play something," asked the man in perfect Italian, when he had noted the masterly manner in which Manuelo handled the instrument. "Yes," replied the boy; "listen."

The first few notes were weak, but gradually the sweet strains of "Simple Aveu" rose from the violin under the deft strokes of a master's bow. It was over all too soon, and the man was wiping his eyes. "I had a son once who played the violin," he said, and turning to Wienberg, "how much is there to pay on this?" "Fifty dollars," returned the ever wary Jew. "Here, take this," and the sum named was passed over the counter.

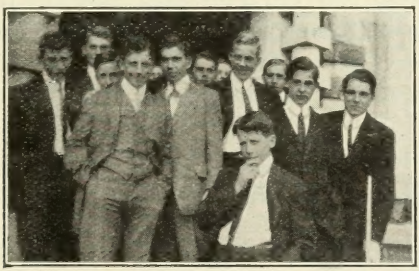
"Now, boy, come with me, and we'll see what can be done." Manuelo confidently followed his friend outside.

It was a year later and the Metropolitan Music Hall was crowded, for the boy violinist, "Manuelo," was to make his bow before the public.

A murmur went around the large auditorium as the curtains parted and the violinist stepped confidently forward. It died down quickly to the silence of anticipation, as with a pleasing smile Manuelo raised his instrument.

Once more the sweet strains of "Simple Aveu" rose and fell and the boy played with a feeling and a fiery zeal that had seldom before been heard. Not a soul moved from beginning to end, and then after a short pause a thunderous applause broke forth. His success was complete, but no one was more pleased than the little dark haired mother in a front seat beside a big, proud, smiling Italian laborer.

E. Y.



"Watching the Wee Birdie"

AN INDIAN DRAMA

WALKING through the crowded streets of Calcutta, near Fort William, which stands along the Ganges River, between the "black city" and the "white city," I met a poor little girl about twelve years old.

Something in her bearing drew my attention. She was dressed in the picturesque costume of the Oriental dancers, and was very pretty, her fine features revealing a higher caste than that to which these poor dancers belong. Her skin was not as dark as that of the ordinary Indian, but more like a Brahmin. She had beautiful dark brown eyes and thick black hair which hung in curls about her delicate waist.

She was looking about anxiously, as a deer when cornered by the hounds, with such a distressed and sorrowful look that I felt compelled to speak to her. I asked her what was the trouble. She answered me promptly with a pleading voice:

"Hurry, sahib, please take me with you. They will find me and they will carry me back to that horrid temple."

Compassion for the poor child and maybe the chance of hearing a story led me to take her to my lodgings, where, as soon as she became sure of her safety, she quieted down and told me, 'mid many tearful breakdowns, the sad story of her life.

"My father was a blood relation to the Rajah of Ranigamy, who resided in Goalpara, along the fertile banks of the Brahmaputra River.

"He had chosen between the life of a rajah in the city and the easy life of the mountains, where he was head of a wealthy tribe in the Province of Assam.

"Everything went along smoothly enough until I was eight years old, when my father received a message from the Rajah to go with all his family to the palace in Goalpara for the celebration of the Rani-Gut.

"He had sent similar invitations to all other members of his family.

"My father unsuspectingly prepared for the journey, which lasted three days, arriving at the palace the day before the festival.

"It was on the morning of the day of the Rani-Gut when I first saw my uncle, the Rajah, in the throne room, greeting his family.

"He was about thirty-eight, thin, tall and muscular, very handsome, and was dressed in a rich silk suit and a turban with a diamond in the centre; his eyes, which flashed every little while, had an insensate look of cruelty.

"The religious festivities being over, a banquet was given for all the members of the family and they remained eating and drinking till late in the afternoon.

"Some of the younger boys and girls, including myself, had been allowed to play about in the garden, not being old enough to sit at the table.

"The dinner over, the guests were ushered to the garden, which was inclosed on three of its sides by very high walls and by the palace itself on the other.

"Were I to live a hundred years I should always remember this terrible scene, as if it had happened yesterday.

"The sun was very low by this time.

"Suddenly a shot rang out and turning around I beheld the Rajah with a smoking rifle which he had just fired at the people in the garden.

"He was in a small balcony, from which the whole garden was visible, surrounded by a few frightened servants who dared not disobey his orders; his eyes were almost out of their sockets, his hair was dishevelled and the red, oblique rays of the setting sun gave him the appearance of a devil.

"He was yelling like a madman:

" 'Conspirators! You shall all die! I shall exterminate you! You will plot against my throne!'

"He had been drinking heavily and had given orders to have his family locked in the garden; then, with five or six rifles, which were loaded as soon as he emptied them, began killing the members of his family.

"The maniac had the most accurate aim, and with a broken heart I saw my father fall, a bullet through his brain; a moment after mother with her spine broken, and my two brothers came next.

"While this atrocious scene was going on he kept drinking that devilish brandy, getting more excited as his people fell dead one by one.

"Terrible scenes passed. A poor woman, begging for mercy, received a bullet through her mouth, dying instantly. He had no

mercy, sparing neither women nor children, and soon as many as twenty bodies lay dead.

"Only his young brother had succeeded in evading the fire, though the Rajah had shot at him several times.

"He jumped like a tiger, ran zig-zagged to spoil his brother's aim and begged for mercy, yelling:

" 'Spare me, brother, we are of the same blood. I will go far away from you.'

"At this point the lunatic, who in his madness thought his family was plotting to take his throne, stopped firing and answered with foaming lips, and with an almost inhuman voice:

" 'I will spare you with one condition. I will give you a rifle with one bullet and I shall throw a rupee in the air; if you hit it you are free.'

" 'I agree,' answered the brother promptly.

"They passed him the rifle. The Rajah threw the coin in the air which glittered at the touch of the dying rays of the sun. A shot was heard. It did not hit the rupee, but passed through the heart of the maniac.

"He was proclaimed Rajah by his servants, but his heart had the instinct of the beast, as that of his dead brother.

"When he knew I had escaped death, he secretly sold me to the sect of the "Thugs" and confiscated my father's lands and properties."

After the relation of the drama the tears cut her short and she sobbed for a few minutes. She told me afterwards the miserable life she had led when taken away by those scoundrels, how she was treated and forced to dance at the sacrifices where human lives were offered to the Goddess of Death.

As Surana and I have become good friends I am making use of my influence to obtain for her the property she lost.

Meanwhile, to avoid being captured again by the "thugs" from whom she had made her escape, I have sent her to a school out of Calcutta, where she is receiving a thorough education.

H. Herschkowitz.

Athletics

PERSONNEL

Personnel of the 1st Hockey Team.

Cantley ("Don") R. wing, captain.—Captained his team well throughout the year; checked back well; a steady, all-round player.

Malone ("Mike"), goal.—A good all-round goal keeper.

Travis ("Trav.") goal.—Keeps his head well; good on long shots.

McQueen ("Smirlie"), point.—A good check and a fair shot.

Alexander ("Gord"), C. point.—Improved more than any other player on the team; good on long rushes.

Ross ("Dud"), C. point.—Was unfortunate in being injured in the first game. A strong defence player.

Munn ("Cocky"), rover.—A fast skater and good stick handler.

McGill ("Mac"), center.—Played his position well; a fast skater.

Hatch ("Russ"), left wing.—The most consistent player on the team; a hard shot.

The team wish to thank Paterson I. for the splendid way in which he managed the team.

UPPER CANADA vs. ST. ANDREWS

(1st game)

On Monday, January 13th, St. Andrew's and Upper Canada opened up the third section Junior O. H. A., at the Arena Gardens. There was a fine attendance of rooters and, as usual, the rooting of the opposite factions was a great feature. The coin was spun at 3.30 sharp, and Upper Canada defended the north end while St. Andrew's took the south.

The teams lined up as follows:

St. Andrews.		Upper Canada.
Travis	Goal	(Capt.) Pepler
McQueen	Point	Pipon
Ross	Cover	De Gruchy
Munn	Rover	Agar
McGill	Centre	Heintzman
Cantley (Capt.)	Right Wing	Henderson
Hatch	Left Wing	Burwash

First Half.

Right after the face-off Upper Canada College pressed and carried the play into St. Andrew's territory. St. Andrew's relieved, but in a mix-up in front of goal, Burwash slipped one in. First goal U. C. C. (Burwash) 2 minutes.

St. Andrew's seemed to waken up after this score and at once began to attack Upper Canada's goal. Munn's rushing was conspicuous, but Upper Canada's defence played a good game and kept the College out. Ross II., after a rush down the ice, collided with the boards and was forced to retire. Burwash, of U. C. C., going off to even up. Just after this St. Andrew's scored. McGill got through U. C. C.'s defence and netted St. Andrew's first, in six minutes.

Upper Canada came back strong and the pace for a few minutes was terrific. Travis in goal stopped four shots in quick succession, while Pepler in goal for Upper Canada had quite a lot of work. Ross II. and Burwash returned to the game. De Gruchy was ruled off, and while he was on the bench Ross rushed and centered to McGill, who batted the puck in. Time, ten minutes. U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 2.

De Gruchy came back and McGill was chased to the bench for tripping. Cantley was penalized and College were playing five men to Upper Canada's seven. Upper Canada tried hard for a goal, but failed. They came up the ice with a nice combination, but Travis made a fine stop. At this stage of the game Munn I. was playing a great game, with Cantley also starring. Munn broke through, but Pepler made a good stop.

Half-time—S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 1.

Upper Canada came back hard in the second half and pressed very hard, but Travis made some fine stops. St. Andrew's then woke up, and the game became very even. Finally, Cantley broke away and scored by a long shot from the side.

Score—S. A. C., 3; U. C. C., 1. Time, 4 minutes.

McQueen broke away, but his shot went wild. Cantley was off for tripping, and U. C. C. with the odd man managed to get one past Travis.

Score—S. A. C., 3; U. C. C., 2. (Agar) 2 minutes.

St. Andrew's played up and the play was in Upper Canada territory till Heintzman broke away, but failed to score. Cantley relieved, but after passing the defence, failed to score. Agar and Burwash broke through on nice combinations, but a good stop by Travis relieved. McQueen, after a fine rush, netted St. Andrew's fourth and last goal in 8 minutes. St. Andrew's were now playing five men to U. C. C.'s six, and U. C. C. tried hard for a score. McGill and McQueen played well. Time up. Final score:

St. Andrew's, 4; Upper Canada, 2.

Upper Canada finished strong, but couldn't score.

For Upper Canada, Agar, Heintzman and Pepler starred.

For St. Andrew's, the whole team played a good, steady game, and it would be very hard to pick out individual stars, but Cantley and Munn especially distinguished themselves.

M. E. M.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

On Monday, January 20th, St. Andrew's played their first game with St. Michael's. At 3.45 referee Waghorne called both teams to the centre of the ice. St. Michael's won the toss and chose to defend the north end. On the face-off St. Michael's carried the puck into St. Andrew's territory, but Munn and McGill relieved and rushed up the ice, but failed to score. For a short

time the play hovered around the centre of the ice. St. Andrew's pressed, but their shooting was wild. After this St. Michael's had the best of the play, and Nealon scored in five minutes.

Score—St. Michael's, 1; St. Andrew's, 0.

After this St. Andrew's seemed to wake up, but it did not last long, as St. Michael's combination and back-checking began to tell, and they scored again in ten minutes. Nealon again was responsible.

Score—St. Michael's, 2; S. A. C., 0.

The play was more even until half-time. Richardson was laid out, and Doyle went off to even up. A short time later the time was up.

Half-time score—S. M. C., 2; S. A. C., 0.

Second Half.

When St. Andrew's came back on the ice, Cantley was playing right boards and Munn rover. St. Andrew's started right in to even things up, and the play, for a while, became more interesting. In a mix-up, in front of St. Michael's goal, Hatch scored our one and only goal. Time, 5 minutes.

St. Michael's, 2; S. A. C., 1.

St. Andrew's supporters had high hopes that the team would tie the score, but their condition was not of the best. Also they were weak in in-shooting and combination. Time after time they would break through and pass aimlessly, or make a very wild shot. Doyle, of St. Michael's, who played a splendid game, scored. Time, 3 minutes.

St. Michael's, 3; S. A. C., 1.

McQueen made a good rush, but failed to score. All during the game he played very well. His rushes relieved the forwards time and again. College began to rush things again, but could not get past St. Michael's defence. McGill made a good rush, but did not score. St. Michael's were now having the best of the play, and Nealon again scored, making the score: St. Michael's, 4; S.A.C., 1.

Shortly after this score time was called. Some dissatisfaction was expressed, because the teams only played twenty minute halves, but St. Michael's undoubtedly had the best of the play, and deserved their win. For St. Michael's, Doyle and Nealon were the



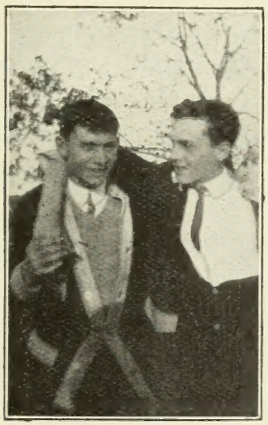
SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

best; while for St. Andrew's, McQueen appeared to be the most consistent player. McGill made some very nice rushes, but he lacked condition. The teams lined up as follows:

St. Michael's (4).		St. Andrew's (1).
Sullivan	Goal	Thompson
Broderick	Point	McQueen
Servis	Cover	Richardson
O'Neill	Rover	Munn
Doyle	Centre	McGill
Bunyon	Left Wing	Cantley
Nealon	Right Wing	Hatch

Referee Waghorne, as usual, refereed satisfactorily to both teams.

M. E. MALONE.



Trav. and Jimmie

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA

On Friday, January 24th, St. Andrew's met Upper Canada in their return game of the Junior O. H. A., at the Arena Gardens. The teams were very evenly matched, and the game was a hard one, both teams putting up an excellent argument. St. Andrew's should have had more goals, only for their failure to pass the puck when they should have done so. Upper Canada put up a great struggle, and only lost the game in the dying moments of the fight.

For Upper Canada Agar was the best man, and perhaps the fastest on the ice. Pepler in goal was good. For St. Andrew's McGill and Cantley played fine hockey, and Munn at rover was excellent. McQueen in defence was fine, breaking up dangerous rushes.

Upper Canada won the toss and began the game by defending the south end. The game commenced with a rush towards St. Andrew's goal, but the shot went wide. S. A. C. woke up and took the puck to the other end, but a poor shot was the result. The puck hovered around U. C. C. nets for a time, until Heintzman relieved the tension by taking it down the ice, only to be blocked by Alexander. Finally, after twelve minutes of hard play, Heintzman took a pass from Henderson and notched the first goal for Upper Canada. U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 0.

However, St. Andrew's tried harder, but could not pass De Gruchy, until McGill took a pass from Hatch and netted St. Andrew's first goal. S. A. C., 1; U. C. C., 1.

Both teams came back stronger and some fine rushes by opposing forwards resulted, only to be stopped by the goal-tenders who each made some exceptionally fine stops.

McGill was laid out by a cut over the eye, and the game was stopped for a few moments until he was ready to play again.

Play resumed, De Gruchy made a fine rush, only to find Travis impassable, he having to come out of goal to stop him. Soon afterwards Hatch scored, putting St. Andrew's in the lead. S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 1.

Two minutes later Burwash and Agar got the puck, and Burwash slipped one past Travis. S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 2.

A few moments after half-time was called, with the score still tie—S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 2.

The second half started in fine fashion with the Saints working like fiends. Thirty seconds after play had begun McGill put one past Pepler. Thirty seconds after Cantley shoved another one in, the score now being: S. A. C., 4; U. C. C., 2.

The forwards of St. Andrew's team were playing fine, backchecking excellent, and holding down U. C. C. Upper Canada then began to play harder, and soon Heintzman scored, making S. A. C., 4; U. C. C., 3.

The two teams were now playing in their best form, each striving for supremacy. Agar and Hatch collided, and Agar was laid out, but was soon again able to play. He made up for it by making a most spectacular rush through the whole of the St. Andrew's team and tieing the score. S. A. C., 4; U. C. C., 4.

The game now became fast and furious, each team playing excellent hockey, and their supporters, keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement, encouraging them on. At last, Hatch, with a beautiful shot from the left boards, beat Pepler, broke the tie, and incidentally put in the goal. S. A. C., 5; U. C. C., 4.

Captain Cantley now had Munn come back for a three-man defence, as U. C. C. were coming back strong. But it was of no use, S. A. C.'s defence was impenetrable, and the gong rang a few minutes later, leaving St. Andrew's winners over Upper Canada for the second time this year.

S. A. C., 5; U. C. C., 4.

LINE-UP.

Upper Canada (4)		St. Andrew's (5)
Pepler	Goal	Travis
De Gruchy	Point	McQueen
Pipon	Cover	Alexander
Agar	Rover	Munn
Heintzman	Centre	McGill
Henderson	Right Wing	Cantley
Burwash	Left Wing	Hatch

Referee—F. C. Waghorne.

H. S. LECKIE.

ST. MICHAEL'S vs. ST. ANDREW'S

Second Game.

For the second time in the season, St. Andrew's met St. Michael's on Friday, January 31st. The game meant very much to both teams, as the championship would go to St. Andrew's if they won, and if St. Michael's won they would tie up the group. With these facts in view, quite a large crowd turned out to see the game. The teams lined up as follows:

St. Andrew's.		St. Michael's.
Travis	Goal	Sullivan
McQueen	Point	Servais
Alexander	Cover	Broderick
Munn	Rover	O'Neill
McGill	Centre	Doyle
Hatch	Right Wing	Nealon
Cantley	Left Wing	Bunyon.

Referee—Waghorne.

Referee Waghorne started the game at 3.45, fifteen minutes after scheduled time. St. Andrew's were at the east end, and St. Michael's at the west. From the very face-off, St. Andrew's forced the play; Munn secured, and carried the puck into St. Michael's territory, but failed to score. College buzzed around Sullivan in the nets for St. Michael's, like a hive of bees, but could not beat him. St. Andrew's shooting was a little wild, but they soon got over this fault. At last Munn slipped the puck past Sullivan from a mix-up in front of the goal.

Score—St. Andrew's, 1; St. Michael's 0. Time, 3 minutes.

This goal seemed to wake St. Michael's up, to some extent, and they began to make the play more evenly. At this point the defence was playing a very good game, but shortly afterward St. Michael's, by a pretty piece of combination, slipped by and scored.

Score—St. Andrew's, 1; St. Michael's, 1.

The play after this score was very even, neither team having the advantage. The play hovered around the centre of the ice. St. Michael's showed good combination, but could not get past the College defence. St. Andrew's rushed the puck down the ice, but

were unable to score. Doyle, for St. Michael's, and Hatch, for St. Andrew's, were playing good hockey. St. Andrew's now seemed to loosen up a bit, and rushed the play. Munn's back-checking at this time was very conspicuous. McGill was put off for loafing. St. Michael's, with the extra man, began to press, but the back-checking of the College kept them out for awhile. They were not to be denied, however, and slipped one past Travis.

Score—St. Michael's, 2; St. Andrew's, 1.

This score woke the College up, and the play became very fast. St. Andrew's had the best of the play, and were continually shooting on St. Michael's goal. Hatch, however, managed to beat Sullivan by a nice shot, and put the College on even terms again.

Score—St. Andrew's, 2; St. Michael's 2.

Encouraged by this score, they again pressed in, and before long had notched another goal. This time, by a very nice bit of combination, McGill scoring.

Score—St. Andrew's, 3; St. Michael's, 2.

St. Andrew's again rushed matters, but St. Michael's seemed to wake up a bit, and the play became more even. Nealon made a nice lone rush, but as he had no support he did not score. Munn and Cantley played a good game, but Cantley was inclined to roam away from his wing. St. Michael's, who were being outplayed, managed to score a lucky goal.

Score—St. Andrew's, 3; St. Michael's, 3.

After this score, St. Michael's rushed the play, but could not beat the College defence. Munn relieved by a nice rush, and evened up the play. Sullivan saved what looked like a sure goal.

Half-time called. Score—S. A. C., 3; S. M. C., 3.

Second Half.

The second half opened with a rush. St. Andrew's went down the ice with nice combination, but broke up on St. Michael's defence. Cantley made a nice rush, but failed to score. Servais relieved by a good rush, but the College came right back and peppered Sullivan, but could not find an opening. Play became more even. McQueen broke up a nice combination rush. At last College broke away and scored by combination, Hatch to McGill, McGill scoring.

Score—St. Andrew's, 4; St. Michael's, 3.

Hatch forced the play, and made a nice rush, but loafed on the return and got put off for one minute. Sullivan again distinguished himself in goal. The play again became even. St. Andrew's defence play well and stop St. Michael's combination rushes. McGill off again, but St. Michael's could do nothing with the extra man. St. Andrew's score in a mix-up in front of the goal.

Score—St. Andrew's, 5; St. Michael's, 3.

St. Andrew's press. Munn made a good rush, and a few minutes later repeats and scores.

Score—S. A. C., 6; S. M. C., 3.

St. Andrew's keep right after them, but St. Michael's scored a lucky one from the side.

Score—S. A. C., 6; S. M. C., 4.

St. Michael's seemed encouraged by this score, and again rushed and scored again from the side.

St. Andrew's, 6; St. Michael's, 5.

The play now became fast and furious. Cantley and McQueen both got put off, but the rest of the team held St. Michael's out. With one minute left to play, St. Michael's break through the defence, but Travis makes a nice stop. St. Andrew's just missed a score, and kept the play in St. Michael's territory. Munn played a fine game at this stage of the conflict. Time up.

Final score—St. Andrew's, 6; St. Michael's, 5.

By this win, St. Andrew's became champions of District 3.

For St. Andrew's Munn, Hatch and Cantley played fine games. In fact the whole team played up well.

For St. Michael's, Sullivan, in goal, played a wonderful game, and only for his fine work the score would have run up into double figures.

St. Andrew's had the best of the play throughout the game, and deserved to win by a larger score.

M. E. Malone.

ORILLIA vs. ST. ANDREWS

Having won district three of the Junior O. H. A., the College team was drawn against Orillia. The first game was played in Orillia on Friday, February 7th. The Orillia rink is somewhat smaller than the Arena, and the ice was much faster. The game started at 8.30, before a well-filled house. The St. Andrew's contingent of supporters showed their Scotch instinct by bluffing the gate-keeper and getting in free, and all of them crowded into the penalty box, leaving no room for the Orillia officials. However, everything was arranged in due time and we settled down to see a good, fast game of hockey. St. Andrew's held their heavier and faster opponents well, the College back-checking and stick-work being very good. Orillia drew first blood by a shot from the side. The supporters of the Orillia team nearly raised the roof with their cheering. They had another opportunity to exercise their lungs a few moments later, when Orillia scored from a mix-up in front of the goal. Cantley received a bad cut on the lip, and the game was delayed while he was being patched up. Orillia now had the best of the play and kept showering shots from all angles onto the goal. They scored again, by Butterfield's nice, lone rush. St. Andrew's seemed to wake up after this score and made the play more even. Cantley had a very bad fall, striking the back of his head on the ice. After a short delay he pluckily continued, and, considering how shaken up he was, played a fine game. St. Andrew's broke through, but Cooke, in goal for Orillia, made a splendid stop and saved a score. College were not to be denied, however, and Hatch and McGill broke through and scored on nice combination play. St. Andrew's supporters, eight of us, cheered as loud as we could, but the sound we made was not very great in that large rink. Shortly after this half-time was called, and the score stood: Orillia, 3; St. Andrew's, 1.

The rest seemed to do Orillia good, for when the game started again they went after it hammer and tongs. They scored two goals in rapid succession, and then—well, there is no need to go into details. When the smoke of battle, or slaughter, may I say, cleared away, the score was: Orillia, 11; St. Andrew's, 1. That was an awful ten minutes. Orillia simply smothered the College team by their weight and combination play. St. Andrew's scored a few minutes later, making the score: Orillia, 11; St. Andrew's 2;

but Orillia came right back and scored two more. Just before the game ended they slipped another one in making the score 14—2. The game ended with a bombardment on St. Andrew's goal, but found the College team still fighting pluckily against overwhelming odds. The team showed the right spirit, and also showed that, although they were defeated they were not disgraced.

M. M.

S.A.C., 5; ORILLIA, 7

The second game of the Orillia series was played at the Arena on Tuesday afternoon, February 11th. The speedy Northerners were again victors by a score of 7—5 in a closely-contested struggle that was quite unique in many ways. College retained the same lineup except for the substitution of Malone for Travis as goal guardian, and Orillia played their regular team, including Lovey Jupp, their star wing man. The game itself might easily have been better. The first half was rather wearisome at times, neither team putting much exertion into their work. The period ended with Orillia in the lead by a 4—1 tally. In the second half Orillia dropped Jupp, whose ankle had been troubling him, and McGill went off to even up. This necessitated six-man hockey, which meant some strenuous work. Early in the period Hatch received a rap on the head from Thornton's stick and was forced to retire. This left each team with a two-man attack, and a merry battle ensued. College had all the better of the period, and succeeded in tying up the score by some superb combined attacking by Quinn and Cantley. Orillia, however, managed to nose out a two-goal lead before the gong rang, the result of some aggressive work by Thornton and McNabb.

Malone, in the nets for College, did some excellent saving, and cleared with good judgment always. He was rather unlucky with two rebound shots in the second half, however. Munn and Cantley produced some spectacular combinations and their untiring work saved the game in the dying moments of the struggle. McQueen and Alexander put up a sterling defence; time after time they broke up the rushes of the Orillia forwards and saved their goal from impending danger. Hatch and McGill also did good work in the first half, and had conditions allowed, they would have dupli-

cated in the second. The team as a whole played a steady, aggressive game, and surprised their supporters time and time again with spurts of amazing speed.

For Orillia Butterfield starred. His work was gilt-edged from start to finish. Jupp, McNabb and Thornton were also strong factors in the game. As a team Orillia did not play with the vim and dash they displayed on their own ice, preferring to hold themselves in reserve.

LINE-UP.

Orillia.		S. A. C.
Cooke	Goal	Malone
Reid	Point	Alexander
McNabb	Cover	McQueen
Butterfield	Rover	Quinn
Tudhope	Centre	McGill
Thornton	Left Wing	Hatch
Jupp	Right Wing	Cantley

Referee—Gren Caldwell (Barrie).

M. B.

SECOND TEAM—ST. ANDREW'S, 5; UPPER CANADA, 3

Not to be outdone by the Firsts, the Seconds also put it over Upper Canada in their only meeting of the season, by a score of 5—3. It was a slow game, and the players on both sides were guilty of nonchalance, and even somnolence, at times. The score is no indication of the play, as College had possession of the rubber easily ninety per cent. of the game, and should have piled up an enormous score. Wright starred for College, playing a magnificent game. He was all over the ice, aggressive at all times, and checking back zealously. Beecroft and Malone also played good, consistent hockey. For Upper Canada, Arnoldi and Howard were the best.

LINE-UP.

St. Andrew's—Goal, Malone; Point, Richardson; Cover, Beecroft; Rover, Wright; Centre, Rand; Right Wing, Nation; Left Wing, Bell. Referee—Pepler, Upper Canada.

T.C.S. II. vs. S.A.C. II.

On Thursday, February 27th, the "Speed Boys" (which is the Second Team) met the second septette from Trinity College School, at the Arena.

Although St. Andrew's won by an overwhelming victory of 12—1, yet the Port Hope lads fought hard all the way.

Two Trinity players were forced to retire on account of injuries, and the game ended five men a side.

From the initial whistle to the final gong the Saints played the Red and Black off their feet.

In the first half the Saints had much the better of play, but only annexed four goals. However, in the second period, the play was all St. Andrew's, and they netted goals at their will. Port Hope made their lone tally with five minutes to play.

The game ended S. A. C., 12; T. C. S., 1.

Wright and Beecroft played brilliantly for the College, while Broughall, in goal, for T. C. S., put up a good exhibition of net-tending.

PATERSON I.

LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY (1913)

This hockey season has been a remarkably successful one for St. Andrew's College, and the Lower School have done their part towards making it such.

Though at St. Andrew's, as well as at other rinks, the ice was slow in coming, yet it did not take long for the team to round into shape. The first seven opened the Lower School season against



First Team, Hockey, Lower School

U. C. C. on Friday, February 14, against the Preparatory School. Though playing on strange ice, the Saints completely outclassed the Blue and White boys. The game ended with the score standing 9—2, with St. Andrew's in possession of the large end. Munn II. was the best man on the ice, he playing a beautiful game at cover-point.

A week later, on February 21st, the Second Team played a Rosedale club. Again the Saints demonstrated their superiority, winning by 7—0 in a rather one-sided contest.

Owing to an epidemic of measles at Upper Canada, all further games with that College have been cancelled. However, there are yet games to take place against the U. T. S. and Rosedale clubs. It is to be hoped that in these fixtures the Crimson and White will acquit themselves as creditably as they have so far.



Second Team, Hockey, Lower School

In an exhibition game between 1st Lower School team and a seven representing the Lower Flat, Upper School, the former proved easy victors to the tune of 11—3.

Much of the success of the Lower School is due to the untiring efforts of Captains Munn II. and Comstock, of the first and second team, respectively.

LINE-UP.

First Team—

Goal, Stevenson; Point, Leishman II.; Cover Point, Munn II.; Rover, Winter I.; Centre, Balfour; Right Wing, Cameron; Left Wing, McDougall. Spare, McGillivray.

Second Team—

Goal, Grant; Point, Smith; Cover Point, Comstock; Rover, Carr; Centre, Winter II.; Right Wing, McGillivray; Left Wing, Donaldson. Spare, Davis.

GRANT II.

"THE BELL HAS GONE"

They tell me that "the bell has gone,"
Where, O where?
They tell me that "the bell has gone,"
Yet still, it's there.
And if it went, why should we go
To classes slow?
But if it goes, how shall we know
To go below
For food, when spirits faint.
I pray you ask the bell to stay,
And not delay
To ring for breakfast, dinner, tea,
This is my hungry plea.

Bishop Bethune's College Magazine.

Miscellaneous

DID THIS EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

There was row and great commotion
Heard resounding through the flat,
Like the roar of mighty ocean
Like the noise of fierce combat;
There was heated conversation
And a plenitude of cussing;
Jones was making preparation
For an afternoon of fussing.

You could hear the doors all banging
As he rattled down the hall,
You could hear the pitcher clanging
As he took a nasty fall;
"Where's the soap?" and "Where's my razor?"
Listen, as he cries, abused:
"Who's been using my new blazer
As a polisher of shoes?"

Can't you hear the gruesome wailing
Sounding loud throughout the place?
It is Jones—he's merely scaling
Half the skin from off his face.
"Where's my face cream and my powder?"
"Where are all my purple hose?"
Then he yells a little louder
As he slips and cuts his nose.

It's the same old, sad, sad story,
As he stamps around the flat;
He can't find his shirt or collar,
Someone else has got his hat.
There is trial and tribulation,
And an overdose of mussing
When Jones starts his preparation
For an afternoon of fussing.

M. G. B.

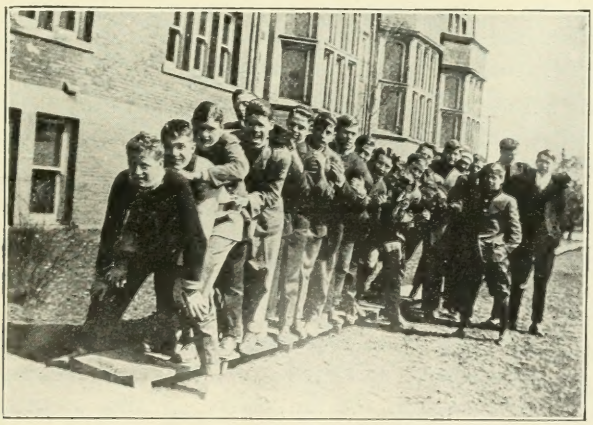
THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Among the most important features of the College year are the weekly meetings of the Literary Society. These are held on Friday evenings and are a source of much interest to all concerned.

The primary motive of the Society is to give its members an opportunity to face an audience and to speak without succumbing to nervousness, the terror of the uninitiated. That the members are deriving a benefit from this is shown in the frequent debates which are given wherein the debaters have acquitted themselves admirably, advancing their arguments and refutations in a finished, convincing manner.

The programmes rendered by the members at these meetings are very varied, embracing debates, two-minute speeches and difficult musical efforts. By tactful arrangement these programmes are made both instructive and entertaining and provide a fitting relaxation after the week's labors.

The following are the officers of the Society:—Hon. Pres., Dr. Macdonald; President, Mr. Taylor; 1st Vice-Pres., Travis; 2nd Vice-Pres., Henry I; Secretary, Ross I; Historians, Nelson, McKeague, Ross I; Form Representatives, McQueen, Beath, Paterson I, Cantley, McGillivray.



Lock-Step

THE CADET CORPS DANCE

AS the brilliant social event of the college year the Cadet Corps Dance shines forth pre-eminent. This year it lacked none of the impressiveness of former occasions, and to many minds it eclipsed even the most successful held heretofore. It was truly a gala night for the old school, and each one of the merry throng who gathered in the old hall enjoyed to the full an altogether delightful evening as guests of the Cadet Corps.

It was a brilliant assembly that thronged the gaily decorated corridors and halls on that evening. There were myriads of beautifully gowned matrons and maids, and the variety of their costumes intermingled with the handsome uniforms of the cadets, and a sprinkling of more conventionally attired cavaliers made a pleasing spectacle indeed. Then, too, the music was excellent, the floor all that could be desired, and in fact everything was conducive to enjoyment.

The hall was dressed in befitting array for the festive occasion and sitting out nooks were placed here and there with tactful deliberation. These secluded corners were occupied at divers times by gallant cadets and their winsome ladies.

The first guests began to arrive soon after eight o'clock, and when the orchestra commenced the opening bars of the first two-step there were upwards of one hundred and twenty-five couples present.

Mrs. Macdonald received at the entrance to the hall and was admirably assisted by Capt. Ross and Lieut. Thompson.

A dainty supper was served in the dining hall during the period between the eighth and thirteenth dances. It was a toothsome morsel and the very acme of catering excellence.

The programme, though of reasonable length, proved all too short, and it was anything but relief that welcomed the concluding waltz. "God Save the King" brought the delightful evening to a close at about two o'clock.

Much credit is due those in charge for the admirable manner in which all details were arranged. No item was lacking to provide pleasure and comfort for the guests, and the evening passed off very smoothly.

BEATH.

SOCIETY NOTES

Lady de Effie Ross, who broke her knee while entertaining Upper Canada Hockey team, is around and about again.

Miss Stewey Henry, the prima donna of the classical success, "The Darlings of Paris," gave a most delightful dinner party to a few of her most intimate friends the other evening. Those present were Miss Sandrina Blair, Miss Beckey de Beck, Madame Warner le Paterson, Lady Fatty McLennan and numerous other friends. Miss Stewey, whose engagement to Sir Aelvo Ingram was announced at the dinner, wore a charming chiffon de valpariso boudoir pantaloon dress. She carried on her arm a beautiful bouquet of cowslips of the valley. Sir Aelvo stood with one arm around her middle and received with her. Miss Sandrina wore her accustomed shoe lace and happy smile. Her hair was done in a tousled door mat, pomeranian, shredded biscuit style. Miss de Becky Beck wore a borrowed pair of pyjamas which were unfortunately much too small, and before the evening was over she was forced to retire to bed. Miss McLennan met with a very unfortunate accident. She sat down on a nearby chair and it collapsed. She sprained the ligaments of her right left hind foot. The noise of her fall brought about an intrusion on the part of Mr. Taylor. The party broke up hurriedly, but Miss Stewey intends to hold another one shortly.

Lady Hutchings held a society charity raffle on a pair of skates. Miss Malone, the charming debutante (blond, Tuesdays and Thursdays), drew the lucky number, and to date she is the only one who has paid her 50c. Sir Georgo Paterson, the local financier, lost heavily on the transaction, and it is rumored that he will have to give up his palatial apartments in 22.

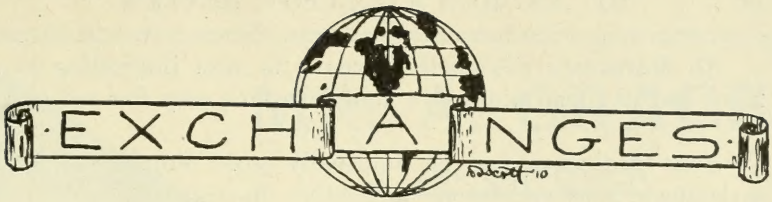
Mr. Sandy Blair wishes it to be announced that he will not be able to keep his engagements for the next few Saturdays, as he will on those days be visiting Mr. Taylor, who has proved to be one of the most thoughtful hosts. He always provides amusement and occupation for his visitors, and they have never been known to leave him until 6.30 p.m.

Blushing quite cutely, E. A. Rand and F. G. Rolph took their seats in the prefect's bench on an auspicious morning in January, amid enthusiastic applause.

A.O.P.G. meetings have been postponed on account of the illness of one of the members. Mr. McKeague, who has just recovered from the chronic rheumatism, has been once more attacked by hydrophobia paralysis of the croopic membranes. His right hand is paralyzed and he is unable to do any school work.

A LOWER SCHOOL TRAGEDY

WINTER was over. "Somer's come," cried the King as he entered his Carr with his Morgan-atic wife, and drove through the Barnfield to see if the Hay had been cut on the Marsh. He saw the Applegath-erers at work trying to earn some Munn-ey. "That tree is only fit for Lumber(s) or kindling Wood! Hewitt down or I May be Cross. Your're Lazier than ever," he added to the black-Smith, "and should be soaked in Bryan. "I'll Turnbull and bunt you into the middle of next week. Had you worked, I should Grant you some Beer. Get the Leish-man and tie his hands. He will Tugwell. If it were the Queen, I'd half Skinner." The poor man turned Greene and Brown as he showed the King the Marks of labour on his hands. "Odell-iver me," he cried, but the monarch had him executed on the spot.



The Boone Review, Wuchang, China, is a most interesting number. It contains a most graphic description of revolutionary doings, illustrated by splendid photos, of havoc wrought by the Revolutionists. We rejoice that this fine college was spared and that they are able to resume their noble work.

Blue and White, Rothesay, N.B., sustains its standard of excellence and is a welcome exchange.

Black and Red, Victoria, B.C., is attractively edited, but rather local in nature.

Collegiate Outlook, Moose Jaw, Sask., is full of interesting reading—good stories and clever articles.

Bishop's College School Magazine is a tasty little periodical that would be improved by some stories and verse.

The Magpie, De Witt Clinton High School, New York, is one of the best exchanges on our list, and abounds in interest from start to finish.

The Scotch Collegian, Australia, is a splendid paper, thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

The Branksome Slogan is a gem, and reflects great credit upon its editors. The Christmas number is excellent,—bright and attractive, with good illustrations. Congratulations.

The School Magazine, Lower Canada College, is a splendid one—beautifully printed, tastefully bound, and full of good reading and illustrations, it is a credit to the school. The team critique is unique and most interesting.

St. Margaret's Chronicle, Toronto, is most interesting at all times and its illustrations give much tone to a very fine periodical.

Acta Ridleiana has an unusually good number—splendid caricatures, good articles and attractive illustrations.

Alt-Heidelberg is an ever-welcome exchange. The clever verses by "A. F. F." are much appreciated.

The Mirror, Philadelphia, is one of the most ambitious of our exchanges, and its editors put out a highly creditable paper at all times.

The Black and Gold, Honolulu, is a far-away exchange that we gladly place on our list of contemporaries. It is a very attractive paper.

The Tatler, published by the students of the Huntington High School, Virginia, is a work of art from beginning to end. The January cover is the finest we've seen and is a gem, while the contents of the excellent little paper are in accord with its binding—good, through and through. Come again, *Tatler!*

Vox Lycei, Ottawa, as usual, fine and dandy. One of our best exchanges, much enjoyed.

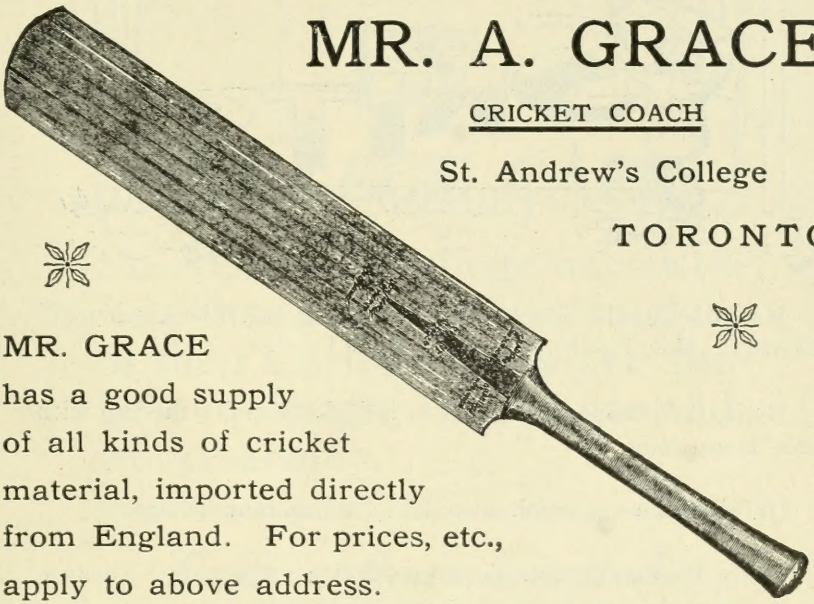
Other exchanges gratefully acknowledged are: *Bishop Bethune College Magazine,* Oshawa; St. Hilda's Chronicle, Toronto; *University Monthly and Arbor,* Toronto; *Lemon and Black,* Front Royal, Virginia; *Calendar,* Buffalo; Ashburian, Ottawa; *The Albanian,* Brockville; *Lux Columbiana,* New Westminster; *Acadia Athenaeum; Chronicle; Argo; T. C. S. Record.*

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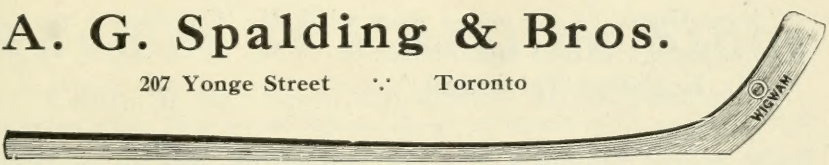
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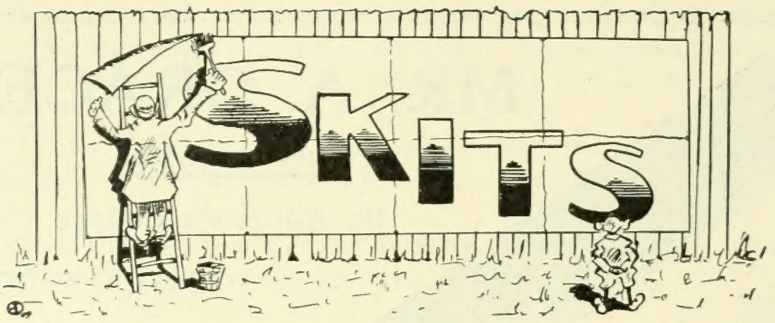
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Marjorie (at the dance): "Doesn't Stew look like a colonel?" (kernel). Mel. Beath: "Yes, he's nutty."

Blair, the irresponsible, goes to bed alone, and wakes up with three house lates.

Hefty Tower's new job, a model in a macaroni factory.

Looty Thompson (at cadet corps drill): "Company! Advance two paces to the rear."

Mr. Chapman (at the dinner table, before 2nd U.C.C. game) —"You can't have dry buttered toast, fellows."

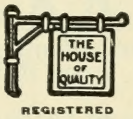
Paterson I. (seeing a sign "No Bathing Here")—"This is the place for me."

Merc. Ingram—"Watch all the skirts look at me, I've just found a dime."

Mr. Walker—"Who made that noise like a steamboat?"
Campbell—"Steamboat Bill."

Bradley, the last of the terrible three.

Stew Henry (going out of room when Mr. Knighton is turning out lights): "Good night, bums."
Mr. Knighton: "Good night."



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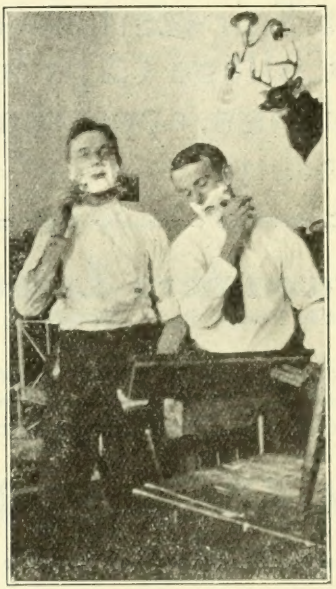
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Mr. Walker in 4 B.
Henry, take eight quarters attention.

Dr. MacDonald (en route to Orilla)—"There's to be no betting on the game, boys."
McQueen—"Sir, you can't very well bet on your face."
Dr. Macdonald—"I wouldn't take a chance on yours."



A Weekly Event

Mr. Findlay (in 46)—"Well, Class, we have two minutes left, has any boy a question to ask?"
Olinger (the bright boy)—"Yes, sir. "What is the time?"

Mr. Walker (to McPherson II.)—"Take two quarters."
McPherson (a new boy)—"I'm not allowed to take money from strangers."

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Think This Over, Men and Boys!

Mike Malone (to Blair)—"What are you doing there?"
Blair—"I'm oilin' the wheel-barrow."
Mike—"Well, lave it alone. I'll do it meself. What do you know about machinery?"

Wallace II. (writing to Ben Allen)—

Der roses vos redt,
Der violet blue;
You see I've left,
And you left too.

Stew. Henry—"Every time I go over to Detroit on the boat it makes me cross."

Mel Beath (as the car passes Ainger apartments)—"Where does she live?"
Rich. Davies—"Suite sixteen."
Mel. Beath—"I didn't ask you how old she was. Where does she live?"

Blair—"I think'll show snowing (snow-shoeing)."
Sprinks Chase—"Ah! you've got your tong tungled (tongue tangled.)"

Reg. Wilson—"Wallace I. owes me fifty cents. He got hit on the head, and the doctor says he is going to lose his memory."

Dand—"Are mosquitoes religious?"
Crothers—"Yes; they first sing over you; then they prey on you."

Sandy Blair—"I dreamt I was eating flannel cakes, and when I woke up, half the blanket was gone."

Scott to McIvor—"What's the use of fighting with you? If I gave you a black-eye, it wouldn't show on your dirty face."

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THE BONNIE CHEESE

Mr. Tudball—"Have you been eating oranges, Crothers?"
Crothers—"No, sir. Why?"
Mr. Tudball—"I see the skin all over your face."

Risteen (to Fat MacDonald while walking from town)—"Tired walking, Fat?"
McDonald—"Yes."
Risteen—"Let's run awhile then."

Mr. Taylor (in Anc. History class)—"When was Rome built?"
Davis II.—"In the night, sir."
Mr. Taylor—"What makes you think so?"
Davis II.—"Because you said it wasn't built in a day."

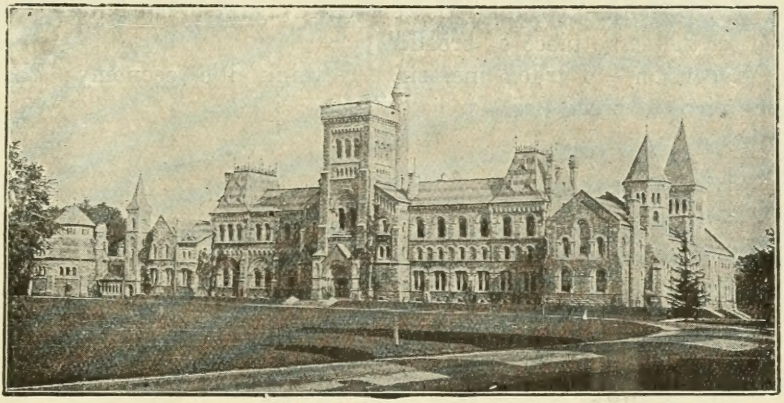
De Beck—"What did Dr. MacDonald cane you for just now?"
Graham—"He thrashed me for nothing. Do you think I paid him for it."

Up with your shouts, Blair;
Down with your doubts,
We'll turn lazy louts
Into manly boy scouts.

School Inspector (to Black)—"Who is it that sits idle when everybody else is working?"
Black—"The Master, sir."

Jones Bateman (who has his arm tied up)—"I was not like this always, sir."
Dr. Macdonald—"No, yesterday you had the other one tied up."

Mr. Laidlaw (in literature class)—"Blair, give me a sentence using the word 'seldom.'"
Blair—"My father had two horses and he selled 'em both."



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Mr. Bishop—"I think it is very extravagant to eat butter and jam on the same piece of bread."

Robertson—"Pardon me, sir. I think it's economy; the same piece of bread does for both."

Blair to De Beck (who has brought up his piece of cake from supper on Sunday)—"Let's play menagerie. I'll be the lion and you feed me your cake."

Some like cats, and some do not,
Their music is vile, when their claws get caught;
But of all the sounds that sound like sin,
There's nothing as vile as a vile violin.

Travis (in Montreal restaurant)—"Do you serve lobsters?"
Waiter—"We serve anybody; sit down, sir."

Master—"Is that your father's signature?"
Davis I.—"As close as I can get it."

Really, there is more water in Lake Ontario than in the college soup.

Old Boy (to Sandy Blair)—"Do you know my young brother?"

Sandy—"Sure. I sleep in the same Latin class with him."

Cantley (to tailor)—"Yes, I like this suit. I suppose you will make any alterations I require free?"

Tailor—"Certainly, sir."

Cantley—"Well, then, cut down the price from $22 to $10."

Malone—"What did Gren. Rolph do on Saturday?"

Lin—"As usual, he had lunch at the Baltimore and picked his teeth outside of the King Edward."

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Methuse (who has been stung by a hornet)—"It walked over my hand, and it was pretty, but oh, when it sat down."

Syme to Beer—"Mr. Walker gave me four quarters to-day."
Beer (innocently)—"I wish he would give me a dollar."

Bradley—"Where did you get the hair cut?"
Cantley—"On my head."

Master—"What is space?"
Cantley—"It is—is—is—I have it in my head, but can't explain it."

Mr. Robinson (giving Latin example)—"Even though he were to slay me, I would still love him."

Mr. Walker—"Does my question embarrass you?"
Duncan—"No sir; the question's all right, but it's the answer that puzzles me."

Barnfield to Mr. W.—"I've got a pain in my stomach."
Mr. W.—"How did you get it?"
Barnfield—"Oh, it just came natural."

Barnfield to Donaldson (who has been boasting of his expenditure at the tuck—"You're just like the prodigal son, and deserve to end up in the pig pen."

In 72 (after 4B science class)—"Run along, boys, and play with some other master."

Mr. Robinson (in Latin class)— "How many sentences did you do, McGregor?"
McGregor—"I did them all except the ones I left out."

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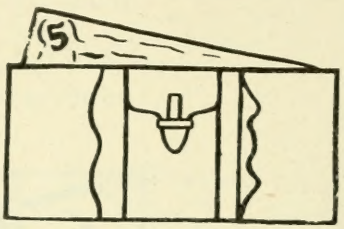
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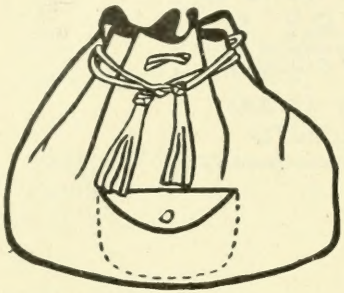
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The Saint Andrew's College Review

Midsummer
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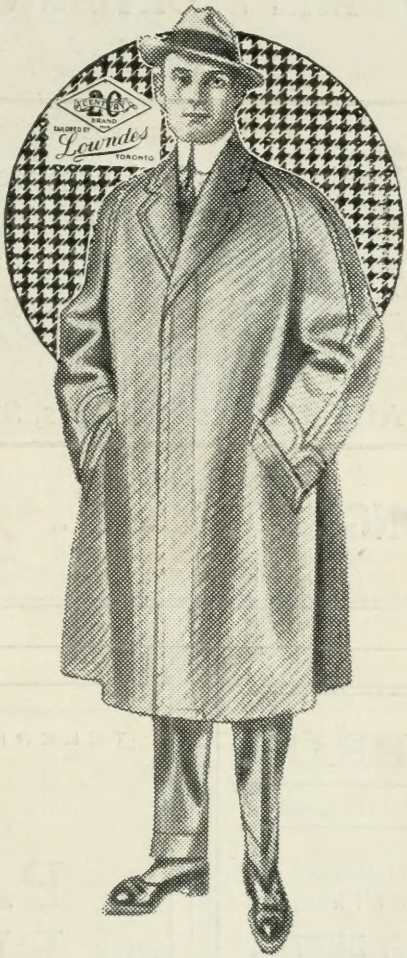
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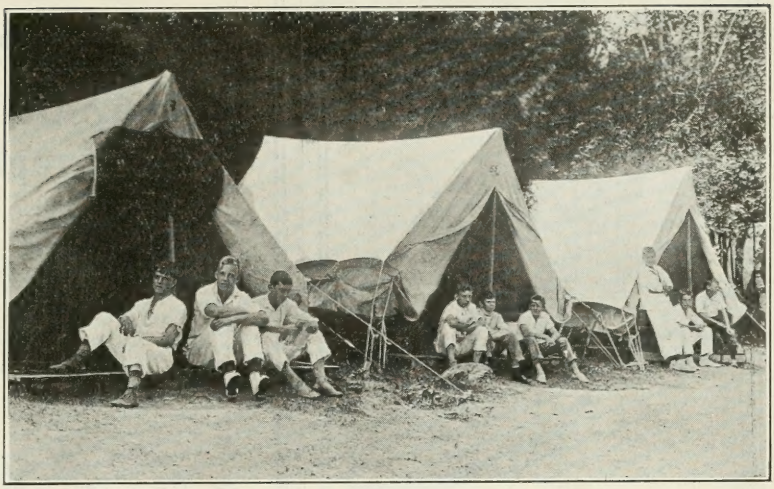
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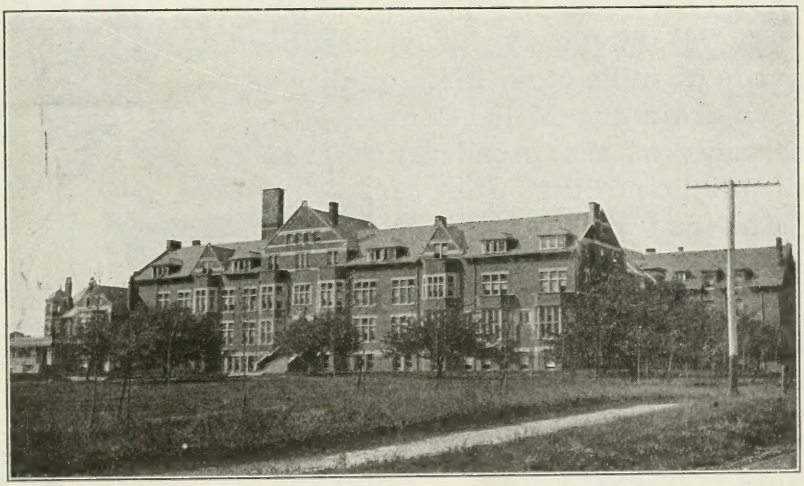
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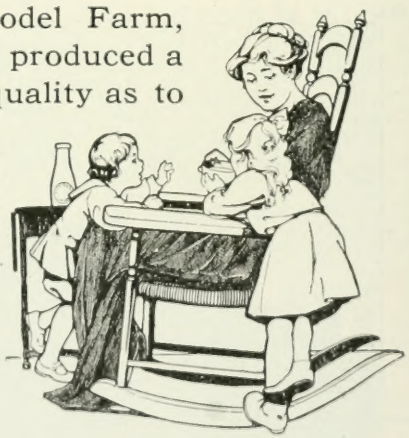
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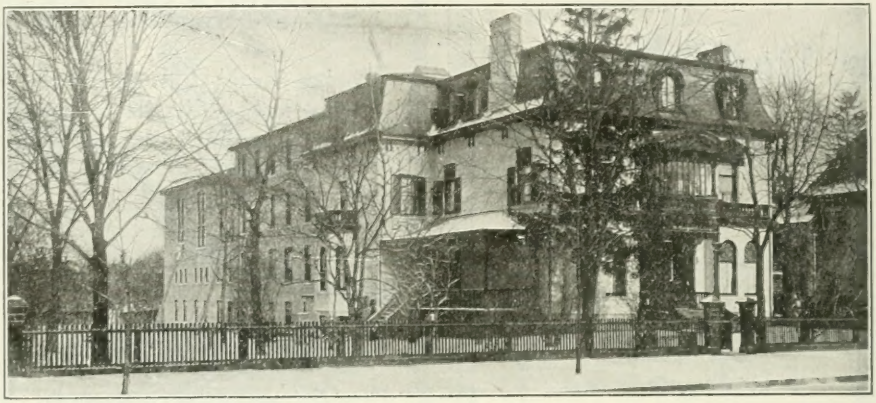
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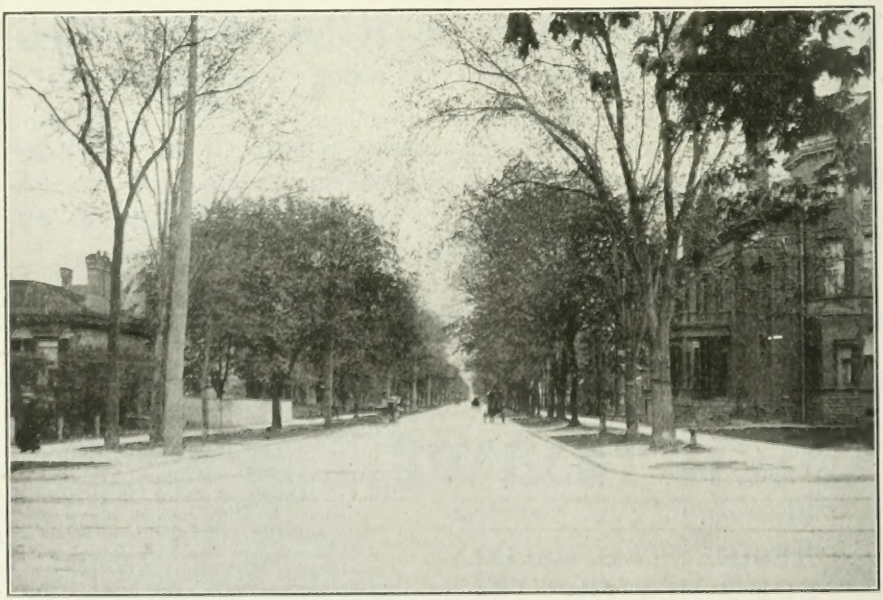
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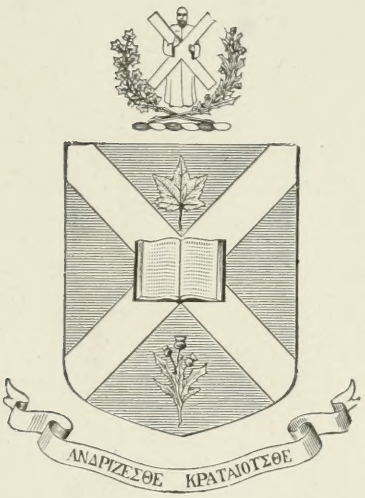


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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1913

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



REVIEW STAFF

St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1913

Editorials

THE summer term has passed pleasantly and quickly—almost too quickly for those to whom it is the last term at S.A.C. To all those who will be writing on their examinations very shortly, the REVIEW wishes every success; to those who are contemplating a University career, we extend the hope that a profitable career lies in store. To those who are leaving St. Andrew's for any other field of labour and enterprise, we wish to be remembered among their well-wishers. To one and all we wish *God-speed* and a very happy and beneficial vacation.



Fiction

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

"Fortune's wheel goes 'round and 'round,
Some go up, and some go down."

NEVER was adage more true towards any man than this one was towards Jack Sinclair. In Jack Sinclair's case, he did more, he followed Fortune's wheel around, to-day up, to-morrow down. Jack Sinclair believed in Fate, Destiny; and come what would, sunshine or cloud, triumph or reverse, he went along absolutely unperturbed, in his same old smiling, reckless manner.

Jack first saw the light of day in as fair an English country seat as ever one might wish to see. Also, it might be said, that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, in other words under a fortunate star, for at the very beginning he was known as the "Honourable John Clement Sinclair." Of course, as a younger son, he entered the army, as a second lieutenant. In a short time he received his two stars. Not long, however, did he remain in the army at home, but journeyed to London with the bright prospects of shifting, in the future, for himself.

Sinclair's father gave to him a cheque for one thousand pounds, to set him up in whatever career he should decide to follow. This sum Jack could invest as he thought best, but he was always to remember that it was all he could expect from home, and to regulate his living and investments accordingly. Now let it be known that Jack Sinclair was entirely reckless, be this to his credit or no, and believed greatly in the throw of a dice, on his luck at cards, or on the merits of a horse. Knowing this, it is not surprising that he was foolish enough to risk all his assets on the ponies at the Epsom Derby. It was to be his first lesson on youthful folly, and probably it was as well he lost everything. He bore his loss like a true-blooded sportsman.

Sinclair little realized just how much he would have to rough it. But he was adventurous, loved action, and had two very

valuable assets, for which he was thankful and respected—a splendid physique, and health.

He obtained work on a tramp schooner bound for Africa. Arrived in Africa he turned his hand to all kinds of work, but all were entirely foreign to him. He did not seem to be able to find his niche in the world of work. He felt he had made a failure of his life, but he never confessed it. He held that a man could only make a failure of life when he wrecked his body. Youth with health was the entire embodiment of hope.

Sinclair was born to be a soldier, in fact he could no nothing else—right. His gifts were soldiering ones and he answered the call of Nature when the early stages of the Boer War broke out. He enlisted in the South African Horse, a body of irregulars or volunteers.

Once started, he soon mounted the military ladder of success. When the Boer War opened in earnest in 1898 he was a captain, and a very popular one too.

Towards the end of the year 1901 he was on outpost or frontier duty, on the border of Zululand, checking the Boers from invading Natal. He was in charge of a company of the South African Horse, and occupied a very solitary and dangerous outpost, thrown out five miles from Fort I——. He made his headquarters in a lonely farm house. This farm house was on the summit of a gradual ridge or hill, which was defended by an earth breastwork. Then, one thousand yards in front, across a level valley, was another ridge.

Sinclair was sitting on a little porch. He was evidently thinking of something, for in his eyes was a far-away look. It was seven o'clock, and the pickets on the ridge had just been changed.

His musings were interrupted by Lieutenant C—— coming up to him.

"Sir, a whole company from the Fort is coming up. Under Captain S—— I think. I'd like to bet there's something up, Captain."

Sure enough, in a short time the reinforcements arrived, and Lieutenant C.'s surmises were both correct. It was commanded by Captain S——, and also something was "up." An English force under Major G—— had been surprised by the Boers and routed. Encouraged by this, it was known that a large force

of mounted Boers were advancing against Fort I——. The Boers were confident of another success.

"Well, Captain S——, real glad to see you. Affairs are brightening. Really a visit from our friends would afford no end of entertainment and diversion, eh what! Must prepare to welcome 'em—what do you say, S——? Better place double pickets out on the ridge, eh?"

"Glad to see you, Sinclair. Do as you wish. Your post, y'know, hence you're first in command. Quite agree with you though. We'll give these pesky Dutchmen a ——hot reception. Ha! ha!"

Sinclair doubled the picket on the ridge, making in all eighty men, and placed them under Lieutenant C——. This special duty was performed by the men unmounted.

These things attended to, Sinclair and S—— went into the house.

After talking awhile they fell to playing cards, for Capt. S—— was noted for his skill and readiness to bet. Sinclair played all he had, and lost.

"What, can't play again, my dear fellow! Must give an I.O.U. for the next game, Captain? Ah! I rather think I shan't play any more to-night. Y'know rather pleasant this coincidence, Captain, eh? Probably you don't know, but your father cleaned up quite a tidy sum, —— him, from my father, when they were in India. Well, quite a coincidence, I say, that his son should be—ah, ruined, shall we say—er, by his victim's son. Quite a revenge, quite a revenge, on my word, Sinclair."

"Quite a revenge inded, Captain," Sinclair answered dryly, put out far more by the Captain's insinuating tone than by his loss at play, and also, he resented the words "his victim's son." "So you term yourself the 'victim's son,' eh?" continued Sinclair with an enquiring glance.

"Why, er—yes—I imagine that's what I said and—er—mean, sir!" the Captain answered in an aggressive tone, "because—because, well simply because—to be frank, my dear sir—er—I have quite concluded your estimable father won—er—questionably, as it were!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Sinclair, with the word "liar" on his lips, hit Captain S—— a smashing blow

full on the jaw. Captain S—— dropped out of his chair, then, half stunned, he staggered to his feet.

In Sinclair's eyes was a terrible gleam and his face had turned a deadly colour.

"Sir," Sinclair said quietly, as Captain S—— gradually gained possession of his faculties, "My father's name is—honourable."

"Sir," fumed Capt. S—— "I'll k—", but before he could finish the sentence, the sound of rapid firing broke out.

"For the present, Captain," resumed Sinclair, looking at his watch, the hands of which pointed to twelve o'clock, "Let us drop this unfortunate affair. We shall proceed immediately to the ridge. Lieutenant Barnes, take charge of the post."

Without another word, the two men grasped their swords, looked to their revolvers, and rushing out into the pitchy darkness of the African night, raced in the direction of the firing.

As they neared the hill or ridge where the pickets were stationed, the sound of a furious engagement reached their ears. Pressing forward to the knoll of the ridge, they perceived scores of dark figures endeavoring to rush the hill. Sinclair hurried up to Lieutenant C——, but before he reached his side, that brave officer threw up his arms, and with the words "No surrender," fell dead.

A force of at least five hundred Boers were attacking them and scarcely twenty minutes after Sinclair arrived the soldiers' carbines were useless, and they used their heavy sabres and revolvers. Sinclair had been in fierce and bloody conflicts before now, but this eclipsed them all. Every Britisher fought desperately for his life. Sinclair had soon emptied every chamber but one, in his service revolver—he always made it a point to keep one chamber in reserve—and was now using his sword.

It was like a nighmare, fighting against such grim, black forms in the pitchy darkness; surely these forms were not Boers, but devils. Sinclair's first impulse was to order a charge, but discretion told him the keeping of many lives was in his hands, so he passed the word along the line to retire to the post, which was on a higher ridge and had a maxim.

The British force retreated doggedly towards the ridge a thousand yards in the rear, contesting every foot of the ground. They could not turn and flee, and to fight their way back in such a slow and deadly manner would mean the destruction of the whole force.

What was to be done? A sudden inspiration struck Sinclair, who was in the very van of the fighting. He shouted at the top of his voice, "No go, Barnes! No go! Fire the mine! Fire the mine! Let everyone go up!" At these words the Boers immediately fell back at a double, and even Sinclair's men, who knew that no such mine existed, started to run for their own lines. At this moment, two sections of Sinclair's men, mounted, galloped up to support their comrades. The ground was not too rough, and the troopers knew every foot of it, making the movement practicable. Thus it was that Sinclair and his men got behind their small breastworks on the main ridge.

Sinclair noticed that Captain S—— was absent, as was many another poor fellow. He was peering into the darkness of the night when he saw darkly outlined figures rush across the plain about half way between the ridges. "Niggers," Sinclair groaned, for well he knew their terrible mission. These natives would sneak out after any engagement or scene of fighting. They would fall upon the poor unfortunate dead and wounded men lying on the field, rob and plunder them, and, in many cases, brutally cut out their hearts, be the victims living or dead.

"Must get poor S——" declared Sinclair. "No, don't all come, men. No use risking the post. Six men mounted only. That's right!"

On the command "Forward," they galloped down the incline to the rescue of their comrades, not expecting to bring them in, but they thought to frighten away or kill the savage tribesmen, about twenty in number. But these natives did not run. Instead, securing rifles from the fallen men, Boer and Britisher, they fired upon the onrushing party of horsemen. The Britishers rushed upon their dusky foes and put them to flight after a brisk, sharp skirmish.

When Sinclair's men were scattering the natives, he galloped forward to where he heard a well known voice calling for help. He saw Captain S—— lying on the ground. Stooping over him was a big, fierce looking tribesman, with a long, murderous looking knife in his hand.

Sinclair pulled up short, and taking deliberate aim at the tribesman, fired the last charge he had in his revolver. The big negro dropped, the back of his head blown out. Then Sinclair

assisted Captain S—— to mount behind him, and a difficult feat it was, for he was shot in the thigh.

With his wounded comrade seated behind him, Sinclair dashed for the shelter of the ridge. When three hundred yards from safety, a dozen dusky natives appeared almost magically from off the ground directly in front of them, and brandishing their weapons, clutched and struck at horse and riders. Spurring on his horse to its utmost speed, sword held menacingly, Sinclair charged grimly at his foes. After a brief and unequal struggle the natives would have achieved their end, had not two of Sinclair's rescue party, all who remained, come to their assistance. As it was, these four men barely got away from the blood-thirsty savages. Sinclair succeeded in getting Captain S—— in safety behind the defences. The first thing Captain S—— did after he was laid on a soldier's greatcoat behind the breastwork, was to grasp Sinclair by the hand. By this sincere token of friendship and thanks, all bad blood ceased to run between the two men.

The Boers attacked the British post again that night. The British succeeded in repulsing them, having the advantage of shelter and a maxim. The gallant band kept the Boers in check the balance of that night, the next day, and till seven the next morning, when things were in a pitiable state. During the day the Boers made several determined cavalry charges on the British defences. They would charge up to within a hundred yards of the breastwork, then, tossing the lines over their left arms, would fire from the saddle. Sinclair always waited till the Boers were within two hundred yards before the gave the command to fire, and the consequent volley would check the attackers. Sinclair was severely wounded, and Captain S—— was very weak from the loss of blood, and indeed was near to death. For the last four hours the Britishers' supply of water had been cut off, and their ammunition was low. Their end appeared near, when General W—— arrived on the scene with reinforcements from Fort I——. The Boers' fire slackened, and they withdrew, despairing now of success.

* * * * * * * *

One month later Captain S—— and Sinclair were reclining on their beds in the hospital at Fort I——. While these two friends were chatting together, General W—— entered the ward.

"Gentlemen, I have reported your valour to headquarters; I am authorized to send in the name of the officer who was in charge of Post Two, for the D.S.O. Now, the question is, was Captain S—— in charge, or you, Captain Sinclair?"

Here a dispute arose between S—— and Sinclair as to who was in charge. Sinclair would have it that S—— was in charge as he was his senior officer. S—— said, as it was Sinclair's post, that Sinclair was in charge.

"Oh, just to settle who shall be the fortunate dog to put D.S.O. after his name, General, toss up that coin lying on the table," said Sinclair in his same old reckless manner.

"What!" exclaimed S——, his cheek growing even more pale, "You would chance such a decoration as the D.S.O. on the toss of a coin, Sinclair?

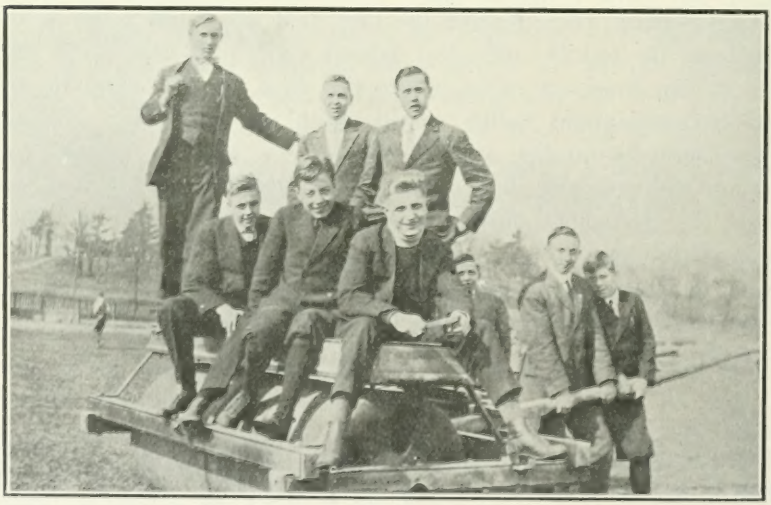
"Why not?" Sinclair inquired, "but just as you wish, old man."

"Toss—the—coin." Captain S—— spoke this very slowly.

General M—— tossed the coin.

"Head!" cried Sinclair, as the coin spun in the air. The coin fell on the bare floor, rolled around in an uncertain manner, then rolled over—Tail.

C. McMurtry.



"They Would Roll, Roll, Roll."

ADVENTURE OF A DIPLOMAT

"HAVE no fear, sir, you will not miss the train. There is plenty of time. We will be there in five minutes."

We were there in five minutes—in time to see the tail-lights of the Marseilles Express vanishing in the distance, taking with them everything I possessed. As I sat down to think over my bad luck, it little occurred to me to bemoan more than the rather serious matter of a day's delay. I am a man of no specified calling. You might class my comrades and myself as special messengers for the Diplomatic Service. It is a business that requires honest and brave men, and I should know, for many a time have I had to call both these qualities into action.

As it happened, I was just returning to headquarters from a rather unimportant message to a small kingdom. It had not been a pleasant journey, and now I was loth to have to spend the night in a dirty hotel in the little Italian city of Marosa. All this to explain why I agreed to a rather strange proposal with so little demur.

"Senor Marter," said a pleasantly modulated voice behind me. A little startled, I turned and saw a man already past middle age, markedly Italian in appearance and with signs on his face which betokened that trait so common to all nations, namely, fear. "Yes?" I said, a trifle coldly. One does not easily become friendly with strangers after having travelled Europe with State messages for a few years. He must have noticed it, for he hastened to declare himself.

"Senor, I have heard of you often, and it is for that reason I come now to ask you a strange thing. You can but refuse me, and in that case I will trust you to repeat nothing." I was about to interrupt, but he silenced me with raised hand. "Senor, I am one of those unfortunates you read of in the newspapers, as having fallen contrary to the Mafia. You English wonder mildly how such things are allowed to happen, but ah! you cannot understand how it is in our small Italian cities. Here the Mafia is all powerful." He stopped for a moment, then continued. "I was foolish I suppose, but I resented their tyranny, and imagined that I, I alone could outwit them. Well, I have been undeceived. I would not mind were it only for myself I had to think, but there is also my daughter. I would take my punishment but she

cannot, must not be left alone here. It would be worse than death. But I will not weary you with more explanations. I made my plans to escape to-morrow night. They have been discovered. The Mafia never lets its one-time members leave. The death sentence has been pronounced on me. I come to you in the last extremity. No other man is there here who would dream of aiding me. Tell me, Senor, for the sake of my daughter, will you?"

I thought for a moment. The Mafia had always appeared to me a thing to be hated, and the man was appealing. "What is it you want me to do," I said. His face brightened. Evidently he had despaired of ever getting me to help him.

"All that is necessary, Senor, is for us to get on the boat for France. That seems a simple thing, but you must remember this is Italy, and I have to bring my daughter from where we live to the dock. There are many places for an assassin to lurk. I repeat, I do not ask you to help me. If I am killed I put you in charge of my daughter.

I nodded. "You can trust me, Senor."

"Marti," he said, "Agneno Marti; we must make haste."

He led me, this strange little Italian, through the byways of the old city. Many a time I recalled, with a shudder, his remark about the assassin. On either side, as we hurried along, dark openings loomed. Off narrow alleyways, redolent of garlic and refuse, little doorways led into dens peopled with evil-looking Italians, whose children played in the gutter outside. Rarely was the blue sky visible. It was with a sigh of relief at length that I saw we were approaching the better part of the city, and very soon we turned to the right and entered a pretty villa—our destination.

I had been looking forward to this moment from the time when he first told me of his sad plight. What would his daughter be like? I little dreamed of what a surprise I would get.

She was lovely, and evidently her courage was equal to her looks, for when her father told her she must prepare to leave immediately, she seemed more pleased than anything else.

"You will have to come with us to France, Senor," she said.

I thought ruefully of my luggage on the way to England, glanced at her and consented.

"You will excuse us now, I know," said Senor Marti, "there

is much to be seen to, though we have long been preparing for this."

After they left I walked over to the window. So far nothing very exciting had happened. Surely Marti was over-rating the danger. Even as I thought this a dark figure slipped from the doorway opposite and sped down the street. Someone was going to report our arrival.

It did not take Esther and her father very long to get ready.

"We must have something to eat before we leave," she said, "the steamer sails at nine and the fiacre will not come till eight."

I will long remember that meal. Despite the fear of impending danger which oppressed her father, Esther was gay, doing her best to cheer him up. It seemed hardly five minutes before the carriage came to the door.

Marti finished giving some orders to the driver, gave a hasty glance round, and jumped in.

"We will not go by the way I led you here," he said "that would be tempting fate. There would really be no danger at all if it were not for the daring of the Mafia. They will do anything."

Nevertheless, all went well, and when the dock appeared I began to think of the affair as over. That my companions did not, was evident. They were talking together in Italian, and it could be easily seen they were worried. That they had reason to be was soon shown.

A shot rang out behind us, then another. The speed of the carriage increased tremendously.

"The horse must have been hit," said Marti excitedly, "Senor, look ahead. I fear we are doomed."

I saw what frightened him a moment later. We were tearing down a long and narrow pier towards open water. To jump at the pace we were going would have been fatal. Yet there was nothing to prevent the whole carriage from falling over the end. There was one way though. If I could cut the traces in time, the carriage would stop. Frantically I seized a knife and commenced to hack at them. The leather was tough, and we were more than half-way to the end when the first trace gave. I began to chop despairingly at the second. The driver, up to this time, had been making vain efforts to stop the maddened horse. Now, as he gave it up the wheel struck a box which had been left on

the pier. The trace gave and the horse plunged into the ocean with a last leap, while the carriage bumped to a standstill.

As Esther and I stood on the rear deck of the departing steamer, she gazing at her birth-place, I at the scene of my day's adventure, she turned to me.

"How can we thank you for your aid?" she said. "It was your presence that saved us from something worse. We can never repay you."

"Don't say that," I said, looking down at her, "perhaps I can manage to think of some reward."

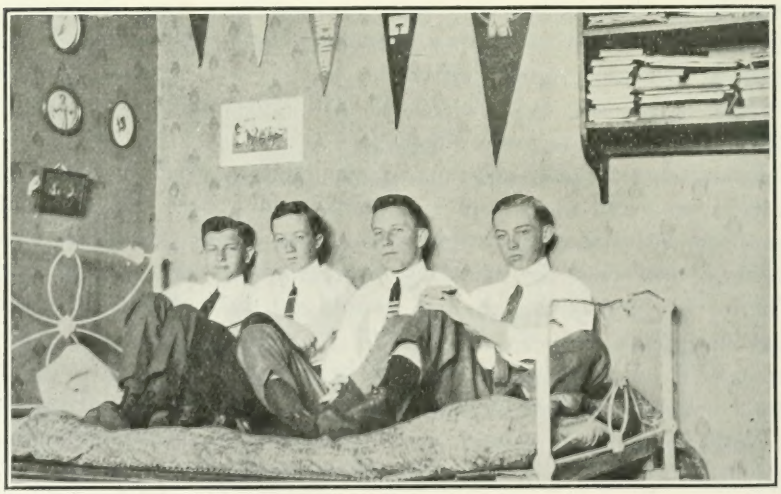
"It will be given then," she said in all sincerity.

As I turned for a last look at Marosa a squall of rain and mist came sweeping up from the south, obscuring from our sight both the long pier and the dark town beyond.

The lights began to twinkle from the houses. The town took on a cheerful aspect, as seen from the distance, save for one gloomy patch near the waterfront. The other houses seemed to stand aloof from it. Who could tell what was taking place now in that crowded quarter, the fount of evil, the centre of the Mafia!

I, for one, was well content to leave the question unsolved.

G. A. Towers.



"Incorrigibles"—Room XVI.

A DAY IN PARIS

I WAS sitting, one evening, buried in the capacious embrace of a huge arm chair, in the brilliantly lighted lobby of the Hotel Stella, Rue d'Artois, Rue la Böetie, Champs Elysées, Paris—for that is the address in the guide book. I had nothing to do, and the sight of the people continually passing in and out of the hotel was very interesting.

There is a grande dame with silvery hair and a gorgeous gown, attended by a small group of men. There, again, is a pretty Parisienne coming in on the arm of her beau, probably going to have supper. There, is—yes, there can be no mistake—there is



Paris Opera House.

my friend, Theodore Chipps; he is coming in my direction, too.

"Hello, Gord," he greeted me, "what in the world are you doing in this town?"

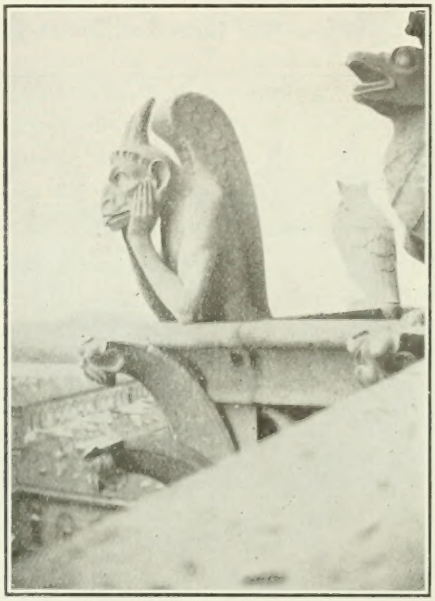
"'Lo yourself, Chippy, and what, may I ask, are you doing here?"

We chatted for the rest of the evening, but before parting made arrangements for the morrow. We were to have déjeuner together.

At nine the next morning a garçon brought me *café complet* which, I may explain to the uninitiated, is the first of the five or six meals a Frenchman eats during the day, and is usually taken in bed.

At about half past ten I got dressed and read till half past eleven, when I went down stairs, to find Chippy whistling "The Maple Leaf For Ever," as if his life depended upon it.

"What on earth—," I began, but before I could finish he got up and coming over to me, demanded at what time respectable people got up in this country, adding in forcible language that he had been up and starving since eight. I had to explain to him that, in Paris, the élite rose at about eleven and went to bed about three o'clock the next morning. We had a substantial déjeuner, and then decided to go to Notre Dame.



Gargoyle in Notre Dame.

We took a bus, which in due course, arrived at the great Cathedral. Built in 1163, it still rears its head proudly above all the other edifices of Paris, excepting the Eiffel Tower.

We went inside and saw a great many interesting things, among these were the very altar ornaments and cadelabra used for the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine. Also the statue of Jean d'Arc, who has lately been made a saint. The windows too are very wonderful in size, age, and beauty.

After examining the inside of the Cathedral we ascended the

bell tower, where two old women explained all about the bells to us. Here we also saw, among other gargoyles, that of the Hunchback of Notre Dame, familiar to all who have read Victor Hugo's famous book. These gargoyles were placed all about the Cathedral, by the ancient monks, to frighten away evil spirits.

After seeing Paris from Notre Dame, I noticed the Eiffel Tower in the distance, and suggested that we should go there. We descended to the street and took a car which conveyed us to La Tour Eiffel.

This huge structure, almost one thousand feet high—nine hundred and eighty-five, to be exact—was commenced by Gustave Eiffel in 1857, and completed by him at a cost of one million, two hundred thousand dollars, in 1859, for the Paris Exposition.

The tower is built in four stages, and the charge is one franc for each stage ascended. We payed four francs and went directly to the top. From there we obtained a splendid view of the city. We had felt not the slightest breeze while on the ground, yet up here there was such a wind that the tower was rocking to and fro to an alarming degree. As it was now about five o'clock we ordered tea, and I might remark that the *thé et petits gateaux* is the best combination of delicious French cooking imaginable.

After tea we sat admiring the city under the softening influences of a beautiful sunset. In the distance could be seen the Hotel des Invalides, where "the great little man" lies in his last sleep. Again, there was Notre Dame with the orange of the sunset shining on its towers. Opposite us was the Trocadéro, another relic of the Exposition; while far below us lay the Seine, winding its way like a silver ribbon through slums and parks, under bridges and past warehouses, till at last it lost itself among the rolling meadows of the campagne of France.

After a while Chippy suggested that we should have dinner, so we descended and took a taxi—which, by the way, is a very cheap mode of conveyance in Paris—to the Latin Quarter, where we were driven to a small brasserie, which, we were told, Hugo had patronized while a student.

As the auberge was evidently living on Hugo's reputation, and not on its own name for cleanliness, we paid our score, and taking a taxi soon arrived at the Café Anglais, the most beautiful and most expensive restaurant in Paris.

After dinner we went for a walk in the Tuilleries gardens, expecting to find everything quiet. The paths and walks, however, were crowded, and as it was very hot we soon drove to our hotel. There, after twice trying unsuccessfully to organize a game of bridge, we decided to retire, as we were fatigued after our long day's sightseeing.

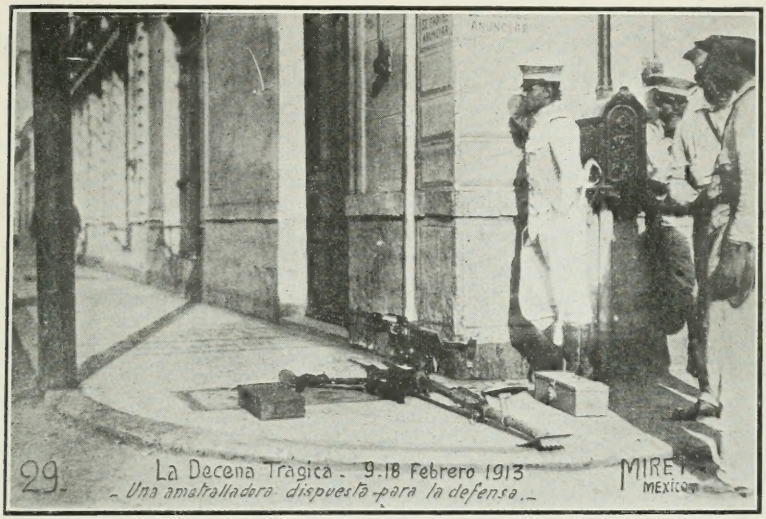
K. G. Mickleborough.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF MEXICO CITY

IT is quite possible that in looking over the events of the past two or three years in Mexico, one should look upon it as a barbarous, uncivilized country, powerless to govern and control itself; I will endeavor to prove the contrary, namely, that Mexico is a young country, full of resources, both natural and intellectual, the latter being proved by the clever statesmen which it has produced, such as Benito Juarez, Serdo de Tejada, General Marquez and General Porfirio Diaz.

Mexico's independence was acknowledged in 1810, but that



Rapid Firing Gun in the Streets of Mexico City.

does not mean that peace was obtained at once; first the Spanish had to be driven out of the country, secondly there was a war with the United States, whereby Mexico lost over half of her territory, followed by fierce civil wars and the French invasion. After three years of French rule, Archduke Maximilian of Austria was shot and Mexico was once more left to her own resources. There was a period of brigandage suppressed by General Porfirio Diaz, who instituted the well known corps of "Rurales" or Mounted Police.

From his accession to the Presidency there was a marked period of peace. General development of the country; railways, tele-

graphs and all modern improvements sprang throughout during the long period of Diaz administration. He ruled for thirty-two consecutive years with an iron hand, which system proved to be the most convenient for the hot-blooded Mexican people. Mexico owes a great deal to him, but he had a great fault, and that was the non-representation in his government.

Period after period, Diaz was elected President by the Chambers, without consulting the people, till in 1910, Madero led a successful revolution which caused his downfall. He was helped in his ambitious enterprise by the people, through his promise of votes, division of land, no re-election and a few more, which he never dreamed of granting.

After the election had been made, he assumed power, and gave the principal positions in the Cabinet to members of his family; banquets, trips, excursions, amusements, were continually being given in his honor, and meanwhile the money in the treasury had been exhausted and a loan of a hundred million had been made with a New York bank.

But now the people, who had been used to the harsh but necessary military rule, took advantage and rebellion after rebellion took place, while his short and luckless career lasted Felix Diaz, a nephew to the old exiled president, led a revolt in Vera Cruz, which was unsuccessful, causing his imprisonment in the coast-prison of San Juan de Ulna. About the middle of January he was transferred to the military prison in Mexico City, which act was probably Madero's biggest mistake. Two revolutionary leaders were now imprisoned, Diaz and General Reyes, a very clever statesman and a brave soldier, in the heart of the city, where these two men were very popular.

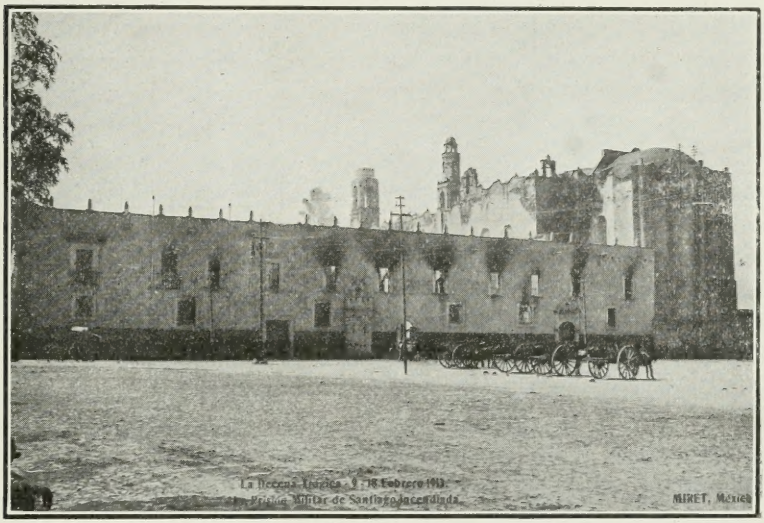
Madero was very unpopular, because of his inability to suppress the incessant revolts, his easy terms with the terrible bandit Zapata, who continued committing outrages throughout his term of government, his liking for a good time, and in fact for his graft.

When I learned that he was in Mexico, I expected something was going to happen. Scarcely had two weeks passed, when the people rose against Madero, attacked the penitentiary and gave liberty to both Diaz and Reyes, who were immediately proclaimed leaders, by their excited friends and followers.

The interval between the 9th and 18th of February, 1913, is a period never to be forgotten by the inhabitants of Mexico City.

It is a period of blood and destruction, of which the damaged buildings shall remind the people for many years to come, of that terrible fight between brothers, where many hundreds of lives were lost, mostly of innocent non-combatants.

As soon as both leaders were free they immediately set out, Reyes to try and take the National Palace, where Madero was at the time, and Diaz for the Ciudadela, which is the citadel or a fortress. A skirmish followed between the rebel forces of the former and the federals stationed at the Palace, and General Reyes was killed by a bullet through his head, while leading his men in a charge. Meanwhile Diaz had better luck; the garrison at the



Military Prison after being Burnt.

Citadel surrendered without firing a single shot, thus giving him the command of the city. Batteries and barricades were erected at the corners of the principal streets, and during ten days an almost incessant firing was kept up, demolishing and damaging everywhere.

Shells and bullets were continually going out of the fire zone, some into the peaceful districts, producing panic and endangering the people.

After nine days of bombardment General Huerta decided in a discussion with Diaz what was to be done, in order to stop the

fighting, planning a coup d'état, which was very successful. The military plot, which had for its result the overthrow of the Madero government, was well planned and better executed. It was one of the most sensational and dramatic of the history of the Republic, which had witnessed many events of similar nature.

General Aurelio Blanquet of the 29th Battalion, who had been in a campaign in the north, and had returned with some forces to the city, entered the offices of the President in the National Palace, interviewed Madero and told him he must resign from his position of President, that the country had gone from bad to worse, that it was useless to attempt to take the Ciudadela, and that Mexican soldiers were slaying their brothers in bloody and unnecessary combat in the streets. He also said that there was revolution throughout the country, and that Mexico demanded peace and tranquillity.

Madero refused to resign, and Blanquet said, "You're my prisoner." At this several military aides to the President drew their revolvers, killing two men. They were all overpowered and safely guarded.

Gustavo Madero, one of the ministers, was apprehended in a town restaurant, while enjoying a banquet given to him by some friends, and so were all the members of the Cabinet taken but one, who escaped, Ernesto Madero, the Minister of Finance.

General Huerta took command of the situation by obtaining the power as a Provisional President; he elected his Cabinet, and set immediately to pacify the country.

Two days after Madero and Pino Suarez, who had been imprisoned in the Palace, were to be transferred to the penitentiary for sake of safety, and were sent in two automobiles, with an escort of fifty men. Just a few hundred yards before reaching their destination, an attempt was made to rescue them. A fight followed in the darkness, which lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which both the President and Vice-President were found dead.

Such is the history of Mexico since Porfirio Diaz left the country, nothing but revolutions, war, crimes, all due to Madero, who paid with his life the price of his ambition.

HENRY HERSCHKOWITZ.



Athletic Directorate.

Athletics

BASEBALL SEASON, 1913

For the second time in the annals of "Old Andy" the followers of Chadwick were at liberty to indulge in the American national pastime. Some hundred boys took part in the game, and it is quite safe to say that it was enjoyed by all. The ball season, although short lived, was played prior to the season of the "jolly game," and the arms of the cricketers were greatly benefited by the same.

The "National Commission" deemed it wise to change the "stamping grounds," so permission was given to play on the 5th Team Rugby field.

A few days after school had been resumed from the Easter recess the " horse-hide chasers " were in their glory, " floaters " and "spit-ball" artists could be seen practising everywhere.

As is the custom there was a National and American league. The National was comprised of:

Cantley's Blue Noses.
Nation's White Sox.
Rolph's Giants.
Rand's Skeeters.

The American:

Ross I's Blatherskites.
Ross II's Elora Rocks.
Malone's Irish Pets.
DeBeck's Cow Punchers.

At the end of the allotted time Cantley's Blue Noses were on



"The Horse-hide Chasers."

the right end of the National League, while Malone's Irish Pets managed to carry off the American League laurels.

It was a sudden death engagement for the championship.

Malone put "Nifty" Beath, the recruit from the North, in the box, with Richardson to hold his curves. Cantley chose "Sana" Blain to blank the Irish Pets, with Hatch catching.

The first innings both pitchers were invincible, but in the second Malone managed to annex one tally. The third was scoreless. In the fourth Cantley touched Beath up for three hits, which

were good for two runs. Malone evened up in his half, by his own triple and Richardson's sacrifice. The sixth was fruitless. The lucky seventh, the Blue Noses went right after Beath's delivery and added five more to their lead before the ninth inning ended the game. The best the Irish Pets could do was three runs, although they looked dangerous in the ninth. Both Blair and Beath pitched fine ball, but Cantley had the margin on hitting and base running, and deserved the victory.

Score by innings:

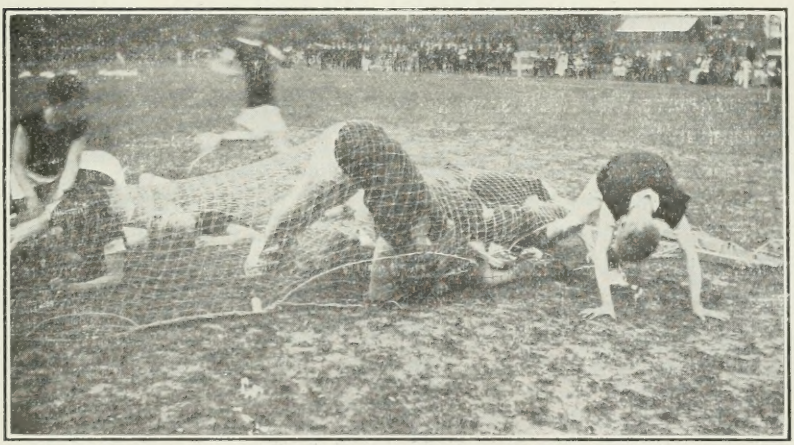
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Blue Noses	0	0	0	2	0	1	1	2	1	7	9	1
Irish Pets	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	5	6	2

Batteries—Blair and Richardson; Beath and Hatch.

Umpires—Rolph and Nation.

Thus ended the baseball season; successful in every way.

G. P.



In the Nets—Obstacle Race.



First Cricket Team.

CRICKET NOTES

Rosedale v.s. S.A.C.

The first match of the year took place on May 3rd on our own grounds against the strong Rosedale team. Losing the toss, we went to bat, and were unable to make any showing whatever against the bowling of Swan, retiring in a short time for only 46 runs. The splendid bowling of Wright I and Ross II, however, (averaging 28 for 7 and 15 for 4 wkts. respectively) seemed to puzzle the Rosedale batters, and they were eventually dismissed for 92, winning the match, however, by 46 runs. Scott and Cantley were top-scorers for us, with 13 and 7 runs respectively.

Trinity v.s. S.A.C.

ON May 9th we met Trinity University on our own grounds for our second match of the year, and time alone saved the latter from a severe defeat. Winning the loss, we succeeded in batting up 127 runs before our side retired, Coatsworth and

Scott playing splendidly together for 21 and 29 respectively. Cantley, Ross I, Wright I and Hayes also reached double figures. For Trinity, Simpson with 6, not out, was highest, and when time intervened 7 of their wickets had fallen for 23 runs. Wright I, secured 4 wickets for 14, and Thompson 3 for 9.

St. Albans vs. S.A.C.

A VERY close match was played on our grounds with St. Alban's on May 17th. Winning the toss, we went to bat and secured 52 before retiring, of which Wright I and Ross I with 22 and 8 runs respectively, were top-scorers. St. Alban's then batted up 63, of which J. Colborne and J. Edwards were highest, with 22 and 12 runs. Although we had lost by exactly 11 runs, we went in for a second innings, and when time was up had secured 32 for 6 wkts., of which Hayes and Rolph were top-scorers, with 15 (not out) and 9 respectively. For St. Andrew's Thompson secured 4 wickets for 16 runs, and Wright I. 4 for 30.

Mimico vs. S.A.C.

ON May 22nd the annual trip to Mimico took place, which as usual afforded us a great deal of pleasure, and no end of amusement. By taking an early car we were able to begin the game in good time, and, once again winning the toss we batted first. Whether from nervousness due to the numerous spectators, or being unused to the slower pitch, our first three men made their "ducks" in a most becoming manner, while the next two were but little better. The spell was broken however, when Cantley and Coatsworth made a splendid stand for 38 runs and so gave us a start. In some way we succeeded in passing the half century mark, and then shortly afterwards the side was out. Greatly to our delight and to their chagrin, Mimico were dismissed for but little better than ourselves, and they now led by but 15 runs. It was now that the difficulty of exercising on an empty stomach became apparent, so accordingly we adjourned for lunch, which for some time occupied everyone's attention. After this most enjoyable event we were in a fine condition to make up for what we had lost, nevertheless 107 runs were secured for 7 wkts., Mr. Ker

45, Scott 42 (not out) and Coatsworth 23 were highest. There being but one hour and a half left, we declared and then determined to get our opponents out in that time. We had, however, reckoned without the batting of Terry andWrangham, who, after we had secured 3 wkts. for 6 runs, batted steadily until the former was bowled by Ross II for 25. We eventually secured 6 wkts. for 62 runs when time once more intervened. Refreshments were again very kindly served.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

This game, which was the first of the inter-school matches, took place on May 31st, at Port Hope, under ideal weather conditions. On winning the toss S. A. C. took first innings on a hard wicket, but failed to score much against the accurate bowling of Saunders, and were all out before lunch for 60 runs. Bradfield also bowled well, but many of his wickets were obtained off loose balls. For St. Andrew's Rolph (15) and Ross I. (20) were the best. Port Hope now went to bat, but Wright's bowling proved very effective, getting 5 wkts. for 7 runs. McBean and Bradfield made a brief stand together, putting in 14 runs for the seventh wicket. Rolph, who kept wickets for St. Andrew's, did splendidly, and showed marked improvement, while Malone made two sensational catches. This, together with the general smartness of the fielding throughout, enabled us to get T.C.S. all out for but 22 runs. St. Andrew's now went in for their second innings with greater confidence owing to their substantial lead. By 5.30 p.m. when stumps were drawn, they were all out for 102. Wright, who played faultlessly for 41, was top scorer, and Rolph second with 23. Saunders again bowled well, securing 3 wickets for 21 runs.

THE SCORE.

1ST INNINGS.

S.A.C.

Wright, b Saunders	0
Rolph, c Saunders b Bradfield	15
Ross I., b Saunders	20
Hayes, lbw b Bradfield	6

Cantley, c Crowther b Bradfield 9
Scott, b Saunders 3
Ross II., c Dempster b Bradfield 0
Coatsworth, b Saunders 0
Bradley, c Dempster b Bradfield 0
Malone, b Bradfield 0
Thompson, not out 0

T.C.S.

Cochrane, b Wright 0
Waller, c Ross II. b Wright 0
Moore, b Wright 2
Saunders, c Ross II. b Thompson 0
Young, run out 0
Crowther, c Malone b Wright 0
McBean, b Wright 8
Bradfield, b Ross II. 6
Wilson, c Malone b Ross I. 0
Stratton, run out 0
Dempster, not out 1

S.A.C.

2ND INNINGS.

Hayes, c McBean b Saunders 3
Rolph I., b McBean 23
Wright I., b Moore 41
Ross I., lbw b McBean 0
Cantley, b McBean 0
Scott, b Saunders 14
Ross II., b Young 2
Coatsworth, b Saunders 2
Malone, b Saunders 4
Thompson, b Saunders 5
Bradley, not out 0

SECOND TEAM CRICKET

St. Alban's II. vs. St. Andrew's II.

On Saturday, May 17th, the second eleven met St. Alban's in their annual fixture. The game was won by St. Alban's, their score being 144 for nine wickets, while the second were all out for 96. Owing to the lack of steady bowlers on the St. Andrew's seconds, St. Alban's easily ran up a large score. For the visitors, Gardrett made top score with 50; Ledger had 32 to his credit;



Second Cricket Team.

R. Kent 16. For St. Andrew's, Blair took the highest honour with 25, Bradley next with 22, while Wilson III. contributed 18.

The second eleven was represented by Wallace (capt.), Leckie I., Blair, Brown I., Bradley, Whitaker I., Young II., McIvor, Wilson III., McLennan, Cassels, while McEachern filled the position of official scorer. H. S. L.

T.C.S. II. vs. S.A.C. II.

On Saturday, May 31st, 1913, the second eleven met the T.C.S. II. in their annual fixture. The game from start to finish was full of interest and even exciting at times.

T.C.S. won the toss and elected to bat. At the fall of their last wicket the score stood 35, of which Chappelle contributed 10.

College then went in and succeeded in knocking up 78, of which Leckie made 28 and Hatch 17. In the second innings Trinity atoned for their former poor showing by bringing the score up to 138, Ketchum making 16.

Full of hope, S.A.C. again went in, but, sad to relate, they fell short of the required number by only 5 little runs, totalling 133 on the two innings.

For T.C.S. Aylen and Greey bowled to advantage, while for S.A.C. Clouston made a splendid showing.

T.C.S.	S.A.C.
Greey.	Leckie I.
McKendrick (A.C.).	Brown I.
Chappelle.	Wilson.
Aylen III.	Cassells.
Whitney.	Wallace.
Vernon.	Wallace.
Butt.	Hatch.
Bruce.	McLaren.
Ketchum.	Blair.
Bird.	Nation.
Thetford.	Clouston.
	Daud.

J. M.

U.C.C. II. *VS.* S.A.C. II.

First Innings.

U.C.C. ..... 17 S.A.C. 71

Second Innings.

U.C.C. ..... 70 S.A.C. 67

Total—S.A.C., 138. U.C.C., 87

On Saturday, May 31st, the Lower Flat cricket team journeyed to Grimsby to play their annual match with Lake Lodge. The bowling and fielding on both sides were exceptionally good, Lake Lodge going out for 16 runs in the first inning and 18 in the

second. The Lower Flat managed to score 32 runs in their first innings, and going to bat in the second won by 1 run and 10 wickets. This is the first time that Lake Lodge has been defeated in cricket for six years.

The following cricket bats have been awarded this team:

Young II. received the bat given by Mr. Tudball for the most useful cricketer on the Lower Flat.

Rolph I. won Mr. Knighton's bat for the best improvement on the first three XI.'s.

Following have not been awarded yet: By Athletic Association —A bat for the best batting average on the first team. A ball for the best bowling average. A bat for the best average in Lower School, and a ball also for the bowling.

Mr. O. E. Magow has presented a bat for the best score in school games.

Dr. Macdonald has given a bat for best improvement in Lower School, and Mrs. Macdonald a ball for the premier bowler.

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

Owing to the fact that the REVIEW goes to press rather early there is not much to be told of Lower School cricket.

On Thursday, May 29th, the first eleven played Upper Canada on the latter's grounds. The Saints collected 38 runs to the Blue's 42, thus leaving the victory wit U.C.C. Carr topped the score for St. Andrew's with 17, while Winter I. carried off the bowling honors. A second innings was attempted, but owing to a previous arrangement that stumps should be drawn at six o'clock the game ended.

As there are four matches yet to be played, viz., three with U.C.C. and one with Lake Lodge, Grimsby, the team still hopes to redeem this defeat.

The team:—Comstock (capt.), Carr, Davies, Davis III., Grant II., Munn II., Atkinson, Cameron, Smith VI., Winter I., Winter II.

F. G.

Ridley vs. St. Andrew's

The second game of the inter-college cricket schedule was played on June 4 between the much-talked-of B.R.C. XI. and St. Andrew's, at the latter's grounds.

The weather was perfect, and good cricket was anticipated.

At eleven o'clock the coin was flipped and Ridley went to bat.

Wood and Irvine were Ridley's initial batsmen. Due principally to Wright's good bowling both were disposed of for one run.

Martin showed 3 on the score books, while Manley's best was 17. Mix and the much-talked-of Drope fell before Wright's onslaught. With six wickets down the tally showed 26 runs.

The remaining batsmen, however, made a better stand. Marani contributed 24, Cassels 5, and Turnball 1.



Lower School, First Eleven.

When the whole team were retired 97 runs had been registered.

The game was adjourned for luncheon till 2.30.

Upon resuming, Hayes and Rolph batted first for the College. Hayes' total was 1, and Rolph did no better.

Wright I. had hard luck, only getting 4; Cantley nil.

At four wickets down, the telegraph showed 5.

Ross I. added 12, and 40 soon hove into sight. Scott batted

brilliantly, and was able to swell, by his 24 runs, the total to 46 at the fall of the sixth wicket.

Coatsworth made 1; Malone failed to connect; Bradley 2; Thompson 0; Ross not out, 10.

A grand total of 60.

This gave Ridley the game by 37 runs. The second innings was not completed. Wright I.'s bowling was superb.

Second Innings.

Ridley—Wood 5; Marani 12; Manley 33*; Mix 40*

*Denotes not out.

(The rest did not bat.) G. P.

Lake Lodge vs. Lower Flat.

The return game between Lake Lodge School and the Lower Flat was played on Wednesday, June 4th, 1913, at St. Andrew's. The game started with Lake Lodge at bat. They played steadily, but the most they could show was a total of 38 runs. Pearson made top score with 7; Hill and Pentelow following close with 5 runs each.

The Lower Flat then took their innings, and batted for a total of 37 runs. Young II. hit top score for 9. Whitaker II. had 7 to his credit, while MacLaren tallied 4 times. Both Watt and Pinhey bowled exceedingly well for Lake Lodge.

In Lake Lodge's second innings Hill was again premier batsman. He hit for 12 runs, and in spite of the fact that he went in first he carried his bat. Pentelow was next with 10. During this session Clouston's bowling was very effective. He performed the "hat trick," and had 5 wickets for 0 runs.

Stumps were drawn at the conclusion of this innings, leaving Lake Lodge the winner by 38-37. G. P.



First Gymnasium Team.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

The Seventh Annual Assault-at-Arms took place in the college gymnasium on Friday, April 18th. Owing to a heavy thunderstorm there was not quite as large a crowd assembled when the proceedings commenced as there usually is. Added to this, just before the first event of the programme, the electric lights failed. This misfortune caused many an anxious moment for the committee in charge, but after a short delay the lights came on again. The first part of the programme consisted of marching tactics by the lower school forms, German horse by the junior leaders. Then the gymnasium team, amid great applause, performed their usual hair-raising "stunts" on the horizontal bar. Then the third form went through a wand exercise. After this the first and second gym teams performed on the parallel bars. The life-saying class, led by Prof. Rick Davis, demonstrated the methods of the Royal Life-Saving Society. The Junior leaders performed very creditably on the low horizontal bar. The first half of the programme was brought to an end by an exhibition of tumbling by the first and second gymnasium teams. This was very good. The

second part of the programme commenced by a fencing exhibition between Herschkowitz and Allan. Then Willoughby and Wilson I. wrestled. This bout was rather strenuous, no falls being made. Lazier and Lowndes came next on the programme, and gave a very good exhibition of boxing. Then followed Balfour II. and Firstbrook, whose exhibition of the noble art was also very good. The hobo band, composed of sundry odds and ends, sang, whistled, hummed and yelled beautiful, tuneful (?) music. Prof. All-In, impersonated in an astonishingly life-like manner by Smith V., introduced the following "gentlemen":

Doc. De Bignoise ..... Blair
Jake Snapper ..... DeBeck
Ike Nokneezer ..... Thompson I.
Snoukikiums ..... Paterson II.
Inkle Whistlebloomer ..... Henry II.
Benj. Hugglemut ..... Bell I.
Woiky Bugaboo ..... Nation
Solomon Dingbat ..... Manville
Hiram Kissermug ..... Thompson II.
Jigger Ignuts ..... Fergusson II.

Hiemy and Louie, who were none other than Henry I. and Paterson I. in disguise, made quite a hit as "clowns." "*Part*" of their act was really clever.

After this melodious outburst had subsided a tableau was given representing all the sports played in the school.

"God Save the King" brought another very successful assault-at-arms to an end.

Those who received first gym team colours were: Brown I. (capt.), Cassels, McTaggart, Whitaker I., Wright I., Stone, Ings, Willoughby.

Second gym team: Brown II., Findlay I., Jones, Bateman I., MacDougall I.

Junior Leaders: Grant II., Winter I., Cameron, Davis III., Stevenson.

Tournament.

The annual boxing, wrestling and fencing tournament took place on Thursday and Friday, the 24th and 25th of April. The preliminary bouts took place on Thursday afternoon.

BOXING.

85 lbs. class—Lazier *vs.* Lowndes. This was a good bout. Both boys showed science and training, but Lowndes had the more experience and won out. This bout was the final for this class.

125 lbs. class—Rolph *vs.* McMurtry. One of the best bouts of the tournament. In the first round Rolph had the advantage. The second round went to McMurtry. The third round was McMurtry's all the way. Rolph's training was none too good.



Hiemy.

WRESTLING.

Heavyweight—Henry I. threw McLennan in the first round; time 2 min. 15 sec. There was no fall the second round, so Henry I. was given the decision.

Davis II. *vs.* Ross II.—First fall to Ross II., 1 min. 45 sec. Second fall, 1.30.

125 lbs. class—Cassels beat Gorden (by default).

135 lbs. class—Willoughby beat Clare in two straight falls; time 1 min. and 2 min. 30 sec. Herschkowitz beat Robertson. First fall 5 min. 50 sec. No fall second round.

Fencing (Finals).

Senior—1st Bout—Herschkowitz *vs.* Allan. This was a very exciting bout, Allan finally winning out by a score of 5 to 4. 2nd Bout—Allan defeated Jones-Bateman II. by a score of 5 to 1. Allan wins championship.

Junior—Young I. defeated Jones-Bateman I. by a score of 5 to 2. Young I. then met and defeated McPherson II. by a score of 5 to 1. Young I. junior champion.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Boxing.

105 lbs. class—Rolph III. *vs.* Balfour II. A very good bout. Rolph showed more science than his opponent, but Balfour had a very heavy punch. Rolph was given the decision.

115 lbs. class—Young I. *vs.* McTaggart. McTaggart won this bout by his good leading and foot work. Young was a very heavy hitter.

125 lbs. class—Oxley *vs.* McMurtry. This bout started in lively fashion, but soon developed into an old-time slugging bee. The spectators enjoyed themselves immensely, but it was poor boxing, so the bout was stopped.

145 lbs. class—Willoughby *vs.* Rand. Willoughby showed good form throughout, and had the fight well in hand at all times. Rand nevertheless put up a plucky fight.

158 lbs. class—Somerville *vs.* Lindsay. A first-rate bout. Both boys started right in with the gong. Somerville showed class and could use either hand well. He had the fight well in hand in the last round. Lindsay showed gameness and did very well, but Somerville had the science on him.

Wrestling (Finals).

Heavyweight—Ross II. *vs.* Henry I. Ross threw Henry in two straight falls. Time 3 min. and 1 min. 45 sec.

158 lbs. class—Travis *vs.* Richardson. Richardson won in straight falls. Time 2 min. 45 sec. and 1 min. 30 sec. Richardson was very aggressive and quick.

135 lbs. class—Herschkowitz *vs.* Willoughby. Willoughby won in two straight falls. Time 3 min. and 2 min. 15 sec. Willoughby was the only contestant to win both his classes in boxing and wrestling. Herschkowitz, it may be said, very generously gave away weight in this bout, and was handicapped somewhat on account of this.

125 lbs. class—Findlay *vs.* Cassels. Cassels was the most aggressive and won this bout in two straight falls. Time 1 min. 45 sec. and 1 min. 30 sec.

105 lbs. class— Rolph III. *vs.* Winter II. Winter had more science than Rolph, but nevertheless had to work hard to win.

85 lbs. class—Lowndes *vs.* Hay. Hay won this bout in straight falls. Time 1.35 and 2.15.

75 lbs. class—Morgan *vs.* Holmes. Two old rivals in wrestling. The most stubbornly contested bout of the evening. The little fellows wrestled for three rounds for no fall. At the end of the third round the decision was given to Morgan for aggressiveness.



Junior Leaders.

SPORTS DAY

Thirteen may be considered by some as an unlucky number, but we may truthfully say that the thirteenth annual athletic meet of St. Andrew's College was a "howling" success from start to finish. Everybody's mother, aunts, cousins, etc., were there, and we noticed many cousins that we never saw before among those present. All the events were keenly contested, and two college records were broken. The 48th Highlander's Band entertained on the lawn. Lady Gibson presented the prizes at the conclusion of the day's programme. The results of the events are as follows:

One mile run—1. Hamilton. 2. Dimock. 3. McMurtry. Time 4.58.

Half-mile run—1. Hamilton. 2. Dimock. 3. Brown. Time 2.10 4-5.

440 yards dash—1. Dimock. 2. Findlay. 3. Ingram. Time 60 sec.

Throwing cricket ball (Senior)—1. Blair. 2. Ings. 3. Bradley. Distance 316 ft. 2 in. This is a new college record.

Throwing cricket ball (Junior)—1. Smith VI. 2. Galbraith. 3. Tuckett. Distance 224 ft. 2 in.

Running high jump (Junior)—1. Skinner. 2. Davis. 3. Grant II. Height 4 ft. 3 in.

Standing broad jump (Senior)—1. Stone. 2. Hatch. 3. Hayes. Distance 9 ft. 7 in.

Standing broad jump (Junior)—1. Skinner. 2. Campbell. 3. Firstbrook II. Distance 7ft. 10½ in.

Running broad jump (Senior)—1. Hatch. 2. Dimock. 3. Richardson. Distance 19 ft. 2½ in. This is also a new college record.

Running broad jump (Junior)—1. Skinner. 2. Campbell. 3. Galbraith. Distance 14 ft. 4½ in.

Putting the shot—1. Blair. 2. Soot. 3. Davis I. Distance 57 ft. ¼ in.

50 yards dash (preparatory forms)—1, Macdonald II. 2, Applegath. 3. Simpson. Time 7 3-5 sec.

100 yards dash (Senior)—1. Hamilton. 2. Hatch. 3. Dimock. Time 10 4-5 sec.

100 yards dash (under 13)—1. Hewitt. 2. Tugwell. 3. Morgan. Time 13 4-5 sec.

Three-legged race—1. Rolph II.-Bell II. 2. Trow-Willoughby.

220 yards (Senior)—1. Hamilton. 2. Findley. 3. Dimock.

Lower school handicap—1. Morgan. 2. King. 3. Lockhart. Time 14 3-5.

100 yards dash (under 16)—1. Johnson. Time 11 2-5 sec.

100 yards dash (Junior)—1. Rolph III. 2. Firstbrook II.

Hurdle race (Senior)—1. Hatch. 2. Brown. 3. Findlay. Time 19 2-5.

220 yards dash (Junior)—1. Rolph III. 2. ——. Time 31 2-5.

Sack race—1. Brown. 2. Willoughby. 3. Munn. Time ——.

Obstacle race—1. Findlay II. 2. Simpson. 3. Applegath. Time ——.

Running high jump (Senior)—1. Hatch. 2. Dimock. 3. Brown. Height 5 ft. ½ in.

Hurdle race (Junior)—1. Skinner. 2. Rolph III. 3. Winter. Time 22 3-5.

220 yards race (under 17)—1. Brown. 2. Willoughby. 3. Rolph II. Time 24 4-5 sec.

Consolation race (Junior)—1. Firstbrook II. 2. Winter II. 3. Munn. Time ——.

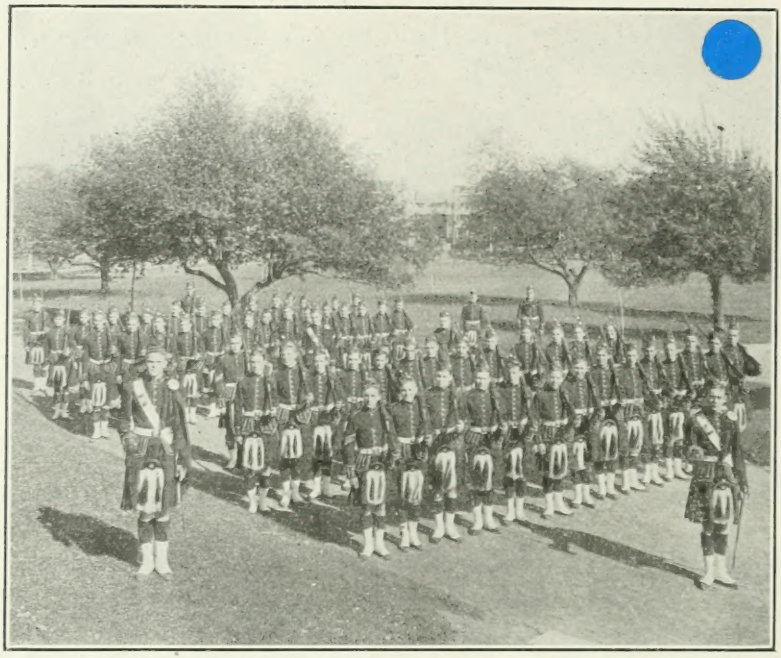
Table relay race—Won by Travis' table. Team—McQueen, Richardson, Hatch, Herschkowitz.

Dimock won the school championship and Hatch the boarder's championship. Skinner was junior champion.

ATHLETIC RECORDS.

50 yds.—C. Winstanley, 1908. 5 3-5 sec.
100 yds.—D. McGillivray, 1911. 10 2-5 sec.
220 yds.—D. McGillivray, 1911. 24 2-5 sec.
440 yds.—E. Munroe, 1909. 54 4-5 sec.
Half mile—A. M. Knox, 1907. 2.08.
Mile—R. Grass, 1907. 4.56.
120 Hurdles—J. L. Crossen, 1906. 17 sec.
High jump—C. F. Risteen, 1910. 5 ft. 6 in.
Running broad jump—R. Hatch, 1913. 19 ft. 2 in.
Standing broad jump—H. G. Smith, 1903. 9 ft. 8 in.
Throwing cricket ball—A. Blair, 1913. 316 ft. 2 in.
Putting shot—H. Nicol, 1911. 37 ft. 4½ in.

G. P.



Cadet Corps.

CADET CORPS, 1913

The cadet corps for 1913 has just ended one of the most successful years in its history. Too much cannot be said of Instructor-Sergeant Sinclair. His untiring work throughout the year is, in a large measure, responsible for the success of the company.

The roll books show the strength of the corps to be seventy-two. Every uniform was issued; in fact, the officers were forced to refuse some candidates. This is a very striking example of the popularity of military training manifested in the school.

In the First Annual Canadian Cadet Tournament the corps was represented by three teams, namely, physical squad, rifle squad, and tug-of-war team. The physical squad gave a very creditable performance, but unfortunately a few errors lost for them the championship. The rifle team were beaten by 1½, and the tug-of-war team were literally "pulled all over the lot" by a much stronger and bigger team. This being the first step in that

direction it was not taken seriously enough by the cadets. But next year things will be done in real earnest, and better results may be expected.

On Sunday, May 18th, the corps formed the ninth company of the 48th Highlanders, and took part in the Garrison Parade. The excellent marching and general appearance of the corps were the cause of much comment amongst the public as well as the officers of the regiment.

Last but not least was the annual inspection. The corps was inspected by Major Barker (Cadet Inspector for the Second Division), and the march-past was witnessed by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor. At the conclusion of the proceedings the cadets were addressed by His Honour. He highly commended the corps on its good work, as did Major Barker, who spoke later.

Capt. Ross and the officers and non-coms all discharged their duties faithfully, and next year, we hope, will find a corps equally as large and efficient. G. P.



Officers of the Cadet Corps.

THE DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

Shortly before Easter the All-Star Company of Hamilton gave a brilliant performance of "The Obstinate Family." The parts were exceptionally well taken, the ladies of the company behaving in a manner highly feminine. "Mike" Malone gave a pleasing rendition of the young husband, while the part of his bride was ably taken by Russell Hatch, whose costume was most fetching. Stew Henry took the part of the good-natured, booming father-in-law to perfection, while Mr. Cameron Wilson interpreted the role of his obstinate spouse. "Mel" Beath as the butler was excellent, and "Fido" Leckie was a most charming maid in bewitching cap.

Manager Bradley had the stage tastefully arranged, and notwithstanding many handicaps in regard to scenic arrangements, the performance was a delightful one from start to finish.

The company has disbanded for the summer, its various members intending to spend the vacation at some fashionable resort or in preparation for another strenuous season on the road.



Officers of Literary Society.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

OLD BOYS' DIRECTORY



Supplement to
MIDSUMMER REVIEW, 1913

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

OLD BOYS' DIRECTORY

St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Directory

During the month of April the Headmaster sent to all the Old Boys at their last known addresses a circular letter, asking for information as to their present occupations and addresses. The interim Old Boys' Directory, which has been prepared for distribution with the Mid-Summer Number of the Review, contains the names of those who have replied. During the next term an effort will be made to complete the Directory and to publish it in a more permanent form. Additional information from Old Boys will be welcome. :: :: :: :: ::

The attention of the Old Boys is called particularly to the list of Old Boys whose letters have been returned. Information as to their present addresses sent to the Headmaster, will be welcome.

A

NAME.	OCCUPATION.	ADDRESS.
Abendana, Ken. V.	Studying Law	Port Antonio, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Adams, L. H.	Adams Bros.' Harness Co.	King Street East, Toronto.
Allan, D. Gordon	Nonsuch Mfg. Co.	64 Wellington Street West, Toronto.
Allen, Ernest R.	Bridge Inspector for Div. H., C. N. O. Ry.	168 Lee Avenue, Toronto.
Alison, A. E.	Roadway Dept.	City Hall, Toronto.
Allen, J. Stuart	Undergrad. (Med.), McGill.	1280 Nicola Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Ambrose, J. L.	Vanderbilt University	122 Twelfth Street, Nashville, Tenn
Ames, Romney	University of Denver	2080 South Josephine Street, Denver, Col.
Anderson, Robt. F.	Ranch Superintendent	Savona, B.C.
Ault, Lloyd M.	A. W. Ault Co., Ltd.	153 Carling Street, Ottawa, Ont.

B

Baird, Hugh H.	Instrument man, Main Garrison Creek Storm Overflow Sewer	599 Hanlan's Point, Toronto.
Ballantyne, C. C.	Undergrad. (Med.), Toronto.	262 St. George Street, Toronto.
Bath, E. O.	Toronto Electric Light Co.	Oakville, Ont.
Beardmore, G. T.	Leeds University, Eng. (Tanning Course, 2 yrs.)	75 St. George Street, Toronto.
Beasley, Percy E.	E. & O. Ry.	143 St. Charles Street, Victoria, B.C.
Beaty, Harold T.	Imperial Bank	61 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Beath, Wilfred T.	Dominion Bank	61 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Bell, A. Lesslie	Phœnix Construction Co.	409 Hearn's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Bell, M. Graham	The Fleming Quarries	97 Delaware Avenue, Toronto.
Bell, Whiteford	A. G. Strathy, Ltd.	123 Simcoe Street, Toronto.
Bennett, Frank	With J. R. Bennett	Monkstown Road, St. John's, Nfld.
Bickell, F. R.	Bickell-Kyllo & Co.	Towner, North Dakota, U.S.A.
Birrell, N. M.	Imperial Bank of Canada	King and Spadina Avenue, Toronto.
Black, S. P.	Royal Bank	Montreal, Que.
Boak, Geoffrey A. J.	Geo. E. Boak & Sons, Ltd.	Halifax, N.S.
Boeckh, R. R.	Boeckh Bros. Co., Ltd.	80 York Street, Toronto.
Bole, D. L.	Elevator & Grain Merchant.	Fort William, Ont.
Bond, St. George	Officer, R. C. E.	Brompton Barracks, Chatham, Kent, Eng.
Booth, C. D.	Civil Engineer	352 Aberdeen Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.
Bowden, Frank G.	Frank A. Bowden & Sons, Ltd.	Greenwood Avenue, Toronto.
Bowden, Harry V.	Frank A. Bowden & Sons, Ltd.	Greenwood Avenue, Toronto.

B

NAME.	OCCUPATION.	ADDRESS.
Bowman, H. H.	Owen Sound Garage	Owen Sound, Ont.
Boyd, N. S.	Boyd & Macrae	121 Bedford Road, Toronto.
Brace, Lloyd H.	Cleaning and Dyeing	24 Baynes Street, Buffalo, N.Y.
Bradshaw, E. O.	Canadian Northern Ry.	10 Spruce Street, Toronto.
Brecken, Paul R.	Secretary, Y.M.C.A.	136 Howland Avenue, Toronto.
Bricker, Orville E.	Electrical Supplies	125 Rice Street, Edmonton, Alta.
Brodigan, A. E.	Stock and Realty Brokerage	64 St. George Street, Toronto.
Brown, John P.	Grocery Business	Dunnville, Ont.
Burk, Gerrie	Surveying	Port Arthur, Ont.
Burns, E. A.	Confederation Life Assn.	53 Castle Frank Road, Toronto.

C

Caldwell, Lee	General Store	New Carlisle, Que.
Campbell, A. R.	Canadian Flax Mills, Ltd.	24 King Street West, Toronto.
Canas, John J.	Bookkeeper	San Jose, Costa Rica.
Candee, C. Newton	Undergrad. (Eng.), Toronto	39 South Drive, Toronto.
Cantley, C. L.	Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co	New Glasgow, N.S.
Carlyle, R. T.	Carlyle & Sons	605 Huron Street, Toronto.
Carmichael, G. R.	Hardware Clerk	228 First Street, Kenora, Ont.
Carver, D. Frank	Royal Typewriter Co.	Seattle, Washington.
Chase, A. E.	Homesteading	Gopher Head, Alta.
Chase, Wm. H.	Acadia University	Wolfville, N.S.
Clare, A. M.	Manitoba College, Winnipeg	Neepawa, Man.
Clerk, B. M.	Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A.	13 Woodlawn Avenue, Toronto.
Cocking, Arthur H.	University of Redlands	Shaughnessey Heights, Vancouver, B.C.
Cohen, Mark G.	M. M. Cohen & Son	558 Huron Street, Toronto.
Cooch, H. A.	Can. Westinghouse Co.	265 Carlton Street, Toronto.
Copeland, R. C.	Bank of Toronto	Collingwood, Ont.
Copping, Norman J.	Geo. R. Copping & Con	31 Melinda Street, Toronto.
Corey, E. F.	Bank of Toronto	Brantford, Ont.
Courtney, Wal. T.	Dominion Bank	Vancouver, B.C.
Crawford, C. S.	J. A. McKay & Co. (Bonds)	123 Warren Road, Toronto.
Crawford, S. H.	Undergrad. (Arts), Toronto	123 Warren Road, Toronto.
Cutler, T. G.	Royal Bank of Canada	Montreal, Que.

D

Davidson, Freeman A	Studying Law	1609 Harwood Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Davidson, James B.	Mine Superintendent	Alba, Montana.
Davies, G. A.	Painting in Oils, Illustrating Stories and Advertisements	56 Wellesley Street, Toronto.
Davison, E. S.	Undergrad, App. Sc., Toronto.	Bridgewater, N.S.
Davison, H. D.	Undergrad., Toronto	80 St. George Street, Toronto.
Davison, J. Arnold	Can. Bank of Commerce	110 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Davison, R. F.	Undergrad., Toronto	Bridgewater, N.S.
Dean, F. A.	Bank of Ottawa	2232 Hutchison Street, Montreal, Que.
Denison, R. P.	Musical Course	378 Lake Front, Toronto.
Denton, M. L.	Real Estate	Port Dalhousie, Ont.
de Sherbinin, I.	Dominion Bank	38 Carlton Street, Toronto.
de Sherbinin, M.	Bank of Commerce	38 Carlton Street, Toronto.
de Sherbinin, W.		38 Carlton Street, Toronto.
Dickson, Ivan W.	Surgery, Post graduate Work in London, Eng.	254 Fulham Road, Kensington, S.W., London, Eng.
Dimock, J. E.	Bank of Montreal	276 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
Dineen, C. M.	W. & D. Dineen Co.	41 Maple Avenue, Toronto.
Dineen, C. G.	Ansley-Dineen Co.	41 Maple Avenue, Toronto.
Donald, H. H.	Student-at Law	177 Balmoral Avenue, Toronto.
Douglas, Aleck M.	Douglas & Co.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Douglas, G. K.	Gordon MacKay Co., Ltd.	19 Roxborough Street East, Toronto.
Douglas, N. A.	Douglas Bros., Ltd.	91 Heath Street, Toronto.
Driscoll, H. A.	R. Lawson & Co., Real Estate	101 Farmer Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.
Duff, J. M.	Corley, Wilkie & Duff	99 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Duncan, J. M.	Marine Engine Draughtsman	Greenwood, Ont.
Duncanson, A. E.	Duncanson, How & Co.	23 Jordan Street, Toronto.
DuVernet, Horace	Rancher	Shandilla, Gitwangah, Skeena River, B.C.
Dyment, Irvine	Business College	257 Rusholme Road, Toronto.

E

NAME.	OCCUPATION.	ADDRESS.
Eaton, Gordon R.	Automobile Business	Y. M. C. A., Detroit, Mich.
Eberts, M. M.	Cadet, U. S. M. A.	West Point, N.Y.
Elliott, A. L.	Elliott & Sons, Ltd.	43 Elm Avenue, Toronto
Ellis, H. E.	Barber-Ellis, Ltd.	34 Admiral Road, Toronto
Evans, J. J.	Undergrad, Arts, Toronto	143 Bloor Street West, Toronto.
Evans, Ed., Jr.	Educational Book Trade	38 Quinsan Road, Shanghai, China.

F

Farquhar, Theo. D.	Farquhar & Co., Ltd.	Box 820, Halifax, N.S.
Ferguson, A. Tower.	G. Tower Fergusson & Co.	23 Toronto Street, Toronto.
Fergusson, J. L.	G. Tower Fergusson & Co.	23 Toronto Street, Toronto.
Filshie, J. W.	Hardware and Harness Business	Billings, Montana.
Findlay, Roy P.	Can. Bank of Commerce	Watson, Sask.
Finlay, Richard I.	United Paper Mills, Ltd.	19 Albany Avenue, Toronto.
Firth-Eagland W.	Farquharson School	2 Bloor Street East, Toronto.
Flavelle, J. E.	Undergrad., Arts, Toronto	Queen's Park, Toronto.
Flemming, H. W.	Civil Engineer, C. N. R.	Perth Road, Ont.
Flemming, Paul R.	Goldman & Co. (Brokers)	530 Huron Street, Toronto.
Forgie, J. M.	Student-at-Law, Bicknell, Bain & Strathy	Toronto.
Fraser, Douglas W.	Presbyterian Publications	3 Baker Avenue, Toronto.
Fraser, J. D.	Surveying	30 Cooper Street, Ottawa, Ont.
Frith, Eric C. H.	Lockhart & Co. (Dry Goods)	Hamilton, Bermuda.
Frith, E. Vincent.	Bank of N. T. Butterfield & Son	Hamilton, Bermuda.

G

Galbraith, John S.	Engineering	128 McTavish Road, Montreal, Que.
Gartshore, Lesslie B.	Packard Motor Car Co.	152 Eglinton Avenue, Toronto.
Geggie, T. P.	Edwards, Morgan & Co.	107 Jameson Avenue, Toronto.
Gibson, W. O.	Undergrad., Toronto	15 Spadina Gardens, Toronto.
Gideon, L. S.	Planter	Nonsuch, Highgate, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Gideon, T. R.	Commission Agent	Port Antonio, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Gillies, Allan R.	Farmer	Clover Bar, Sask.
Gladney, C. W.	E. M. Gladney & Co.	Marmora, Ont.
Gooderham, A. E., Jr.	Gooderham & Worts, Ltd.	87 Binscarth Road, Toronto.
Gooderham, M. S.	Ontario Brokers, Ltd.	Glen Road and South Drive, Toronto.
Gordon, H. M.	Macdonald, Gordon & Macdonald	71 Cowan Avenue, Toronto.
Gouinlock, G. R.	Student	37 Walmer Road, Toronto.
Graham, Geo. M.	Student-at-Law	91 Kingsway, Winnipeg, Man.
Grant, E. M.	Grant, Oxley & Co.	Halifax, N.S.
Grant, Gerald W.	Edinburgh University (Med.)	Halifax, N.S.
Grant, Russell	Surveyor and Engineer	106 Warren Road, Toronto.
Grass, R. E.	Undergrad., Toronto	54 Rowanwood Avenue, Toronto.
Gunn, D. R.	Canadian Northern Ry.	133 Isabella Street, Toronto.
Gunn, W. W.	Dominion Bridge Co.	243 Quebec Avenue, Toronto.

H

Haas, M. S.	Undergrad, App.Sc., Toronto.	128 St. George Street, Toronto.
Hall, Basil D.	Barrister-at-Law	Peterborough, Ont.
Hamilton, H. K.	Kent-McClain, Ltd.	63 Highlands Avenue, Toronto.
Hammond, J. E.	Farmer	Erindale, Ont.
Hanlan, E. G.	Experimentor on the concentration of low grade ores.	Silver Plume, Colorado.
Harris, Howard K.	Baillie, Wood & Croft	123 St. George Street, Toronto.
Hastey, Robt. P.	Ry. and Canals Dept., House of Commons	Ottawa, Ont.
Haywood, A. P.	G. Goulding & Sons, Ltd.	55 Wellington Street West, Toronto.
Henderson, C. G.	Real Estate	402 Darke Block, Regina, Sask.
Hertzberg, F. H.	Trussed Concrete Steel Co.	Windsor, Ont.
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	James, Loudon & Hertzberg.	Vermont Apartments, Toronto.
Hertzberg, Olaf P.	Rodman, C. P. R.	151 Evelyn Avenue West, Toronto.
Hodgson, D. E.	British American Assur. Co.	61 Charles Street East, Toronto.
Housser, H. B.	J. A. Mackay & Co.	14 Foxbar Road, Toronto.
Housser, F B	Dom. Securities Corpn., Ltd.	78 Lynwood Avenue, Toronto.
Howe, L. P.	Northrop, Lyman Co., Ltd.	82 Charles Street East, Toronto.
Hutcheson, B. W.	The Muskoka Wood Mfg. Co.	Huntsville, Ont.
Hutchings, J. G.	Harness Maker	Carstairs, Alta.

I

NAME.	OCCUPATION.	ADDRESS.
Irwin, F H. M.	Mills, Raney, Lucas & Hales..	332 Palmerston Boulevard, Toronto.

J

Jackes L. B.	*Evening Telegram*	327 St. George Street, Toronto.
James, W. C.	Undergrad., Arts, Toronto...	144 St. George Street, Toronto.
Johnston, H. S.	Real Estate	517 Palmerston Boulevard, Toronto.
Johnston, H. A. ...	Dom. Securities Corp., Ltd...	103 St. Mark Street, Montreal, Que.
Junor, K. W.	Undergrad, Toronto	106 Jameson Avenue, Toronto.

K

Kappele, E. R.	Kappele & Kappele	9 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Kappele, G. R.	Kappele & Kappele	9 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Kelk, W. H.	Standard Bank	54 Macdonell Avenue, Toronto.
Kemp, C. A.	Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada, Ltd.	119 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto.
Kerman, W. N.	Clerk, Custom House Broker.	47 Elm Avenue, Toronto.
Kilgour, R. C.	Ontario Motor Car Co.	6 Beaumont Road, Toronto.
Kilmer, C. E.	Engineering	171 Crescent Road, Toronto.

L

Langford, A. L.	Canadian Northern Ry.	119 Farnham Avenue, Toronto.
Lea, W. J.	Orthodontist	413 Crown Building, Vancouver, B.C.
Leatch, W. H.	Union Pacific Ry.	456 Parliament Street, Toronto.
Leishman, C. M.	W. H. Leishman Co., Ltd....	82 South Drive, Toronto.
Leishman, N. G. ...	Wm. A. Rogers Co, Ltd.....	579 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
Lewis, A. V.	President, Litho-Print, Ltd..	36 Hampton Court Apartments, Toronto.
Lightbourne, A. H...	Pearman, Watlington & Co...	Paget, Bermuda.
Lightbourne, F. G...	North Am. Life Assur. Co...	25 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Lockhart, N. B.	Manufacturers' Agent	36 Dale Avenue, Toronto.
Lockhart, R. A.	Canadian Genl. Electric Co...	212 Aylmer Avenue, Peterborough, Ont.
Loudon, L. B. M....	Undergrad, Toronto	83 St. George Street, Toronto.
Loudon, W J.	Manager, Victoria Hotel	53 Endean Street, Toronto.
Lynde, A. W.	Standard Bank of Canada...	Toronto.
Lytle, W. H.	The T. A. Lytle Co., Ltd. ...	610 Huron Street, Toronto.

M

McAvity, P. D.	T. McAvity & Sons, Ltd.	223 Duke Street, St. John, N.B.
McColl, Brian B. ...	McColl Bros & Co.	49 Jackes Avenue, Toronto.
McFarland, Cecil ...	With A. McFarland	138 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont.
McGillivray, Donald.	Land Surveying	1157 Davie Street, Vancouver, B.C.
McIntosh, D. G.	Masten, Starr, Spence & Cameron	16 Walker Avenue, Toronto.
McIntosh, Jas. J. ..	Guelph Mercury Co.	Guelph, Ont.
McKenzie, Ken. C. ..	Undergrad., Med., Toronto ..	Monkton, Ont.
McKinley, J. F.	Real Estate	40 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ont.
McKirdy, J. G.	General Store	Nepigon, Ont.
McLaughlin, D. R...	J. J. McLaughlin Co.	81 Glen Road, Toronto.
McMichael, A. W. ..	Russell Motor Car Co. ...	93 Bernard Avenue, Toronto.
McPhedran, F. M. .	Post Graduate Work in Berlin.	151 Bloor Street West, Toronto.
McPherson, G. B. ..	Vigeon & Co.	6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McPherson, N. B. .	Imperial Bank of Canada...	6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McPherson, W. B...	McPherson & Co. (Law)	6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McTaggart, W. B. ..	Cadet, R. M. C.	Clinton, Ont.
MacAgy, Douglas D.	The Harold Douglas Co.	272 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.
MacAndrew, W. M...	Canadian Allis-Chalmers Co..	814 Dominion Building, Vancouver, B.C.
MacCrone, Wm. C...	Lieut., U. S. Marine Corps...	Washington, D.C.
Macdonald, F. M. ..	The Randolph Macdonald Co., Ltd.	3 Rusholme Road, Toronto.
MacGillivray, G. B...	Toronto Real Estate Exchange	10 Whitney Avenue, Toronto.
MacGillivray, G. L..	The Northern Electric Co. ..	P.O. Drawer 2040, Montreal, Que.
MacKay, R. M.	Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co.	New Glasgow, N.S.
MacKeen, D. W. ...	Cadet, R. M. C.	Halifax, N.S.
MacKenzie, W. S. ..	British Columbia Elec. Co...	Mt. Stephen Apartments, Vancouver, B.C.
Maclachlan, K. S. ..	Chemical Engineer, Canadian Soaps, Ltd.	183 Carlton Street, Toronto.
Maclaren, K. B. ...	Macdonald, Shepley & Donald.	80 Roxborough Street East, Toronto.
MacLennan, D. S....	Univ. of Toronto (Med.)...	194 Albany Avenue, Toronto.

M

NAME.	OCCUPATION.	ADDRESS.
MacTavish, D. A.	Undergrad., Med., Toronto	57 Breadalbane Street, Toronto.
Mack, Geo. D.	Ranching	Prince Albert, Sask.
Mackintosh, W. A.	Undergrad., Arts, Queen's	Madoc, Ont.
Maclachlan, Wills	Trenton Elec. & Water Co.	Belleville, Ont.
MacNeil, J. P.	The Nova Scotia Underwear Co.	New Glasgow, N.S.
Maguire, C. D.	Real Estate	2197 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Malcolm, E. B.	International Ry.	Campbellton, N.B.
Malcolm, T. R.	Broker's Office	Campbellton, N.B.
Macaulay, D. L.	Undergrad., Arts, McGill	4007 Dorchester Street, Montreal, Que.
Marsh, Percy C.	Dominion Bank	116 Silver Birch Avenue, Toronto.
Marshall, A. C.	Drug Apprentice	310 Queen Street East, Toronto.
Martin, Carlos P.	National Bank of Mexico	Box 544, Mexico City, Mexico.
Martin, Pedro	Royal Insurance Co., Ltd.	Mexico City, Mexico.
Matheson, W. D.	Montreal Locomotive Works, Ltd.	New Glasgow, N.S.
Matthews, R. A.	Physician	269 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.
Miller, V. A.	Randall & Johnston, Ltd.	540 Huron Street, Toronto.
Mills, L. G.	Montreal Engineering Co.	Montreal, Que.
Montgomery, J. A.	University of Chicago	No. 5, North Hall, Chicago, Ill.
Montgomery, L. C.	Undergrad., Med., McGill	New Richmond, Que.
Morrison, D. W.	Howe Military School	Howe, Ind.
Morrison, G. K.	Merchant	Callender, Ont.
Morton, D. R.		89 Isabella Street, Ont.
Morton, Geoffrey	Cadet, R. M. C.	Kingston, Ont.
Mulholland, A. R.	Real Estate	Kilowna, B.C.
Munro, Freeman	The Monarch Knitting Co.	Dunnville, Ont.

N

Newman, F. M.	Bank of Montreal	103 South Drive, Toronto.
Norris, Wm. G.	Advertising, Vancouver *Sun*	1156 Bute Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Nourse, A. E.	Civil Engineer	66 Stibbard Avenue, Toronto.

O

Oborne, A. Ross	Manufacturers' Agent	308 Tyrell Bldg., 95 King St. E., Toronto.

P

Page, Forsey	Page & Warrington (Architects)	12 Devon Crescent, Toronto.
Page, Hubert	Investment Broker	Confederation Life Building, Toronto.
Paine, J. C.	Real Estate	101 Howland Avenue, Toronto.
Paisley, E. H.	Undergrad., McGill	Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa, Ont.
Parker, Park G.	In business with father	116 Franklin Street, New York City, N.Y.
Patterson, H. K.	Miller & Richard	123 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.
Pedley, J. H.	The *World*	43 Harbord Street, Toronto.
Perry, R. D.	Aluminum & Crown Stopper Co.	122 St. George Street, Toronto.

R

Ramsey, A. R.	Pease Foundry Co.	178 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Rennie, G. C.	Undergrad., Applied Science, Toronto	37 Castle Frank Road, Toronto.
Rice, Stafford	Dominion Bond Co., Ltd.	Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, Eng.
Risteen, C. F.	McNeil, Bird, Macdonald & Darling	Vancouver, B.C.
Ross, Malcolm	Fred H. Ross & Co.	49 Chicora Avenue, Toronto.
Ross-Ross, Elcho	G. Durnford & Co.	Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.
Rowe, J. E. D.	Levelman on Government Road Survey	1300 Broadway West, Vancouver, B.C.
Rowland, D. P.	St. John's College (Arts)	904 Grosvenor Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
Russell, Fred A.	In business with father	Fort Erie, Ont.
Rutter, Guy W.	Undergrad, App.Sc., (Architecture)	Birch Cliff, Ont.

S

Sale, Julian, Jr.	Julian Sale Leather Goods Co.	110 Dawlish Avenue, Toronto.
Saunders, R. P.	Smith, Rae & Greer	65 Chestnut Park Road, Toronto.
Scott, H. A.	"Langara" School	609 Holly Lodge Apts., Vaucouver, B.C.
Scott, J. E.	Placentia Bank	Placentia, Cal.
Shaw, E. R.	Pres., Detroit Business University	65 West Grand River Avenue, Detroit.

S

NAME.	OCCUPATION.	ADDRESS.
Shaw, W. R.		185 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Shook, Donald	Lang & Shook	Regina, Sask.
Silvera, D. V.	Woodlawn Pen	Mandeville, Jamaica.
Sinclair, Donald C.	Student-at-Law	New Glasgow, N.S.
Slatter, Albert M.	Dominion Bank	30 Harbord Street, Toronto.
Smith, H. G.	The Mercury Mills, Ltd.	80 Park Street North, Hamilton, Ont.
Smoke, Arthur L.	Undergrad., Toronto	17 Chestnut Park Road, Toronto.
Spohn, H. G.	Farquharson School	110 Dawlish Avenue, Toronto.
Sproat, Adam	Farming	Mansewood, Ont.
Stephens, Hugh M.	Merchant	Collingwood, Ont.
Stewart, A. E.	Graduate Student, Univ. of Chicago	136 Bedford Road, Toronto.
Stokes, S. G.	Imperial Oil Co.	Petrolia, Ont.
Strachan, John	Res. Engineer, N. T. C. Ry.	Res. 47, La Tuque P. O., Que.
Straith, L. J.	Commercial College	57 Victoria Avenue, Windsor, Ont.
Strange, C. M.	Bank of Montreal	54 Murray Street, Toronto.
Strange, W. E.	Farming	150 Fifteenth Street, Brandon, Man.
Sturdy, Wm. F.	With father	581 Pape Avenue, Toronto.
Sutherland, W. W.	Can. Northern Quebec Ry.	6 Hebert Street, Quebec City.

T

Thompson, Gordon	Manager, Prince George Hotel.	Toronto.
Tibb, J. C.	Bank of Hamilton	175 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.
Tovell, H. M.	Studying Medicine (Post-graduate)	Munich, Germany.
Trow, George A.	Bank of Montreal	Picton, Ont.
Tucker, Gilbert	Preparing for University	St. Paul's Rectory, London, Ont.

V

Van der Linde, V. G.	Automobile Tire Mfg. Co.	E. Orange, N.J.
Vogt, Geo. M.	Univ. of California	Livermore, Cal.

W

Walker, H. H.	R. E. Walker & Co.	272 Huron Street, Toronto.
Wallace, C.	Wallace Shipyards	1165 Davie Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Wallace, Edgar	Hydro-Electric Commission	369 Berkeley Street, Toronto.
Warden, R. L.	Investment Trust Co, Ltd.	Montreal, Que.
Warrington, John	Page & Warrington (Architects)	465 Avenue Road, Toronto.
Waterous, C. L.	Undergrad., McGill	Brantford, Ont.
Webster, W. L.	Bank of Nova Scotia	Port Credit, Ont.
Wheeler, N. O.	Wheeler & Bain	372 Sumach Street, Toronto.
Whitaker, R.	Massey-Harris Co.	165 McPherson Avenue, Toronto.
White, H. P.		Pembroke, Ont.
Williams, Franklin	Studying Music (Violin)	c-o H. Williams & Co., Toronto.
Willmott, J. C.	Merchant	Beaumaris, Ont.
Wilson, L. R.	Undergrad. (Med.), Toronto.	7 Rowanwood Avenue, Toronto.
Wilson, J. K.	Commercial School	159 College Street, Toronto.
Winans, W. W.	Stock Broker	438 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.
Winstanley, E. A.	Hellman, Commercial, Trust and Savings Bank	330 West 40th Place, Los Angeles, Cal.
Wood, W. Lloyd, Jr.	W. Lloyd Wood, (Druggist).	64 Gerrard Street East, Toronto.

LETTERS RETURNED UNDELIVERED

PRESENT ADDRESSES APPARENTLY UNKNOWN

Anderson, Harvey.
Andrews, Frederick C.
Belcher, Harold C.
Butler, Elkington L.
Carruthers, Theodore D. D.
Clarke, Arthur R. S.
Craig, William R.
Davern, Wm. Albert.
Ferguson, William B.
Fisher, Norman.
Forsyth, James.
Foster, Stanley H.
Fraser, James Austin.
Fullerton, Reginal Earl.
Gray, John.
Hanson, Earl C.
Hanson, A. E.
Johnson, Fred K.
McCann, Hilton.
McCurdy, Arthur L. S.
McCurdy, John Alex. D.
McFayden, Harris.
Mackenzie, Stuart.
Matheson, Robt. R. K.
Perez, Gonzalo.
Purves, Harold C.
Rutherford, George L.
Secord, Daniel E.
Silver, Arthur Evans.
Smith, Sydney H.
Stone, Heath F.
Taylor, John S.
Thomson, Chas. Gordon.
Wallace, Guy H.
Wilbur, John K.
Williams, Walter D.

OLD BOYS NEWS NOTES

The following information obtained from letters received from Old Boys during the last few weeks will doubtless be of interest to the Old Boys:

Abendana, Kenneth.—Now studying law in Jamaica.

Anderson, Robert F.—Fruit ranching at Savona, B.C., with the Savona Orchards, Ltd. Is also going into cattle raising.

Beardmore, Gordon F.—Has spent two years at Malvern College, England, two years at Acton Tanneries, and is now at Leeds University.

Bell, A. L., "Dingle."—Has been in concrete construction work in Montreal for four years. He is now with the Phoenix Construction Co. at Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A.

Bell, Whiteford.—Went to Queen's University. Is now in real estate with A. G. Strathy, Ltd. At present is in London, England.

Bickell, F. R.—Is now Secretary of the Moose River Loop Development Association, Towner, N. Dakota.

Black, Stuart.—Entered the Traders Bank. Is now with the Royal Bank in Montreal.

Boeckh, R. R.—Is with Boeckh Bros. Co., Ltd., where he went on leaving school.

Bole, D. R.—Grain elevator, wholesale grain, flour and feed, Port Arthur and Fort William. Married; one daughter.

Bond, St. George.—Graduate Royal Military College. Now in Royal Canadian Engineers. At present at Brampton Barracks, Chatham, Eng.

Booth, C. D.—Has been engaged in engineering and construction work since leaving school. Now has headquarters at Hamilton, Ont. Married; two sons.

Bowman, H. H.—In automobile business at Owen Sound.

Bricker, Orville E.—Electrician and contractor, Edmonton, Alta. Bricker & McKim.

Bronson, H. F.—Manager, Morriston Boat and Engine Works, Morriston, N.Y. Married.

Cantley, Chas. L.—Graduate McGill, Faculty of Applied Science. Now Assistant General Manager, Nova Scotia Steel Co., New Glasgow.

Carlyle, R. T.—Went to S. P. S. Now in business with father, Carlyle & Sons, contractors.

Chase, A. E.—In business at Wolfville for four years. One year in Regina, salesman for Massey-Harris Co. Now on a homestead at Gopher Head P.O., via Stettler, Alta.

Chase, W. H.—Spent one year at Horton Collegiate Academy. Now attending Acadia University—Class 1916.

Clare, A. M.—For a short time worked in Neepawa. Now attending Manitoba Medical College, Winnipeg.

Clerk, B. M.—Did some prospecting and surveying in Hudson Bay District. Now Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Toronto.

Cohen, Mark G.—1908-1909 attended S. P. S. University of Toronto. 1909-1910 with A. E. Rea & Co., Ottawa. Now manager M. M. Cohen & Sons, Toronto.

Copping, Norman.—In business with father, Geo. R. Copping & Son, Toronto.

Cutler, Thos. G.—Since leaving school has been with the Royal Bank in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario and Quebec. At present is accountant Royal Bank of Canada, Stanley St., Montreal.

Davison, J. Arnold.—Teller Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

Denison, Percy.—Since leaving school has been in Florida and California owing to poor health. Has now returned to Toronto and is taking up music.

De Sherbinin, Michael.—Has been with the Bank of Commerce since leaving school.

De Sherbinin, Ingvar.—Has been with the Dominion Bank since leaving school.

Douglas, Aleck M.—With Douglas & Co., manufacturers, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Duncan, J. Moyle.—On leaving school was structural steel draughtsman for MacGregor & McIntyre. Then attended S. P. S. for three years. Fire ranging, prospecting, etc., for one year. One year post-graduate work at School of Science. One year marine engine draughtsman, Collingwood. Now travelling on the continent this summer.

Duncanson, A. E.—Was with Brouse and Mitchell for a time. Now stock broker, Duncanson, How & Co.

Dyment, Irvine.—Was with R. M. Armstrong & Co., real estate. Now taking up a commercial course.

Eberts, M. M.—Cadet U. S. M. A., West Point, N.Y.

Ellis, E. Harvey.—Since leaving the college has been with Barber-Ellis, Ltd. Married.

Farquhar, T. D.—Took a business course at Maritime College. Since that has been with Farquhar & Co., Ltd. Is now director of the company. Halifax, N.S.

Filshie, J. W.—Travelling salesman for Sturn & Drake, implement department, Billings, Montana. Married.

Findlay, Roy P., "Spike."—Since leaving College has been with the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Now manager of the branch at Watson, Sask. Married.

Flavelle, Ellsworth.—Attending the University of Toronto, Arts Course.

Gillies, Allan R.—Farming and cattle raising, Clover Bar, Alta.

Gladney, Clarence W.—In business with brother at Marmora, Ont. E. M. Gladney & Co. Married.

Gooderham, Melville S.—Was with Wood-Gundy & Co., Brouse, Mitchell & Co. Now partner Ontario Brokers, Ltd.

Grant, Gerald W.—Attending Edinburgh University (Medicine), Scotland.

Hertzberg, H. F. H.—Enginer, Trussed Concrete Steel Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

Hutcheson, B. W.—With the Muskoka Wood Mfg. Co., factory superintendent, Huntsville, Ont.

Jackes, L. B.—Since leaving College has been with the Atlas Fire Assurance Co., the Consumers Gas Co., Assistant Editor the "Canadian Engineer," and at present is Special Article Writer for the "Evening Telegram."

Kelk, W. Harold.—Has been with the Standard Bank since leaving school.

Lea, Dr. W. J.—Practising Orthodontist, 413 Crown Building, Vancouver, B.C. Married; one daughter and one son.

Leishman, Norman G.—Clerk in the office of Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., Toronto.

Lewis, Victor.—Since leaving College has been with the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Imperial Bank of Canada, David Smith Engraving & Lithographing Co. Is now president of the Litho-Print, Ltd., Toronto. Married.

Lightbourne, Aubrey H.—Has been with Pearman, Watlington & Co., Commission, Transportation and Contractors to H. M. Army and Navy, Paget, Bermuda.

Lockhart, R. A.—Since leaving school has been with the Canadian General Electric Co. At present time is in Peterboro, Ont., in the Test Department of the above company.

Loudon, L. B. M.—Attending the University of Toronto. 83 St. George St. Married.

McKirdy, John G.—Has been in business with father at Nepigon, Ont., since leaving College.

McPhedran, Maurice.—Entered the University of Toronto, Course in Medicine. At present is in Berlin taking up post-graduate work.

McTaggart, W. B.—Attending Royal Military College. Obtained first place in General Proficiency in both his first and second year.

MacAgy, Douglas D.—On leaving school was in Toronto for a short time in offices of stock brokers; advertising in Montreal; prospecting in Gowganda. Now in Winnipeg in the sporting goods business—the Canadian Sporting Goods Co. Married.

MacCrone, Wm. C.—On leaving school, in business in Detroit, then midshipman in the U. S. Navy. Now Lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps. Headquarters, Washington, D.C. Married.

Mack, Geo. D.—Ranching near Prince Albert, Sask.

MacKay, R. M.—Graduated from McGill University in 1908. Chemist—Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. At present time is at Saranac owing to ill-health.

Mackintosh, W. A.—Is attending Queen's University—Arts Course. At the recent examinations he obtained first-class honours in four subjects and second-class in one subject. Has entered on an honour course in Political and Economic Science and History. Hopes to graduate in 1916. Permanent address, Madoc, Ont.

Maclachlan, Wills.—Was with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario for some time. Is now local manager Trenton Electric & Water Co., Belleville, Ont. Married.

Maclaren, Kenneth B.—Attended University of Toronto. Is now student-at-law with Macdonald, Shepley & Donald, Toronto.

MacNeil, Jas. P.—Since leaving St. Andrew's College has been with the Nova Scotia Underwear Co., Ltd., Eureka, N.S.

Malcolm, E. B.—Is with the International Railway Co., Assistant Auditor.

Marsh, Percy C.—Since leaving College has been with the Dominion Bank. At present is with the branch at the corner Queen and Augusta Avenue, Toronto.

Martin, Carlos P.—Went to school in Switzerland. Is now back in Mexico—Foreign Correspondent, National Bank of Mexico.

Martin, Pedro.—Went to school in Switzerland. Is now back in Mexico—with the Royal Insurance Co., Ltd.

Matheson, Drummond.—With the Montreal Locomotive Works, Ltd., Montreal, Que.

Montgomery, Lorne C.—Attending McGill University—Medicine.

Munro, Freeman ("Toady").—Since leaving College has been with the Monarch Knitting Co., Dunnville.

Norris, W. G.—On leaving school was with the Woods-Norris Co., the Ottawa *Free Press,* and is now with the Vancouver *Sun.*

Oborne, A. Ross.—On leaving school was in business in Montreal, then returned to Toronto, and at the present time is with R. E. T. Pringle, manufacturers' agent. Married.

Paisley, Ernest.—Went to McGill University on leaving St. Andrew's.

Patterson, H. K.—On leaving St. Andrew's went to Business College for a few months. Was with Canadian Northern Railway, then with Miller & Richard, Toronto. Was then sent out to Winnipeg to take charge of the Miller & Richard branch there. Married.

Pedley, James H.—Spent four years at the University of Toronto —Faculty of Arts. At present is with *The World*—reporter.

Rice, Stafford S.—On leaving school went into the Dominion Bank, Toronto. At the present time is Acting Assistant Manager of the Dominion Bond Co., Ltd., Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, E.C., Eng.

Risteen, Clifford F.—Attended McGill University two years. Is now student-at-law with McNeil, Bird, MacDonald & Darling, Vancouver, B.C.

Ross, Malcolm E.—On leaving school was with the MacDonald Mfg. Co. for over a year. Since that time has been with Fred H. Ross & Co., real estate.

Rowe, D'Arcy.—On leaving school was rodman on construction of Kettle Valley Railway. Then instrument man for city of Vancouver. Is now levelman on Government Road Survey, Vancouver, B.C.

Rowland, Donald P.—Attending St. John's College, Winnipeg—Arts Student.

Shook, J. Donald.—Went to Regina on leaving school, and was with the Security Loan Co. Is now in business for himself —Lang & Shook, real estate.

Silvera, Derwent.—Studied law for a short time, but owing to ill-health had to give it up. At present is manger of Woodlawn Pen, Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Smith, H. G.—On leaving school was with the Penmans, Ltd.—hosiery manager. In October, 1912, he went to Hamilton with the Mercury Mills, Ltd. Married.

Stewart, A. E.—Went to University of Toronto for four years—Applied Science. Then to University of Chicago until June, 1913—graduate studies.

Strachan, Jack.—Since leaving school has been engaged in surveying and construction work. Is now Resident Engineer, Res. 47, Division 12, N. T. C. Railway, La Tuque, Que.

Vander Linde, Victor G.—On leaving school went to S. P. S. one year; Columbia University, one year. Was with the Century Rubber Co. for one year. Is now with the Automobile Tire Mfg. Co., 36 Hawthorne Ave., E. Orange, N.J.

Wallace, Clarence.—Entered office of the Wallace Shipyards as bookkeeper in January, 1913.

Warden, R. Lyle.—On leaving school was with the Metropolitan Bank for two years, Toronto, and was with the Montreal Trust Co. for three years. For the last two years has been in the Trust Office of The Investment Trust Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que. Married.

Willmott, John C.—Has been in business at Beaumaris, Ont., since leaving school. Married.

Winstanley, E. A.—Graduated at the University of Montana (B.S. degree). Is now with the Hellman Commercial, Trust and Savings Bank, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wood, W. Lloyd.—Attended University of Toronto for two years—Medicine. Is now with W. Lloyd Wood, Chemist, Toronto.

The Old Boys' Representation on the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's College.

The reorganization of the government of the school has made it possible for the Old Boys to secure direct representation on the Board of Governors. The St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association now elects three Governors who sit for two years. At the election held in June, 1912, Mr. J. L. Fergusson, Mr. W. B. McPherson, and Mr. H. W. Allen were elected.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE BOYS WHO HAVE DIED SINCE THEIR NAMES WERE ENTERED ON THE SCHOOL ROLL

Angus, Douglas T.—August, 1912.
Armstrong, Russell—July, 1907.
Austin, Albert E.—February 14th, 1913.
Bollard, Arthur—August 28th, 1909.
Bowman, Elmer S.—October 2nd, 1906.
Carrick, Andrew W.—August 5th, 1910.
Findlay, Paul E.—July 18th, 1910.
Gartshore, Chas. M.—October 3rd, 1905.
Gunn, Jas. H.—September 10th, 1910.
Hallam, Roderick J. E.—February, 1913.
Hamilton, Hugh Russell—November 10th, 1910.
Harris, Frank E.—September, 1906.
Hewitt, Arthur I.—June 11th, 1911.
Lee, Norman B.—During the summer, 1908.
Lemon, Ed. D.—January 8th, 1911.
MacMath, Jas. S. M.—During year of 1909.
Mickleborough, Jos. B.—During year of 1901.
Ross-Ross, Erroll—December 15th, 1903.
Sumner, George J.—May 8th, 1912.
Willmott, Everitt—April 7th, 1913.
Young, John F.—July, 1911.

YE WATCH

"All goeth well!" bawled in stentorian tones Peter, ye new watch in High Street, as ye twelfth hour resounded in yon belfry clock which projected into ye black forboding heaven. Then entering ye guard-house, he hove its mighty flickering lantern upon ye accustomed hook.

Outside a flaring light approached. Peter stepped out and beheld a weary waffle-man pushing his heavy trade-cart over ye cobbles toward ye Lane Street corner, where dwell ye Judge Sire Rumble. Forth to ye crossways rattled ye waffle-man's cart, and turned into Lane Street. Then was High Street full dark but for ye glimmerings through ye chinks of ye guard-house from Peter's flickering lantern.

But lo! in ye darkness Peter seeth yon blaze from ye casement window of Sire Rumble's dwelling, and treadeth with nimble feet ye cobbles toward its door-step. Ye gleam from ye casement still meeteth his eye as he lifteth ye ponderous knocker and calleth loudly on ye Sire in that his abode blazeth.

Ye Sire peered from above casement and asked ye want of ye watch.

"Thy dwelling is afire."

Presently, out a canister from above, water dashed over Peter, and ye casement slammed in anger. And anon ye casements of High Street opened, and night-capped heads peered out in curiosity. And ye casements closed, and then again was ye street in silence and darkness.

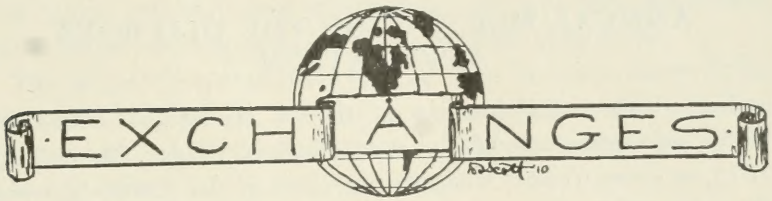
Then Peter, ye watch, noticed ye waffle-man's cart on Lane Street, and its light cast a reflection in ye bull's-eyes of ye Judge Sire Rumble's casement. He trod ye cobbles toward yon flaring light.

"Ye art wet, watch," saith ye waffle-man, warming his hands by ye flame.

"Yea, it raineth in High Street," saith Peter, approaching ye warmth.

"Ye night hath forbodings," saith ye waffle-man, casting his beaming face toward ye black heaven. "Taste of ye ware, good watch."

W. G. Firstbrook.



Daedalian Monthly from Texas. A bright school paper of the first order. Why not a few skits?

Lower Canada College paper numbers amongst the best of our exchanges.

T.C.S. Record improving. Keep it up.

Black and Gold, Honolulu, cartoons are well drawn indeed.

St. Margaret's Chronicle, a bright and snappy school paper.

Calendar, C. H. S., Buffalo. Compliments. Your story, "A Trip to the North-West," is well written.

Branksome Slogan. Good as ever.

Lux Columbia, Westminster, B.C. Rather small, but complete.

The Quill, from New York. Some snaps and illustrations would be an improvement.

St. Hilda's Chronicle. Interesting. Your story, "Stephanie, the Suffragette," is certainly up-to-date.

Purple and Gray. Lacks pictures, etc.

Acta Ridleana, has too much athletics, but on the whole an excellent paper.

We also wish to acknowledge: *Round-up, Black and Red, Albanian, University Monthly, The School, Queen's Monthly, Boone Review, Collegiate Outlook, Magpie, Mirror, Tatler, Vox Lycei, Bishop Bethune, Argo, Alt-Heidelberg.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

The ninth annual meeting of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association was held at the College on Friday, March 28th, 1913, at seven o'clock, when the members of the Association were the guests of the College at dinner.

Sixty-one members of the Association were present, an increase of twenty per cent. over the previous meeting.

After dinner the toast to the King was proposed by Dr. Macdonald. The toast to the School was proposed by Mr. H. B. Housser, and replied to by Dr. Macdonald, who outlined the history of the school in the old Yonge Street days, the great success of the College at the present site, and the new plans for the College on the College property at York Mills. The boys present were delighted to hear from him of the great successes gained by some of the old boys present and absent.

Short speeches were heard from Mr. Robinson, Mr. Findlay, and Mr. Fleming.

During the evening Mr. Edmonds and Mr. Mills presided at the piano, and Mr. Angus and Mr. Crawford sang several times.

At the conclusion of the dinner an enthusiastic business meeting was held, when the following officers were duly elected:

President—W. B. McPherson.

1st Vice-President—C. Crawford.

2nd Vice-President—Fred Housser.

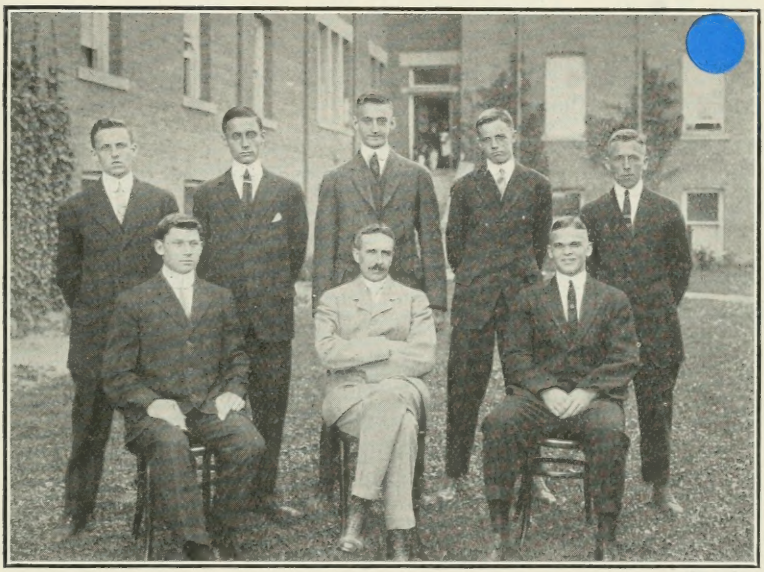
Secretary-Treasurer—W. L. Wood, Jr.

Committee—Messrs. Smith, Grass, Crawford, Hope and Edmonds.

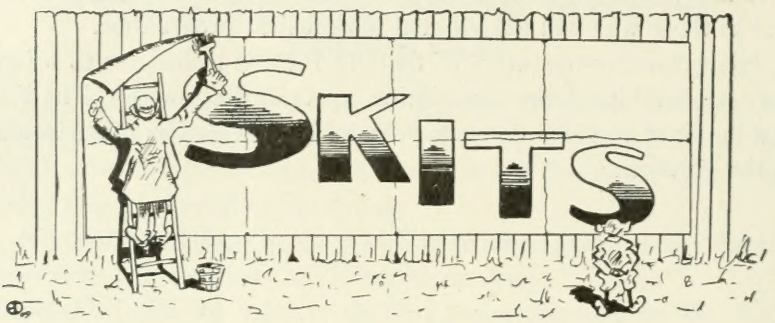
The following motion, moved by Mr. Fred Housser and seconded by Mr. J. C. Hope, was unanimously carried: "That this meeting request that the Executive Committee of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association canvass the Old Boys of the College, asking for subscriptions towards a fund to enable the Association to erect some permanent structure on the new College grounds as a gift from the Old Boys of the College."

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald and to those who had contributed the musical programme.

The earnest co-operation of the Old Boys is looked for to bring the membership of the Association up to full strength. The fee is a nominal one of a dollar a year, which covers the subscription to the REVIEW.



Prefects.



Turnbull to Mr. Wilson—"May I bath with Hay, sir?"
Mr. Wilson—"People generally bath with water."

Mr. Taylor, in Room 24—"If I see any more trunks in here I'll give them a houselate."

Ings, as Travis goes up to read in service Sunday night—"Say, is he going to preach the sermon?"

Clement, to Stew. Henry, as he leaves lower school—"Good-night, sir."

"There was an old lady from Worcester,
Who was greatly troubled by a rooster,
So she cut off its head until it was dead,
And now it don't crow like it uster."

Mr. Knighton—"Do you know where bad boys go when they smoke?"
Graham—"Yes, sir, up on the hill."

The Porcupine was pining for his pork.

Ingram, before going down town—"Say, Butsy, will I wash my hands or put on my gloves?"

Who put the hop in Bishop?

Looty Thompson, in his sleep—"I wonder if I will get my four dollars alien tax back."

Reg. Wilson, to drug clerk—"Have you a perfume called Orange on the Moonlight?"
Clerk—"No, but we have Lemon on the Shore."

Onion Thompson—"We are not bothered with flies in Bermuda."
Paterson I.—"Yes, you know there are some places where flies won't go."

New Mexican Bedroom game—"Throwing the Bull."—See Herschkowitz.

Ings and Ingram—the season's debutantes.

Mr. Fleming—"Paterson, what geometry book did you study last night?"
Paterson I.—"Second book of Kings, sir."

CHAUNCEY FERGUSON IN THE HINTERLAND.

"'Twas in the cold and frosty North,
Where the snow was gleaming bright,
That Chauncey from that old Soo train
One evening did alight.
A trunk he carried in his hand,
A valise about his wrist,
And a bundle of pretty flowers
He carried in his fist.

"He travelled many, many miles,
For many, many hours,
To purchase just this little bunch
Of beautiful green flowers.
Who were the flowers for, you ask?
To tell would be a shame,
Old Chaunce was going to a dance,
The flowers for his dame."

Ancient landmark—Juno.

New Boy to Paterson I.—"How long have you been here?"
Paterson I.—"Now, look here, boy, don't corrupt ancient history."

Room 25—New distributing agents for Coles, Ltd., sanctioned by Mr. Taylor.

Merc. Ingram to Reg. Wilson—"What's the matter, Reg.?"
Reg.—"I'm lovesick."
Merc.—"You know, I feel that way myself."

Mr. Taylor, as Debec asks for leave—"Well, where are you going?"
Debec—"Sir, down to hear the caskets coffin."

Stranger to Blair—"Are you interested in contemporary history?"
Blair—"No, sir, I am more interested in what is going on now."

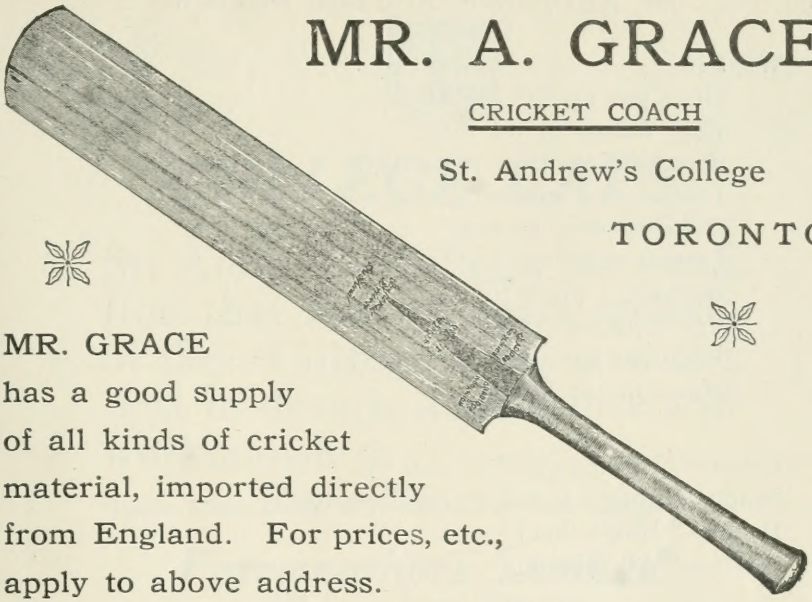
Manville—"The Western Real Estate Shark."

Spinksy Chase—"Woodrow Wilson in disguise."

Ings, being introduced to girl at the dance—"Good evening!"
Girl—"Good night."

Hayes—"What's your favorite author?"
Mathuse—"My Dad."
Hayes—"What did he ever write?"
Mathuse—"Cheques."

Wright (in life-saving class)—"Gren, come till I save you."
Gren—"I'd sooner drown."



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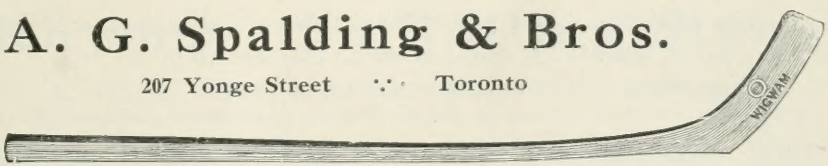
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What if
Blair got up for breakfast.
Reg. Wilson didn't fuss.
Room 24 kept their room tidy.
Looty was a colonel.
Oakville never existed.
Ingram woke up.
Ings was a prefect.
Travis played cricket.
Ferguson was slim.
Meals were a la carte.

Debec—"How do you feel to-day?"
Sandy—"Like a bunch of kindling wood."
Debec—"How's that?"
Sandy—"All split up."

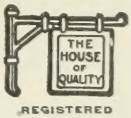
Dud. Ross (bringing in soccer cup to jeweler)—"I have a mug here I'd like to have engraved."
Jeweler—"The barber shop is right across the street."

Mr. Wilson to Barnfield—"What's the matter with this sentence, 'The horse and the cow are in the field'?"
Barnfield (very politely)—"Sir, the lady should come first."

Dr. MacDonald (after finding a tumbler on his flower bed)—"I will also have to tell Miss McCollum not to throw her matches out the window."

Mr. Taylor—"McMichael, give me the French word for next."
Olinger (butting in)—"Ensuite."
Mr. Taylor—"Well, McMichael?"
McMichael—"Didn't hear him, sir."

Lin. Wright—"If a party where there are all men is called a stag party, what is one called at which they are all girls?"
Gord. Ross—"It would be a stagnation party."



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WASN'T THIS A-PALLING?

"Two of our young hopefuls went fussing,
Took in Shea's, then out to tea,
With two little dames from St. Margaret's,
The bill came to two-forty-three;
As the maid brought it in on the table,
Rich. whispered to Don, half in glee,
'You pay all the bill, little fellow,
You asked them to come here, not me.'"

Mr. Knighton (in V.A. chemistry class)—"Boys, this gas is very harmless. It is almost the deadliest poison known."

First Boy—"Bud Brown should win the shooting competition at the ranges to-day."
Second Boy—"Why?"
First Boy—"Well, he's pretty good at shooting the bull."

Rankin, to Room 9—"Say, fellows, have you any tan shoe blacking in here?"

What would the Skits be without the following:
Blair, Debec, Manville, and Looty, not to mention Ingram?

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the lanes of Oakville passed
A youth who bore upon his arm
A maiden of exquisite charm,
"The Milliner."

Who was this youth? you ask of me.
It was the pride of twenty-three.
None other than that man of fame,
I needn't even tell his name,
"'Twas Loot."

Ings, to Travis—"Are you paid for being good, or are you good for nothing?"

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Think This Over, Men and Boys!

New Boy, to Mr. Tudball—"Do you find it warmer in Paris than you do in summer?"

Mr. Knighton, to Rolph (in chemistry class)—"What part of the motor car is it most essential to oil?"
Rolph—"The number, sir."

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I took a ride on the G.T.R.,
The G.T.R. was awful late (as usual),
But the poor G.T. has no other fate."

Mr. McGee—"I'd like to hear you fellows stop making a noise."
McIvor—"Sir, you wouldn't hear us if we stopped."

Young Girl (approaching college in auto and seeing boys working off detention pushing roller)—"Oh, mother, look at the boys playing horse."

Mr. Taylor—"Well, Henry, what do you use your head for?"
Stew. Henry—"To hang my hat on when I go out."

Manville, to Debec—"Give me ten cents, Debec."
"Talk sense."

Mr. James—"Why are you late this morning, Beer?"
Beer—"Sir, because I wasn't here on time."

Don Cantley—"Only for one thing I would have made a home-run to-day."
Butsy—"What was that?"
Don.—"I missed the ball."

Paterson I.—"What makes you so tall, Gren.?"
Gren. Rolph—"That's because I had my leg pulled so often."

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AT ONY GUID GROCER'S SHOP

"They're Bonnie Cheese"

Ted. Rand (at phone)—"Look here, there must be a fool at the end of this line."

Voice (from phone)—"Not at this end."

Bradley—"Did you ever see a house fly?"

Manville—"No, I thought only a chimney flue."

Ross I.—"Did you ever hear the story about the mountain?"

Rolph—"No, I never have."

Ross I.—"It's all bluff."

Doc Urquhart—"They gave Looty 60 seconds to leave Oakville."

Looty—"Yes, and I've got 59 coming."

Lin. Wright (to conductor)—"Does this car go to church?"

Conductor—"No, only on Sundays."

Graham—"Did you ever hear the story about the bed?"

Macgregor—"No."

Graham—"That's where you lie."

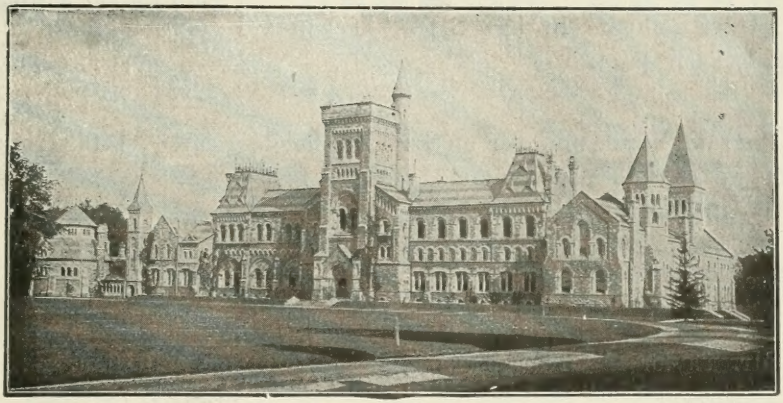
Said the hammer to the saw, "The auger takes a great many turns."

"Yes," said the saw between his teeth; "but he is an awful bore."

Cricket coach to Hayes (at T.C.S.)—"Are you the funny looking guy I met at Mimico?"

Mr. Laidlaw—"If you ever write a composition like this again I'll write your father."

Milligan—"I don't care. My father wrote it, anyway."



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Mr. Knighton (in IV. B.)—"If you are going to make a noise, keep quiet."

Ingram, seeing number on Dr. Macdonald's car—"I thought that was a 1913 model."

Philips—"So it is."

Ingram—"Why, the date on the back says it was before Moses."

Mr. Taylor—"Give me the feminine form for politician."

Robertson I.—"Suffragette, sir."

Malcolm, to Bang—"Do you know any German?"

Bang—"Do I?—I studied German so hard one night that the next day I had German measles."

Paterson-Henry Co., eccentric clowns, are looking for a summer tour. They will visit any small town (Oakville excepted).

SOCIETY NOTES.

Miss Looty Thompson has just returned after spending a most enjoyable holiday with Miss Annie Urquhart, 262 Pump-Handle Boulevard, Oakville, Ont.

Mrs. Sana Blair was hostess at a delightful dance in her palatial room 24. The dance was in honour of her charming little niece, Miss Visha Debeck, who looked very demure in a chemille-de-stomacher gown, trimmed with orange brocade and red stockings. Mrs. Blair wore an imported Parisian gown and carried a gorgeous bunch of shoe strings. The room was decorated with pretty bouquets of orange skins and waste paper. Lieutenant Thompson played the mouth organ to the tune of many turkey trots and bear dances. Supper was served on the balcony

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a la buffet. Miss Stewy Henry and Patricia Paterson served the ices, much to the disgust of all. Others present were:

Kiddo Paterson, in a Red Bath Robe; Fatteria McLennan, in a Yellow Raincoat; Sir Pendelum Ings, in Swiss Pajamas; Pigo McGregor, Creme-de-Boulonge.

The party broke up upon the arrival of officer 31, who had a warrant for the arrest of the hostess, who was charged with stealing oranges from a Bishop.

Mr. Mathuselm Manville leaves for Prince Albert the middle of June, to enter the office of Issi Maretsky, "Pawn Broker."

Amongst those present at the Jockey Club meet on May 20th were:

Miss Connie Davis, Miss Jean Wilson and mother; Little Miss Marguerite Cantley and Murray-McQueen; Capt. Ross and party.

G. P.

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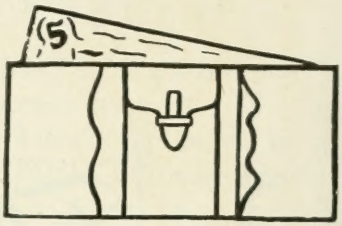
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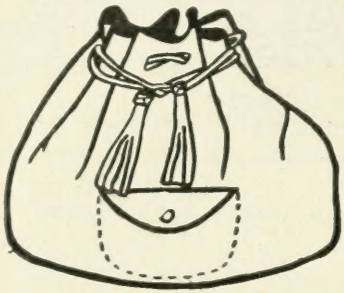
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15-12

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